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THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND.



"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED."

(VOLUME SEVENTEENTH.)

VOLUME V.—NEW SERIES.

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P R E F A C E

TO THE SEVENTEENTH VOLUME.

WE are reminded by the present season of the rapidity with which we are borne along the pathway of life, its end is fast approaching, another portion of it will soon be traversed. In the prosecution of our duties it would be a source of pleasure and encouragement to us if we received a greater measure of support from those from whom we may naturally expect it, we refer to the Christian mothers of this land—a very little effort on their part, and this MAGAZINE may be more widely distributed, and its circulation doubled. Mothers of England! we appeal to you; will you help us in our endeavours to benefit our fellow-creatures? Do you need a stimulus to incite you? On the ground of duty we implore you—a duty which you owe to your blessed Redeemer. Remember what He has done to effect your salvation. By the love which He has manifested for you, and which should awaken corresponding affection in you towards Him, and also sympathy for the sinful and sorrowing of mankind, and which should further evince itself by your rendering assistance to remove its sins, and thereby alleviate its sorrows. Remember also the duty which you owe to your fellow-beings. Just reflect on their manifold sins! Hark at the long, loud, and piercing wail of agony which those sins produce; take only a portion of the community, that to which you belong, namely, that of mother! Think of the many thousands of such in this highly-favoured land who are living in sin, sunk in ignorance and surrounded with poverty, can you think of them without a ray of pity, when you remember the force of their example on the deathless souls committed

to their charge, and that these mothers are so many sources from which streams of evil may emanate, which may spread far and wide, and produce still more woful results. All efforts which have for their aim the temporal and spiritual welfare of these sinful ones should receive your hearty support and co-operation. We thank our friends for the help which they have rendered us during the present year, and hope their interest in the MAGAZINE will not diminish, but that, with a loving heart and willing minds, they will still assist us and strive to awaken in others a sympathy on our behalf. This season recalls to our minds the fact that before these pages meet the public eye, twelve months will have passed away since death summoned from earth that loving spirit who originated and conducted this MAGAZINE for so many years. The sainted dead are blessed; she is now resting, and that for ever, from all toil and sin, from all pain and sorrow, not only blessed in thus possessing such a rest, but doubtless also in the reception she is meeting with from souls which were helped heavenward by her instrumentality; yea, further, no doubt, her blessedness is yet to be augmented by the accession of others to that redeemed host which shall ascribe their salvation to the effects of her teaching. Oh! may we all, after serving our day and generation below, ascend to the mansions of immortality, and there with holy and ransomed ones for ever dwell.

December, 1864.

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

"WHAT WILL THE END BE?"

"Ring out, ring out the merry, merry bells;
Welcome the New Year cheerily."

MOTHERS of England! thus sang Ann Jane, the mothers' friend, last New Year's-day; and *then* she wrote words which were perhaps lightly passed, but which now read so solemnly:—

"What will this year tell us at the end? Ah! we cannot tell; perhaps the words are recorded, 'this year thou shalt die.'"

The year is ended, and our song is changed,—

Toll in, toll in the heavy, solemn bell;
Dismiss the old year gloomily—

for the mothers' friend, Ann Jane, is dead. Dead! yes to us; but "she being dead, yet speaketh," and her words are the words of her Saviour, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

Not many of you knew Ann Jane, personally; those who did will not easily forget that calm, happy face, that warm, sympathising heart. For sixteen years you have known her through her writings, and though she is gone where there is no more writing or reading, she will yet speak to you, for she has left behind her not only some written thoughts of counsel and instruction, but one who will carry on the work begun and continued through so many years, by her now sainted mother. If you loved Ann Jane, you will love *her*, and will never let it be said, that the daughter of the mothers' friend is without a friend amongst the mothers of our country. Ann Jane was born in the year 1800. Her life was one of sacrifice and labour in the service of her Master. For the last sixteen years her life has been devoted mainly to the editorship of the "Mothers' Friend," and to work amongst mothers, in whom she felt a never-wearying interest. The closing years of her life were spent at Emsworth, a fishing town on the borders of Sussex and Hampshire, where her husband,

the Rev. James Morgan, is the pastor of the Independent church, and where in a most wonderful manner God blessed the work of her hands.

Let us take a stroll to the water-side. "What are all those women doing, and where are they going in twos and threes?" so neatly dressed. See, they are going into that house. Are they going to receive any gifts of food or clothing? No, not there; but let us follow them and see; and in that comfortable room they take their places, about fifty in number, and there sits a lady, about sixty-three years of age, but looking less by several years—that is Ann Jane. Then her sweet and loving voice bids them welcome. A short prayer is offered, and then, repeating a few verses of Scripture, she talks. 'Tis well for her and for her hearers that she need not read, for Ann Jane is nearly blind. Yes; she paid a heavy price for her hard, unceasing work—for you—but how those women are listening! not a sound is heard but that one voice, so full of music, as it tells of Manoah and the child—"How shall we order the child?"—and about the angel. Ah! she was very fond of talking about angels. For an hour she talks; her heart so full of love to Jesus, and these mothers round her, she does not feel the fatigue which is coming upon her. But she closes, and they part with a blessing, the last from her lips. They part to meet no more on earth. Some numbers did see her once again, when, at their earnest request, they were permitted to look upon that face in death, like a marble bust, so pure and lovely. Many a tear rolled down those hardy cheeks, which, a few years before, knew no such moisture; and many a word of loving gratitude escaped those lips which used to open with curses on them.

The day after the meeting just referred to, a Messenger came and knocked, saying, "The Master wants thee," and she was laid upon a bed of sickness. Partially recovering, she seemed as if more work was yet before her. When, on Sunday morning, seven weeks after the first message, another came, and, with a louder knock, repeated the words, "The Master wants thee, and I wait to take thee home." On the following Friday morning, November 27th, ere the sun was up, that beautiful flower was gathered and taken to adorn the palace of the King of kings.

The outer leaves were shrivelled and faded ; these were left behind. The flower will bloom for ever in that garden, where are crowns of glory that will never fade away. On the tree from which this flower was plucked some other blossoms grow ; left to be nurtured and matured by earthly showers and sunshine, till they are wanted to fill the places left for them above. She leaves them to your care. Water them with your prayers ; enrich the soil about them with your helping hands, that you may enjoy their fragrance and receive from them the blessings which they hope to shed around them by the help and love of God.

All that remained of her we so much loved, we carried to the burial, and laid in the tomb, there to rest until the resurrection day.

While we think of our loss and weep, let us think of her gain and rejoice. Let it be our care to walk as she walked with Christ on earth, that when the summons comes we may be carried in our Saviour's arms over the swelling river, and be admitted into that home "where there shall be joy and gladness, and where sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The question, "What will the end be?" asked by Ann Jane, last New Year's-day on earth, has been answered to her in heaven. "The beginning of a new year which will never end."

Joyous, indeed, will this new year open to her, and she would have it open so to you. Mother ! Ann Jane is calling you. Do you hear ? She wants to meet you *there*.

There is a dear one less in this our earth,
A jewel fewer on the brow of time ;
A star soft-faded from our mortal sky,
A flower transplanted to more genial clime.

There is a vacant seat beside a hearth,
There is an aching void in many a breast ;
Sorrow sits brooding o'er the shadowed home,
In which its dear departed sank to rest.

O tears that fall ! O memories that rise !
Ye cannot bring the lost one back again ;
Ye can but give expression to our grief,
Imperfect voice and utterance to our pain.

And yet we would remember, though we weep,
Whose brow now wears our gem hence past away ;
Whose love has marked our star as fit for Heaven,
Yea, judged the flower too fair on earth to stay.

We mourn that here our dear one never more
 Will brighten darksome spirits by her care;
 But let us thank the Father of the skies,
 That high in glory she is with Him there.

LIFE'S BRIEF DAY ENDED.

WHAT tales of earth we have to tell, as the New Year dawns upon us; tales of weeping, lamentation, and woe! How many loving eyes met ours last new year's morning, now dim and rayless in their coffin bed; the active feet have run their race, and are stretched out where none have saluted. Let us stay for a few moments by the side of one or two tombs.—Here rests in peace and hope a husband and father; tears are flowing fast over his grave, and the world seems draped in sable to the mourners; the strong arm is broken, the warm heart forms no more plans of happiness for the dear ones at home; none will ever feel for them as he did, none labour for their weal as he was wont to do. Remember, ye dear ones, his last counsel as he warned you to meet him in heaven. Cast your care upon Him in whom he trusted, ye heart-stricken widow and fatherless children; He careth for you. Farewell, kind-hearted friend, thy life's brief day is ended.

Here stand we by the icy bed of beautiful little George. Well we remember his bright speaking eyes and soft curling locks, and agile form, bounding along among his companions. Do not weep for him, mother, he has a better nursing, tender as yours was; the Divine Shepherd has an immortal fold, where such lambs as Georgie are safe for ever. No storm can reach him now; no care shall ever furrow that smooth, broad brow, nor dim with tears those sparkling eyes. Mother! your boy is safe for ever. Do not grieve, father, your bright, beautiful boy has a better teacher than earth can give, and his studies are the records of heaven.

Farewell, dear Georgie, till we meet in heaven; thy life's brief day is ended.

Yonder we see the door of the tomb leading to the narrow chamber of young Lucy; she was a bright star in our cloudy

atmosphere; bright indeed to her mother, who loved her, aye we fear, to idolatry. Well, we must have no household gods, but warm, loving hearts are ever in danger of setting them up; we often do not know it till they take wings and fly away, leaving us gazing after them with streaming eyes. Alas! for us, if we had not a good hope that we shall follow in their flight and reach them in their home where the dark shadows that surround us here shall never come,—

Where no cloud shall arise,
To darken our skies,
Nor hide for one moment
The Lamb from our eyes.

Peace to thee, young Lucy; thou wert not too captivating to live up among the angels. "Mother," said Lucy, as she neared the spirit-land, "they say I must die, yet I heard them say my cheek was rosy and my eyes bright; but I am ready, dear mother, when Jesus calls, for He has washed me in His blood; only for you, dear mother, I would stay on earth, but He will comfort you over my dust." Alas! there was no hope for that mother as to earth. Direful consumption had marked her dear one for his prey and was now blanching her skin, brightening her eye and stealing away the symmetry of that form so admired and beloved. Life's brief day was soon ended.

One step more,—we reach another tomb. Hush! 'tis a sacred place; a beloved mother is resting here. She went up to heaven, full of faith and joy, blessing God for all the pleasures of life, aye, and for all sorrow, too, that He had sent to roughen the pathway of life, that she might not rest in earth's valley. She bade farewell to her precious ones, and her last breath was spent in commending them to her Saviour. You may weep, daughters, for none will ever fill her place in tenderness for you. You may weep, sons, for she loved you as none other. "Be sure," she said, "you meet me in heaven." Her life's brief day was ended, but her day in heaven only just commenced.

We will go a step farther, and stand by the tomb of the dear one who penned the foregoing pages. Little did she imagine that ere they were given to the public, her life's brief day would be

ended ; but so it is ; her life's work is finished, and she, too, rests in her icy bed. We doubt not but that she and little Georgie have met now ; her farewell to him was not a long one. Farewell, dearest mother, thy life's brief day is ended ; alas ! how much too soon for those who loved thee. We would not wish thee back again, but may we strive to meet thee in thy heavenly home, when our life's brief day shall be ended too.

Hope still lifts her radiant finger
 Upwards to the eternal throne,
 Upon whose portals still they linger,
 Looking back for us to come.

ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR RELATIVE.

Oh ! have you some dear ones in glory,
 Among the bright heavenly band ?
 Rejoice ! for they're gone there before thee,
 To rest in Immanuel's land.

Rejoice, rejoice !

Yes, why should we weep when they leave us,
 As though we should see them no more ?
 Oh ! think how those friends will receive us
 When landing on Canaan's bright shore !

Rejoice, rejoice !

Their troubles are over for ever,
 Their suffering, sickness, and care ;
 No sorrowful partings can sever
 The friends that are communing there.

Rejoice, rejoice !

Ah, think of the joy there's in heaven,
 When earth-wearied travellers land !
 Then weep not as mourners bereaven,
 They rest in Immanuel's land.

Rejoice, rejoice !

Among the redeemed they are singing,
 'Midst pleasures and glories untold,
 While seraphs celestial are stringing
 Their harps, bright with jewels and gold.

Rejoice, rejoice !

While here let us live for our Jesus,
 And seek to know more of His love ;
 Then wait till His word shall release us
 To dwell with the ransomed above.

Rejoice, rejoice !

We'll meet in Immanuel's land,
Among the bright glorified band !
Nor sorrow, nor sighing can enter
Our *home* in Immanuel's land !

S. O. M. C.

CHRISTMAS AT FARMER MAY'S.—No. II.

"I HA'N'T A MOTHER LIKE THE REST."

THE weather had been unusually mild for two or three days before Christmas, so that the ice of the big pond was rather rotten ; but daring Harry thought he could brave it ; 'twould be a pity to spoil the fun now, and so many admiring eyes fixed upon him, too ! He made a bold dash—his little figure, upright and graceful, was balanced upon the ice. Then there was a crash ! the dangerous cake gave way ; and, with a loud cry, Harry fell amid the rush of ice and water.

The group at the window seemed for a moment paralyzed with horror. Then there was a scattering for the pond, and a screaming and crying from one and all. "He's under the water !—father, father ; Harry's going under the ice !" Every particle of colour had gone from Farmer May's face ; he trembled in every limb, and threw up his hands wildly. His strength seemed to have ebbed away in the tide of grief. "Oh ! help me !" he cried. "My boy, my boy !—and I can't swim !" "But I can !" shouted a voice, brave and clear as an angel's almost. "I can swim, and I'll save him !" and dashing past weeping mother May, Joseph Craig plunged headlong into the freezing water, swimming for dear life. How they watched him, breathless and excited ; their hearts hanging by a thread as it were ! How they shuddered when they saw him grasp once, twice, at a dark object under the water, and then rise, his face gashed and bleeding from contact with the ugly ice-corners. He was some way out now, and made a third dive ; then there was a faint hurrah, and, breasting the ice, he just managed to swim to the bank, with one arm holding up poor Harry.

"My child ! my boy !—thank God !" cried the happy parent,

folding him in his arms. They bore him to the roaring fire in the sitting room, and rubbed him until he opened his eyes and smiled. Very soon he was able to sit up, and laugh and talk naturally. And where was Joseph all this time? Sitting on the kitchen floor, squeezing his wet clothes and rubbing the great painful gashes in his arms and face, from which the blood was still streaming.

"Joseph!" He listened; it was Farmer May's voice, unusually soft and tender. The poor apprentice-lad shook like a leaf; before he was aware, a strong arm came round behind him, lifting him from the floor. He found himself, as if by magic, sitting beside Harry, and Harry's bright head resting on his bosom, with great tears rolling down the grateful boy's cheeks.

"If there's anything you wish for now, Joseph," said the farmer, huskily, "anything you'd like to have, just name it, my boy. You have saved us many a year of sorrow, and given us cause to remember this Christmas before all others. Come, speak out, my boy." How could he speak, when he felt so happy? Twice he tried to gulp down the sobs rising in his throat, sobs of joy they were. "Only be kind to me, sir," he gasped out at length, "only drop a kind word now and then, for I ha'n't any mother like the rest!"

How was it now with Farmer May? He felt all at once what great lack there had been in his otherwise kindly heart. It quite broke him down, that appeal to his better nature; so he leaned on mother May's shoulder, and sobbed aloud. Joseph sat as if in a dream; his beautiful Christmas had come at last, no more hunger and thirsting of spirit now. How the joyous red sparks of firelight ran up the white wall, the whole room shining! Harry squeezing him tightly with one arm, and Tiny, her cheeks flushed with crying, thrusting her pretty doll into his lap, whispering, "There, there! keep it, Joseph; I don't want it; indeed; and double-deed, I don't," and then running away in the corner, her faced turned to the wall, lest by looking back she might repent the immense sacrifice.

Well, well! tears cannot always last, and very soon the May family were bright and smiling again; Joseph the happiest of all. And when the Christmas dinner was set on, and all the friends

were gathered about it, they made a place for Joe among the children; and mother May could not heap his plate enough with the good things; and the poor lad felt as if he were more ready to cry than to laugh, at all the kindly words which every one had for him.

Oh, what a blessing there is often in a few kind words! Many a master and mistress is very just and honest to those about them, but nothing more. Human nature, however, craves for something more than to be treated justly, wants a little sympathy and kindness.

Reader! Look around you—think of those who are about you in the world; think especially of the young, and ask yourself if there are not some whose hearts, like the heart of this poor motherless lad, are pining for a kind word now and then.

IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED.

WILL our friends accompany us in thought to a small village? and in a large substantial-looking house, ten years ago, a family group was assembled. It was the hour for the evening meal; a cheerful fire was glowing in the grate, and on the table a lamp was shedding its soft ray, while a vase of lovely flowers diffused their sweet odour through the apartment. Round the table were sitting a gentleman, lady, and three children. They were all happy and full of fun, but soon the conversation was brought to bear on religious things. The children listened attentively while the father told them the usual Bible-story, and then they fearlessly made their remarks, and asked their simple questions.

The story on that particular evening was of the servant Onesimus, who sinned against his master, and ran away, but who was brought to repentance through the preaching of Paul, and returned humble and penitent to his master, of whom he sought and obtained pardon.

The eldest child, a boy of twelve years, said in a bold, fearless way, "I think, mamma, the servant was humbling himself very much to go back and ask his master's pardon; I would not have done it." The mother looked grieved, and told her Duncan the oft-

repeated story of the Prodigal Son, while an inward prayer rose to heaven that her brave boy might be led to the foot of the Cross, in that godly sorrow that needeth not to be repented of.

* * * * *

Years after, a noble vessel might have been seen battling with the stormy elements in the broad Atlantic. For a long time hope filled the hearts of all on board that the gale would subside, and that the ship might pursue her homeward way without loss of life, but in a few hours all the passengers felt their lives were in danger. A minister who was on board went from cabin to cabin, imploring their inmates to make their peace with God, and to fly for pardon to a crucified Saviour. One young man, especially, was in an agony of feeling. In his handsome, open countenance, is easily recognised the little Duncan whose acquaintance we made some years ago. He was in vain trying to feel peaceful; all the sinful thoughts, words and actions, of his past life, rose before him, and he then felt how fruitless had been all his endeavours to lead a holy, God-fearing life, without the aid of Christ.

A crash was heard—the vessel was shaken by the mighty wind, the timber was broken into shivers, and the once gallant vessel lay a wreck upon the mighty deep. Some passengers escaped a watery grave, and among them was Duncan Formby; the next morning his almost lifeless form was found washed on the shores of a small island. The kind-hearted natives tended the young Englishman with care, and in a short time he had so far recovered as to be able to relate all he remembered of the fearful shipwreck. While he was lying on one of the lowly cabin beds, he had time to review his former life; his thoughts reverted to his home and the dear ones there assembled, and then back to the days of childhood, and the Bible-stories; then, with no eye on him save that of the All-seeing, he felt, like Onesimus, how deeply he had sinned against his God and Father; and before another day had dawned he had sought and obtained forgiveness through Jesus; and then followed peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Formby had received the tidings of the wreck of the "Britannia," and that all save three lives had been lost. They could hardly hope their boy had been among the few. Judge, then, of their joy and thankfulness when they received a

letter from their Duncan, which informed them of his safety, and, still better, of the new life which had sprung up in his soul. He wrote, "Do you remember, mamma, the evening papa told us the story of Onesimus? it never occurred to my mind till one night when I was lying in a cabin bed, and then my impious remark, made years ago, rose to my mind, and your gentle reproof, in telling me the story of the Prodigal Son; and then my proud, sinful spirit gave way. I prayed earnestly that I might be received as a returned wanderer to my Father's home, and before the sun rose the next morning I felt that I had been pardoned, and sat renewed and humbled at the foot of the Cross."

Who will say that the mother's silent prayer years before was not heard and recorded in heaven, and the answer given miles away over the deep waters in a lowly cabin? Christian parents! pray on; not only at stated periods, but at the first appearance of evil in your little ones, let your intercession rise before God.

"Ye know not which shall grow,
The late or early sown.
Grace keeps the precious seed alive,
When and wherever sown."

META.

LITTLE SAMUEL.—No. V.

DID any of my little readers ever awake some morning, with a sensation that an unexpected pleasure awaited them? Well, this was exactly the feeling Sam experienced when he opened his eyes on his birthday, as the light stole in through the neat little curtains of his bedroom window, and the early sun rested on his pillow. He lay for a moment, tracing the bright ray streaming along the white counterpane, and coming so near his head. He did not look long, however, before he saw something brilliant just beside him. "Oh, I declare; this is my birthday!" he exclaimed, as he jumped up in the bed, and stretched forth his hand for the shining thing that lay beside him. "Oh! how pretty; how very pretty! I know very well who put this here. Dear me, how beautifully the pins are arranged!"

He waited awhile to look at his treasure, resting his elbow on

the pillow ; only a moment though, for he soon leaped out of bed, to hasten to his mamma's room, and show her Bessie's gift, little thinking that she had often seen it before, and that her advice had been sought concerning every bit of coloured silk sewed into the pretty present. He was soon dressed ; but he did not run immediately out of his room, as, I fear, many little boys do, without first kneeling down and thanking God for preserving him through the night, and asking Him, for Christ's sake, to preserve him during the day. If you were standing near him, you would have heard his dear father's and mother's name often uttered ; his sister, too, was not forgotten. When Sam arose from his knees, he ran downstairs and found his mother was down before him. " Oh, mamma," he said, " do look at the nice present Sissy gave me ; I found it on my pillow, when I awoke ! " " You see, my dear, Bessie did not forget you," answered his mamma. " It is very pleasant to get a token of love from those around us, is it not ?

Bessie soon appeared, and was thanked with glistening eyes ; and the parents' hearts felt glad that morning, as they saw the happy faces of their son and daughter. " I really have forgotten my belt ! " said Sam, when he had time to view himself, and away he ran back to his room, laughing at the idea. When he returned, he noticed a slight change at his part of the table ; a very nice little box, on one side of his plate, with a bit of paper on it, bearing the words, " From papa," and at the other side of his teacup, a square parcel, with his name on the back of it. He felt he never could open either of them quickly enough. However, as the box had no paper on, he thought *that would be the first*. He opened it, and the little microscope met his admiring view. He nearly forgot the other packet, so anxious was he to put the instrument together and see some of its wonders ; but he soon remembered it, and his fingers would hardly have patience to untie the string, so eager was he to see its contents. He soon unfolded a book, with bright gilt edges and dark binding ; it was a Bible, from dear mamma, with the following verse :—" I love them that love me, and those who seek me early shall find me." " I was just thinking," said papa, " that mamma's gift can show far greater wonders than mine ! Oh, that our dear son may by

the Spirit's teaching find within that precious volume truths that will make him eternally happy!"

The morning was beautifully fine and promised even a finer day. Everything looked cheerful, and the children never thought the 103rd Psalm half so lovely as they did that morning, while their father read it at prayer-time; even Nurse and Biddy seemed to share the general joy. "Do, Bessie, look at the clock again; I am sure it *must* be half-past ten!" But, no, it wanted more than half an hour of that time. Sam's usual impatience seemed almost to get the better of him, as he waited the appointed hour for the arrival of his young friends. They came, however, even a little before the time agreed, and it was finally arranged that Sam, the two Johns, and Robert, should start for the Gardens at once, and that Bessie, her young friend, her mamma, and papa, should follow on the car in an hour. The four boys set off, in high spirits, the beaming sun and smiling fields looking so charming.

"Dear me," said Robert, "I never could have imagined that you and I, Sam, could be such close friends as we are. Isn't it a pleasant thing to love somebody, and to feel that every one does not hate one?" "Indeed," replied Sam, "I never thought you could love me; I used to treat you so unkindly, and *felt* so too. I hope we shall always love one another very much; for my part, I am happy only when I feel kindly to everybody. I declare we are at the gate of the Gardens already."

As the gate-keeper knew the boys very well, having been a servant of John Carter's father, they were readily admitted. They had all been there before, but never at that season of the year. It was the time when all the fuchsias were in full bloom. Sam never saw such lovely flowers in all his life. They were not long here, however, before they were joined by the rest of the party. Papa had much to tell them of the beautiful flowers around them. He showed them the India-rubber tree, and the sugar-cane, and many other plants they had heard of, but never seen.

It was part of their plan that all were to dine on the grass; so a suitable place was chosen, and a white cloth spread out, looking so pretty on the green sward, while the boys arranged large leaves

by way of plates, and ran for water to the river, which flowed deep and calm through the grounds. When dinner was over it was decided that Sam and Robert should wash the tumblers and spoons in the river, while John Chapman and his cousin put up the unfinished eatables.

While Sam's papa was talking and amusing the party with one of his odd stories, he thought he heard a distant cry. Soon he was sure the sound proceeded from the river, where Sam and Robert had gone a short time before. He instantly rushed to the place, followed by the whole party. What was his terror when he saw Robert struggling in the water, and his son on the bank, loudly calling for help. Ere he could reach the spot, he saw his son plunge into the river, and attempt to reach the drowning boy. Quickly sending John Chapman for assistance, he threw off his coat, and was soon between the struggling children. Robert instantly caught hold of his arm, thus keeping him from reaching his son. The mother and sister stood helpless on the bank. It was indeed a moment of unspeakable agony. The mother could only pray, the sister weep.

Assistance soon came, and the father was enabled to reach his sinking child, as Robert was safely carried out of the water, and laid on the grass. *He* was safe, but where was the noble boy who sought to rescue him? Lying on the grass, too, but life seemed gone for ever. He lay pale and cold; no breath could be felt to warm the agonised mother's cheek, bending over him. As Robert recovered, he gazed on his friend's face in mute anguish. The precious burden was carried to the gardener's house, while Robert was laid on the car, and brought to the house of Sam's father.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

I LOVE to take a pleasant walk through some secluded lane, and pluck a flower from its bank. Its fragrance and beauty remind me of the Psalmist's words, "How manifold are thy works, O Lord; in wisdom thou hast made them all." I love also to gather a lesson of instruction along the highway of life, and place it in my heart, that it may, under the Divine influence, make me wiser and holier here, and better prepared for the home above.

It was a dull, cloudy day when I passed through a back thoroughfare, a short time since, on my way to my residence. Few persons were passing, so that my thoughts were but little disturbed by the noise and bustle attendant on a seaport town. Just as I turned out of the open square leading down to the ferry, three women, habited in clean but coarse garments, accompanied by a little girl, stopped near a shop. They had evidently been speaking of family affairs, for as I passed by I heard the little girl say, with emphasis, "Well, the more angry father is, the more I try to please him." "Oh, oh!" said I to myself, "here is a lesson for Old Anthony."

Surely this is by no means adding fuel to the fire, and if every one, whether young or old, rich or poor, were only to act out the wise part of this young girl, brawls of all kinds would cease from the earth, and the lovely spirit of peace and concord would reign in their stead. It is the sending forth of angry words against angry words which raises the tempest of discord, whilst one kind and loving word, fresh from a loving heart, will in a moment calm the ruffled mind and subdue the proud and haughty spirit. "Be kind and affectionate one to another," is the glorious rule of God's Word, and if this were strictly adhered to, we should bid farewell to family quarrels, and other like scenes.

Mothers! let your old friend Anthony ask one question—not with a view to pry into your family affairs, but, in his homely way, to give you a helping hand in your life-journey—have you any belonging to your household of a fiery temper? If so, don't increase the unholy flame by putting a single log on the burning embers, but rather act out the noble part, "the more angry father is, the more I try to please him," resting assured you will find a rich reward. It is the soft answer that turns away wrath.

OLD ANTHONY.

"MY MOTHER! O MY MOTHER!"

How many who in the days of childhood withstood the tears and affectionate entreaties of kind mothers, have in seasons of solitude been led back in thought to their loving admonitions and

earnest pleadings to walk in wisdom's ways, and to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, it may be when their mothers have gone from their side for ever. And O, how bitter is their cup of remembrance! how agonising the thought which the words "my mother!" bring with them to the disobedient son in his moments of sober reflection!

A Christian warder in a convict prison was one evening patrolling before the cell-door of his ward, when his notice was drawn to the sound of loud sobbing and crying, as of some one in deep distress of mind. Creeping noiselessly to the place from which the sounds proceeded, he listened, and looked through the inspection-hole of the cell. What a painful sight did the inside of that narrow, iron-bound cell present! A young man, scarcely eighteen years of age, was its occupant. He had neglected the kind advice of a loving, praying mother, and, in direct opposition to the wishes and commands of one of the best of parents, associated with bad companions, who led him on step by step, until he was convicted of robbery, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

Yes, there was the son of that poor broken-hearted, widowed mother—the son of many prayers—pacing to and fro in his small place of confinement, wringing his hands and groaning bitterly.

Hark! what is it the warder hears as he listens? What does the young man say in his distress? "My mother, O my mother!" Moved with pity, the warder unlocked the prisoner's door, and in tones of kindness inquired what was the matter. The poor young man then related how he had refused to listen to his mother's warning voice, that he had broken her heart by his wicked conduct, and that now these reflections were more than he could bear; and he continued to cry, "O my mother, my mother!"

This, then, was the time and manner in which God, in His mercy, was pleased to answer the petitions of a broken-hearted mother. She was spared the additional trial of seeing her dear, her only boy, in fetters as a convict; but doubtless she participated in the joy among the angels in her bright home above, when her rebellious son returned as a prodigal to his heavenly Father with a contrite heart, sought for pardon, and obtained peace through the blood of Christ.

During the remaining portion of his sentence—nearly three

years—his conduct and conversation proved how sincere was his attachment to his Saviour. After his liberation, he obtained employment in the north of England, and the last time the writer heard of him, he had become a teacher in a Sabbath-school, and had taken an active and useful part in the great revival of religion which took place there.

Mothers! ask God to save your rebellious sons and daughters; ask believingly, pray on without doubting—the promise is sure. He who said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away," has also declared, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." "Be not afraid; only believe."

ION.

WORK FOR ALL.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each one has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No claims so unworthy hold you,
As those of a vain regret!
Sad or bright she is worthless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away;
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson,
Of a nobler strife to-day!

A. E. P.

THERE ARE NO STARS.

"O MAMMA, there are no stars!" said little Alice to her mother, one evening, as she peeped past the window-curtain to look at the sky, before she lay down in her pretty little white bed. "I'm so sorry they are not there, for I hoped I should see them to-night. Where do the stars go, mamma, when they are not shining in the sky?" "My darling," replied the mother, "the stars are

there all the same, but sometimes the clouds come and cover them, so that we cannot see their light." Alice was satisfied; bidding her mamma good-night, she was soon quietly asleep.

Dear readers, do you ever look from the window of your daily experience into the sky of futurity, and fancy that there is no brightness, no happiness in store for you, because all looks dark? Do you feel discouraged because God seems far from you? Do you imagine He has forgotten you because you do not feel His love as formerly? Believe me, the stars of God's love are never blotted out; they remain for ever and ever: it is the clouds of our own sin and weakness that hide from us our Father's face.

As by the power of the wind all mists and clouds are driven from the heavens, so, if we earnestly pray for grace, our weakness in the performance of duty, our unbelief, our coldness, will be dispelled by God's own might, and His love shall once more shine forth clearly upon us, its proofs being as the stars of heaven for multitude.

M. E. R.

SPEAK KINDLY TO CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporeal punishment or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are little regarded. I refer to the human voice—the soft, gentle, soothing modulations of the human voice—and this seems to me to be the more excellent way. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied by words so uttered as to counteract entirely its effects; or the parent may use language in the correction of a child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence.

Let any one endeavour to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and bright countenance are brought vividly to recollection, so also is her voice, the tones of her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with pleasing utterance. A sweet voice is a great moral power, if it be employed wisely. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is not an array of mere words. There is no charm to the

untaught one in mere letters, syllables, and words. It is the sound striking the little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence to quiet and prepare for repose. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manners and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother's voice. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his evil conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty we are liable to speak harshly to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone, and instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it. Anger, severity of reproof, harsh words, are of all things the worst. They excite evil passions, lead to resistance, and become the stimulants of disobedience. Speak gently to the child.

S. E.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A WISE SON AND A GOOD MOTHER.

THE Honourable Thomas Benton was for many years a United States senator. When making a speech in New York he thus spoke about his mother; "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that day to this. She asked me never to gamble, and I have never gambled. When I was seven years old she asked me not to drink. I made a resolution of total abstinence; that resolution I have never broken, and now, whatever service I may have been able to render to my country, or whatever honour I may have gained, I owe it to my mother."

WHAT IS AN IDOL?

What is an idol? Every heart

Hath idols of its own;

Some are of gold and silver bright,

And some of wood and stone.

Lord, is there aught the world contains,

Which I love more than Thee?

Then sure that love within my heart

Idolatry must be.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Mary and Frank; or, a Mother's Influence. By the Author of "Blind Nellie."

The Two Orphans. By EMMA DEARIE. London: Macintosh.

Two very interesting little books, designed for children and calculated to teach many useful lessons.

The Child's Commentator. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. No. 3. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A very attractive number of this little book.

Easy Questions on Scripture History. Parts I., II., III. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

Very useful little books for Sabbath-school teachers.

The New Zealand Handbook. London: Stanford.

A little volume likely to be of great service to those who are contemplating emigration to that land.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

A very pleasing number of this nice little paper.

The British Workwoman, Out and at Home. London: Hall, Smart, and Allen.

The first number of a new periodical, which bids fair to be interesting.

The Journal of Health. No. 10, Vol. XII. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A useful book for families.

A BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

ANN JANE

WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

MOTHERS! WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?

MOTHER! did you, as soon as you beheld your young immortals, lift up your heart to your Father in heaven and anxiously and earnestly ask Him to lay His hands on them and bless them? Did you present your infant boy and tender girl to Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me?" And did the gentle Shepherd early call back these lambs of His fold to His own arms? If He did we can tell you *where they are*. They are in the golden city; they are in the land of love; they are happier and wiser than their mortal mothers. You thought them beautiful, when nestling on your bosom; they are so beautiful now as to call forth the admiration of *angels*. "Around the throne of God in heaven" is heard the sweet hosanna of the infant choir, pouring out the gladness of their souls in love, gratitude, and praise to Him who had loved and washed them in His blood; and the harp of heaven had lacked its least but not its meanest string, had children not been taught to play upon it. Aye, we know *where they are*, and some who would have called us "mother" are safely housed in that happy home.

But some of you have sons with you; first-born and perhaps best-beloved—*where are they*? They will exert an influence vast as eternity upon your rising families. Where is that first-born cherished son? Is he all your fond hopes and wishes can desire for him? Are you not responsible for the influence he will exert in all the various walks of life? Do you *know*, do you *care*, who are his chosen companions? Do you know *how* and *where* he spends his evenings? If at home, has he useful occupation? If out of your sight, are you quite sure he is among the company of the few who are leading him along the narrow road? Or can you sit at ease by your domestic hearth, mother, and smile and be happy in the midst of your younger group, while your eldest son is preparing himself for that place of woe where there is "weeping and gnashing of teeth?"

Do you know *how* and *where* he spends his Sabbaths? If in the sanctuary, is he beneath your eye, hanging with enraptured delight on the lips of him who is God's ambassador? or is he

there to disturb God's humble worshipping people—storing up wrath against the day of wrath? If you are careless as to his conduct and situation *now*, how will you listen to that proclamation in the silent midnight hour, “Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him?” And when you hear the solemn inquiry “Where, O where is thy son?”—will not these appalling accents fall upon thy ear like thunder, and call up all thy neglected duties and lost opportunities, never, no, never to be forgotten again. And where is thy *daughter*? Shall we find her, like Mary, sitting at the feet of Jesus, listening to His gracious words? Under your culturing hand is she preparing to labour successfully in that cause for the sake of which Jesus laid down His precious life? Is she the affectionate and dutiful daughter?—the beloved sister? Shall it hereafter be said, “Happy the man who has such a wife; happy the children who shall call her mother?” and when death comes, shall it be said of *her*, “Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all?”

Mothers! have you such daughters? or are they, instead of being a crown of delight, really bringing their mothers to shame? Are they with the giddy multitude in the broad road, madly dancing on the brink of the bottomless pit, and making virtue hide her head as she passes by, and hears their language, and modest women blush and feel ashamed that they belong to the same sex? If this be the case, and you remain careless as to their state, and fold your hands, exclaiming, “Time enough yet,” see to it, that the avenger of blood shall not receive a commission to pursue you as the murderer of immortal souls, and you receive a tenfold more aggravated doom than that awarded to him who first imbued his guilty hands in blood. And O, mother, if you should have the dreadful reflection that your *example* has ruined the soul of your child, one can easily imagine, that letters of fire will remind you of the heaven your son or your daughter has *lost* through your means, and that each *lost* mother will hear the voice of her own children in woe, above all other direful sounds, exclaiming, “Cursed be ye, mother; I *might* have been among yon shining happy ones in bliss, but for *your example*, for *your teaching*, for your want of consistency. Ye *knew* the Lord's will, but ye *did it not*; and now I am lost for ever, and for ever lost.”

And will there be mothers and children in that dreadful place of remorse, *thus* heaping anguish on each other? We verily believe there will be many there who called the Saviour "Lord, Lord," here whose conduct and example that very "Lord" will condemn.

A little more on this subject next month.

SUNSHINE IN A CLOUDY PLACE.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

"Oh dear! I am so tired, I cannot work any more; what shall I do? It is very hard to have to slave like this. I wonder who this work is for. Ah! I fancy if the fine lady knew that my poor hands had touched her dress, and that it had been in such a room as this, she would——'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.' Aha! how strange it is, that some one is going to wear this, and show herself off in this that I am working; and yet she would not soil her hands by touching me. I almost wish she did know; but perhaps it is quite as well as it is. Eight o'clock, and this must be finished by twelve on Monday. Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve; four hours more of this Saturday left. That will not nearly finish it. Oh dear! I feel so faint; I cannot go on for four hours more—and all alone, too; no soul to speak to."

"Mamma dear, I feel as though I should so like to find out some of those poor needlewomen we were speaking about, who are wearing out their lives in 'poverty, hunger, and dirt.' Ever since I read the account of the poor young creature who committed suicide, I seem as if I must do something; and I think it would be such a relief to have some one just to speak to them while they work, or to read to them, and I am sure on Saturday evenings they must especially need it. May I go now? I know where I can find one, for I saw her going into her cottage with some work, yesterday, and she looked so ill, I wished I could have taken it and done it for her."

"Well, dear Harriette, if you like to venture out alone you may,

but don't go far, and don't stay long." Harriette was soon on her way; she did not forget to put a few little things in her bag, which might be tempting, and hastened to the cottage into which she had watched the girl the day before. It was a very poor place; there were several tenants; she knocked at the door, but received no answer; she then went in and knocked at the first door which appeared. A rough "who's there," greeted and rather alarmed her; but she gently said, opening the door a little way, "I wanted to find the young woman who does needlework." "Top floor" was the only answer. She closed the door, and mounted the creaking stairs. On reaching the top floor all was very dark, and she had to grope her way, feeling along the wall for the door. She knocked, but all was silent. Harriette thought perhaps she was out, but knocked again. Receiving no reply she opened the door; there was a candle burning, so she looked in and saw a scene which it would be difficult to describe—such a mixture of poverty and luxury. A poor, thin, half-starved girl, looking very old, with a plain black dress on, was lying huddled up on the ground, and partly on the chair and partly covering her was a handsome piece of embroidery and a silk dress. What could it mean? It appeared at first like two people; but on a nearer inspection it was explained. The poor girl, in the midst of her work, had fainted, and in falling had drawn her work with her on to the ground.

Harriette immediately lifted her head, and smoothed her hair, and rubbed her hands. After a little while the girl opened her eyes and stared wildly about, wondering where she was; but Harriette spoke very gently and soothingly to her, telling her to be quiet and all would be well. The sight of her work, however, brought her somewhat to her senses, and she broke out into a fit of crying and said, "Oh! what shall I do? I cannot do any more work. I wish I were dead." "Now don't cry; sit up and let me see what you have to finish; but first just eat this," and taking from her bag a little jar, she gave her some jelly soup, "it is cold, but it will strengthen you and you shall have some hot presently."

The poor girl was very grateful, and then showed Harriette her work. "And this has to be finished by twelve on Monday; I

cannot do it, but if I don't my employment is at an end with Madame," and she heaved a deep sigh. To Harriette's amazement she recognised the dress and embroidery as her own. She had left it at Madame Gros' establishment, to be made up. She particularly desired that it should be sent home on Monday evening by five o'clock, which Madame promised should be done. Poor Harriette, she felt as if her heart would break; she little thought, when giving her orders, what misery and distress she was occasioning; however, she sat down, said nothing about it then, but resolved to let Madame Gros have further time, and also resolved, that in some way she would try and see if Madame could not make some better arrangements in the future. So, sitting down, she took up part of the dress and asked how it was to be done, and taking a needle and thread worked with her companion, talking cheerily and getting her to open her heart to her, which relieved her greatly.

After working for about an hour she said, "Now, Ellen, I am going to make you promise me something, that you will now put this work quite away and go to bed; forget all about Madame Gros and this dress; think about me, if you like; think about Jesus, and don't touch your work again till Monday morning." "But I must finish it. You don't know Madame; she is so hard, and if she says a thing, she means it." "I dare say; but I will see her." "Oh! pray don't; she will think I have been complaining, and she is really very kind when she is not pressed." "You trust me; I will not name you, or get you into trouble; now I must go; I will come again and see you to-morrow afternoon. I should like you to rest a good while in the morning; don't get up early; feel like a lady for once. Good night."

The tears started to her eyes, and she really did put her work away and go to bed. The next day, in the afternoon, Harriette found her way again to Ellen's room. She was pleased to find her looking better. She was sitting reading a little book she had left with her. Ellen's face brightened up at the sight of Harriette, and as they sat there, doubtless they were not alone—it was a sight for angels to rejoice at.

Early on Monday morning Harriette went to Madame Gros' and inquiring for that lady, was ushered into her presence. "I called

about my dress." "It will be quite ready, miss, by four o'clock." "Yes, I know how punctual you are, but I called to say, that if you are busy I could wait a day or two." "It will make no difference, miss; I have given the order and it will be attended to. My assistants know that when I say a thing I mean it; and I should not like to alter now." Harriette did not know what to do; her object was not attained, and yet she could not give her reasons, for fear of injuring Ellen, which she knew it would, did Madame know that her work had been seen out of her house. "But I hope you will not press your work-people too hard for my sake," said Harriette. "Dear no, miss, I think I spoil them; if I am busy, I always take on extra hands; pray don't let that trouble you."

Harriette thought she must leave it this time, though it was with a heavy heart she turned away. She immediately went to Ellen and found her hard at work. "Now you must let me help you, please," and sitting down she took her needle and thread and cheerfully set to work as she never before had done. "I fear we must finish this by twelve o'clock, Ellen; I have seen Madame and she won't let us off; so while we work I will sing, and then the time will pass happily. She sang some of her songs, and Ellen said afterwards she never felt so happy in her life, working was quite a pleasure when dear Miss Harriette was there. At eleven o'clock she laid down her work and said, "Now, then, we must have our lunch, and then we shall have half an-hour's work to complete our task; we shall be in time, I think." And so they were. Ellen put on her bonnet and shawl, and folding up the dress, took it away. Before she did this, however, she said, "I wish this dress was for you, miss; I would not mind how hard I worked then." "Ellen, I want you to come to our house this evening; come at six o'clock, will you? I have a little work I want done, and I should like you to do it." "Thank you, miss, I shall be so happy to work for you."

The dress arrived at the appointed time, and so did Ellen. Harriette put on her dress and came down, and before Ellen could speak went up to her, and taking her hand said, "Thank you, Ellen, for your work—I shall value this dress as long as it lasts; and now I want you to make me another, but you shall take your

own time about it; here is the material, and when you bring it home I will pay you for it." Ellen, of course, was pleased to take the work, but she was more pleased to think that her late labour had been spent, after all, on dear Miss Harriette. She soon brought back the new work, and hoped it was satisfactory.

"Well, not quite yet, Ellen; I want to see how it looks on you; put it on, and I shall be better able to judge." There, now I think it will do; don't take it off again till you go to bed—this is yours now—I don't want any thanks; that is for letting me help you." "But I can't take this money, miss, and the dress too." "Why not? you did the work for me and I intend to pay for it; and what is more, you need not work for Madame Gros any more. I know several ladies who will employ you and keep you in work; so now look out for some nicer rooms and start for yourself." "I am sure I never shall thank you enough, miss; may God reward you for your kindness to a poor orphan girl."

HORACE.

LITTLE SAMUEL.—No. VI.

"MAMMA, mamma, where am I?" were the first words the pale lips uttered. Oh, with what joy the loving parents heard that proof of returning consciousness. Sam was able to be carried home the next day, and Robert, a few days after, could sit at his side, reading aloud to him from his new Bible. He loved to hear the story of the Babe in the manger; and he hoped the Saviour had made him His child. Sam slowly recovered from the bed of sickness, and Robert and he were firmer friends than ever. "I never could remember how I slipped into the river," said Robert to him, one day, "but I recollect quite well seeing you on the bank, just before you leaped in—then I forgot everything."

"Yes," said Sam, "I never felt so terrified as then, but wasn't God very good to preserve both of us from being drowned? I *did* feel so thankful when I knew you were safe. Do you know, Robert, I never have felt the same since; I *do* think I feel God's love to me more than ever now; and I can never help thinking of the beautiful heaven which Jesus has made for us."

an unwilling mother's arms, and softly whispered, "He's in heaven now."

We will not weep for little Sam. A pain can never enter where he now dwells, and weariness cannot cloud his brow. Would you, young friend, wish to die like him? Then you have the very same Saviour to guide you, that he had. Won't you ask Him to make you kind and affectionate to your dear parents, brothers and sisters? Pray to Him to give you His grace, that you may learn to love Him, and seek Him on earth, that you may be prepared to dwell with Him in heaven.

ONLY GONE BEFORE.

MOTHER! have you ever stood by the side of the coffin which contained one of your little ones—perchance your youngest darling—arrayed in the robes of death, ready to be consigned to the silent grave? Have you ever known the aching weight of sorrow, which only a mother *can* know, as you gazed on the face of your darling, so calm and so peaceful, in its last long sleep, and thought that never again would those little arms encircle your neck? that you would never more hear the sound of those tiny pattering feet, and that the little prattling voice, that once made music in your home, was stilled by the stern hand of death? that your little one was really gone, never to return? Have you experienced all this? Doubtless you have, for as Longfellow so touchingly and beautifully expresses it,

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there;

There is no fireside, howso'er defended,

But has one vacant chair."

It was in the month of November, that it pleased God to take from us the little one, who, for ten months, had been the sunshine of our household. Sadly we laid the little boy beneath the chestnut trees of our village churchyard, there to rest until the resurrection morn; and with aching hearts returned to our home, once so happy and joyous, but now so sad and cheerless. Oh! it was hard to say "Thy will be done," but with the trial came

strength to bear it; and when the bitterness of our grief was past, we saw that it was not in anger our Father had afflicted us, but in infinite mercy, for the gift had taken the place of the Giver, and unconsciously we had set up an idol by our fireside.

Two years have passed since then, the turf has grown over the resting-place of our precious one, and we have learned to thank God that He took him from the evil of the world. Another prattler now claims our love and attention, and as we hear of the sin and wickedness with which our world abounds, we tremble as we think of him growing up into life; but no fears trouble us for the lamb which God has gathered into the fold above; we know that he is "safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution, at rest for ever;" and when, amid the bustle and din of life, we are in danger of forgetting the better land, the thought of our darling joining in the immortal song, inspires us with fresh courage to run anew the heavenly race, that we at last, when the struggle of life is over, may join him in singing the anthem of praise, the new song, and cast our crowns at the feet of Jesus. If we had faith to draw aside the veil which obscures the vision, we should cease to mourn ever our lost ones; could we, but for one moment, obtain a glimpse of the glory and bliss of heaven, we should not wish them back again, but rather rejoice that God has taken them to be at rest for ever, in His sinless home, far away from the discord of this world. Surely, God knows what is best for us; had He not taken your little one, mother, it might perhaps have been a snare to you, it might have drawn you more closely to earth, but now you have a tie to bind you to heaven, where, at last, you will find your little treasure. When you have fought the fight, and the shadows of death have gathered around you—when earth, with its cares, is far behind, and heaven, with all its brightness, shines upon your view—then you will see that you have not had one trial too many, but that you have been led by the right way. Till then, trust in God.

L. ST. C.

LIST TO THEIR MESSAGE.

Oh, mother, mother! check those tears, restrain that burning grief,
And calm thy stricken mind with hope in Him who gives relief.
Why should'st thou, mother dear, repine? Ob! meekly bear His rod,
And bow resigned to all that brings a message from thy God.

'Twere sin to wish us back again to earth's inclement clime,
To ask us from our home above to bear the ills of time;
Now, angels in the courts of God, we raise our infant-voice,
And fain would calm the stricken heart and bid thy soul rejoice!

To thee we were but lent by God, He hath recalled His own,
To swell the cherub host above that flit before His throne.
Then dry thy burning tears, to thee the holy task was given
To nurture for awhile on earth two cherubims for heaven!

Thy heart-strings bound around thy babes were rudely snapped by death,
To teach thee that earth's dearest ties are nought but fleeting breath,
To lead thee by affliction's path to tread the heavenly road,
To bind thy heart's affections round an ever-faithful God.

Ere many years have rolled their course, dear mother, once again
The babes it wrung thy heart to see convulsed with writhing pain
Thou shalt again behold, but oh! not angel's tongue can tell
The rapture that thy heart shall feel, what joy thy bosom swell.

For welcomed by thy God, who oft in love affliction sends;
By taking from a mother's arms the babes His mercy lends,
Thou shalt, if meekly following Him whose hand afflicts to save,
Rejoin thy babes beatified, victorious o'er the grave.

POOR JACK THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

It was a cold, damp afternoon, the yellow fog hung gloomily about the City, and the mud that lined even the footpaths added considerably to the discomfort of pedestrians. Near a neatly-swept crossing at the corner of a street stood a little boy. With his back against the wall and his arms leaning upon his broom, his large hungry eyes peering out from under his ragged cap, and his thin tattered clothes hanging loosely round his emaciated limbs, he seemed truly a forlorn being, a child of want and misery. His cheeks were hollow, his little hands nervous and sinewy, and as the cold air came round the corner, he shivered

and drew his poor clothes more closely round him. Many people passed by him, bent on their own business; some of them glad to avail themselves of the crossing, though failing to notice the pale little sweeper. Poor Jack was an orphan; his home, if home it could be called, was with an old uncle, who cared nothing for the child who had been consigned to his protection, and who supplied him only with the bare necessities of life in exchange for Jack's earnings at the crossing.

The boy had only one source of pleasure derived from outward circumstances in his apparently hard lot. This was on the Sabbath, for he had been accustomed, when his parents were alive, to attend a Sunday-school, and to this his heart still clung with all the tenacity of a child's affection. In the Sunday-school he felt at home. Kind words ever greeted him, no one despised him or sneered at him there. It was at the Sunday-school that he first heard of Christ's great love in dying for sinners, and of His continued affection towards those whom His death has redeemed. Poor Jack had scarcely anyone on whom to lavish affection, was it strange, then, that a strong feeling, first of gratitude, then of love, should have sprung up in his heart for a Saviour of whom he had so often heard from his kind teacher, and so often read in his little Testament? It was of Christ's love to him, and of the bright Heaven where that Christ was gone, that Jack was thinking on this bleak winter afternoon, as he stood at the street-corner leaning upon his broom, and with his wistful gaze turned up towards the leaden sky.

He was still in the same posture, when a lady, warmly and handsomely dressed, brushed by him on the side-walk, and paused, evidently inclined to make use of the crossing. She looked at Jack, whose appealing glance was now directed to her face while he touched his cap, though without speaking. "No," said the lady, sternly, as though answering a question; "no, certainly not! I make a point of never giving to crossing-sweepers. I do not encourage idleness." So saying, the amiable lady drew up her handsome dress above her ankles, and stepped daintily out into the clean crossing. Poor Jack was too subdued to feel angry, he only followed the lady with a sad gaze of his large eyes. A moment more and she was on her way down another street;

but just then Jack's eye was riveted upon something bright in the crossing close to the side-walk. Springing forward, he raised it from the ground and found it to be a rich gold locket, evidently dropped from a chain or bracelet.

That it was not there before the lady passed, he felt quite certain, and his first impulse was to run after her and restore the locket; but Jack was prone to evil as even good children are sometimes, and his second thoughts were, "This lady spoke unkindly to me, why should I do her a service? She is rich, I am poor; the locket is worth a great deal, and I might sell it and keep the money." But this was Satan's suggestion; the next moment the repentant tears rose to Jack's eyes, and leaving his broom standing against the wall, he darted off with the treasure in hand, in pursuit of the lady. She was soon overtaken, and Jack, to attract her attention, gently touched her arm.

She turned angrily, and seeing him, said, "What, you again, Sir?" The poor boy said nothing, but held up the locket. In a moment the expression of the lady's face changed, and she said, eagerly, "Why, where did you find this?" "Just there, ma'am, in the crossing," quietly replied Jack; "and I thought it must be yours, so I ran after you." "I really am very much obliged to you," returned the lady; "this is a locket which I value extremely." And then, as Jack turned to go, she added quickly, "Wait a minute and I will give you something to reward you for your honesty." "Thank you, ma'am," replied Jack, "but I've only done my duty." And touching his cap he ran down the street, leaving the lady astonished at his unusual behaviour.

Jack was perfectly content; he knew that the Saviour, whom he loved so well, considered every good action as done to Him; and his heart was full of a quiet joy as he lay down to rest that night. With no such tranquil feelings, however, did the lady, whom I shall call Miss Havier, retire to her luxurious couch; and when at last, after tossing wearily, she slept, her slumber was not peaceful.

The sweet, sad face of the little crossing-sweeper haunted her even in dreams. Again and again she saw his wistful eyes upturned to her face, again and again her own harsh words to the little pleader rang in her ears.

THE SCHOOL OF INFANCY.—No. XVIII.

CULLINGS FROM JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, WRITTEN IN LATIN IN 1663.

INSTRUCTION, and that properly timed and prudent, must accompany example. It will be a suitable time for teaching children by words when we discover that examples have not sufficiently profited them, or when they really desire to conduct themselves according to the example of others, but yet fail of doing it properly. In such case it will be commendable to admonish them to conduct themselves in this or that way, by saying, "Look, consider how I do. See how father or mother does it. Do not do such things. Be ashamed of yourself," or the like. It is not yet expedient to have recourse to lengthy admonitions or discourse on this or that matter, which will be of no use to them afterwards.

Occasionally there is need of chastisement in order that children may attend to examples of virtue and admonitions to it. Now there are two degrees of discipline. The first, that a boy be rebuked if he do anything unbecoming; prudently, however, not so as to strike him with awe, but to move him to fear and to a recollection of himself. Occasionally more severe chidings and puttings to shame may be added; and immediately after admonition not to repeat a thing, a threatening may follow. If, however, you observe amendment, it will be good at once, or a little while after, to praise him; for much benefit results from prudent commendation or blame, not only to children but to grown-up persons. If this first step of discipline should prove to be ineffectual, the next will be to use the rod or a slap with the hand, in order that the boy may recollect himself and become more attentive. And here I cannot refrain from severely reprimanding the shallow-brained mockery of affection to their offspring in certain parents, who, conniving at everything, permit their children to grow up altogether without discipline and correction. Such parents tolerate their children in committing every kind of evil; to run about in all directions, to bawl; to shout, to howl without a cause, to retort upon their elders, to stick out their tongue at others, and to act in every way without restraint; and then

excuse them by saying, "He is a child, he ought not to be irritated, he does not yet understand those things." But *you*, the parents, yourselves are the children of stupidity; if discovering this want of knowledge in your child, you do not promote its knowledge; for it was not born to remain a young ass, but to become a rational creature. Know you not what the Scripture declares, "Folly is bound to the heart of a young man, but it is driven from him by the rod of chastisement." Why do you prefer the child's being detained in its natural foolishness, rather than to rescue it from its folly by the aid of well-timed, holy, and salutary discipline? Do not persuade yourself that the infant does not understand; for if it understands how to exercise frowardness, to be angry, to rage, to grin, to puff out its cheeks, to be rude to others; assuredly it will also know what is a rod and its use. Right reason does not fail the infant, but *you*, imprudent parents, who neither know nor care to know what will contribute to the safety and comfort of yourselves and your infant. For how comes it that the majority of children afterwards become refractory to their parents and distress them in various ways, unless it be that they have never been disciplined to reverence them?

A MOTHER'S REMEDY FOR CRUELTY IN HER LITTLE BOY.

It has been remarked that the actions of a child often show the future character of the man. This is clearly proved by referring to the days of childhood of many of the great military and naval heroes of the world, who played at soldiers and sailors, fought battles, and achieved great victories, in their childish amusements. It has also been noticed, that tyrants and bloodthirsty men were once children who delighted in petty acts of cruelty. How vastly important, then, that mothers should watch the youthful amusements and desires of their children. However small or insignificant an act of cruelty may appear, which the mother observes in her darling boy, it should be instantly repressed. A merry, blue-eyed, chubby-faced, little fellow, scarcely four years old, was one

day seen by his mother to be highly delighted in catching flies on the window, pulling off their wings, and then laughing most heartily at the sufferings and pain of these poor mangled creatures, as they struggled on the window bench, and kicked and writhed in the agonies he had inflicted on them. His astonished mother called the little butcher to her side, told him weeping, that flies, and every other creature, were made by God; that they, as well as he, had feelings, and that cruelty to God's creatures was a great sin; and then kneeling, with her son, at the ever accessible throne of the heavenly grace, poured out her heart in earnest, believing prayer to God, and besought her Heavenly Father to subdue in her darling's heart the sin of cruelty. She did not ask in vain. Some days after, the little fly mutilator was intently watching the objects of his late cruelty and amusement, as they buzzed against the window panes, when all at once he came running to his mother, and asked, "Mother, did Jesus Christ make little flies?" and being answered in the affirmative, said, while his bright blue eyes filled with tears, and his lisping words were almost choked with emotion, "O! how naughty I have been; I will never kill flies any more." He had not forgotten the admonition of his mother, and from that day his cruel amusements ceased. His fond parent recommends her remedy to all mothers.

Ion.

PRAY FOR YOUR CHILDREN.

Pray for the children, the little ones

Clustering round thy knee,

Who claim thy fondest, tenderest care,

From earliest infancy.

When they nestle within thy loving arms,

Pressing rosy lips to thine;

"Oh, Father! pour down thy grace, I pray,

On these precious ones of mine."

Pray for them in the midnight hour,

When all around is still,

When holy, solemn, precious thoughts,

Thy wakeful spirit fill.

Pray for them when the morning light
 First heralds the dawn of day,
 Ere it call you from slumber's silken folds
 To labour and toil away.

Remember them in thy busiest hours,
 When the hands no respite know ;
 E'en then retire in thy inward self—
 To the fountain of goodness go.
 Thy Saviour will hear thy silent prayer,
 He will bear it before the throne,
 'Twill meet a reward and answer there,
 And sympathy all His own.

And when the twilight draweth on,
 And the social evening hour,
 Oh ! pour forth a fervent, earnest prayer
 For each beautiful opening flower.
 As thou lay'st them tenderly down to rest,
 With a heartfelt mother's love,
 Be a prayer with the last fond kisses press'd
 To the children's Friend above.

If thou should'st be called from earth away,
 And leave them amidst its snares,
 What better could'st thou bequeath to them
 Than a legacy of prayers ?
 Than a holy, upright, prayerful life,
 And a pure example given,
 And an earnest hope breathed from day to day
 To meet them again in heaven.

The answer may seem to delay awhile,
 But let not thine efforts sleep,
 For the Scripture promise remaineth true—
 "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

Oh ! sow in faith and water with love,
 And seek a reward on high :
 It may come when thou shalt have passed above
 To thy home beyond the sky.

A YOUNG MOTHER.

A PAGE FOR SAILORS.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

A SAILOR, after a long absence from his native country, returned home, flushed with money. As he had never been in London before, he resolved to treat himself with the sight of

whatever was celebrated as great, gay, or curious. Among other places, he paid a visit to St. Paul's; this happened at the time of service. While carelessly passing, he chanced to hear the words, "Pray without ceasing"—uttered by the officiating minister, but he passed on without receiving any impression from them. Having gratified his curiosity, he returned to his marine pursuits, and continued at sea seven years, without the occurrence of anything remarkable in his history. One fine evening, when the air was soft, the breeze gentle, the heavens serene, and the ocean smiling, he walked the deck, with his feelings soothed by the pleasing aspect of nature, when all on a sudden darted into his mind the words, "Pray without ceasing." "What words can these be?" he exclaimed, "I think I have heard them before; where could it be?" After a pause, he added, "O! it was at St. Paul's, in London; the minister read them from the Bible. What, and do the Scriptures say, 'Pray without ceasing?' O what a wretch I must be, who have lived so long without praying at all!" God, who at first deposited this Scripture in his ear, now caused it to spring up in a way, at a time, and with a power, peculiarly His own. The poor fellow now found the lightning of conviction flashing on his conscience, the thunders of the law shaking his heart; and he perceived the great deep of destruction was threatening to swallow him up. Now he began, for the first time, to pray. But praying was not all. "O!" said he, "that I had a Bible, or some good book." He rummaged his chest, and lo! in one corner, he espied a Bible, which his anxious mother had placed in the chest, twenty years before, but which, until now, had never been opened. He snatched it up, and pressed it to his breast; then read, wept, prayed, believed, and became a new man.

THE BEST MONUMENT.

"I WOULD rather," said Dr. Sharp, "when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me and say, 'There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young. No one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need; I owe what I am to him.'"

would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, 'There is your friend and mine: he visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family.' I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflection of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is no such trial of friendship as adversity. He that is not ashamed of my bonds, nor alienated with my disgrace, is a true friend.

THE PERFECT WORLD DESCRIBED.

Find me a babe that ne'er hath shed a tear;
Find me a child that ne'er hath known a fear;
Find me a man who never thought a sin;
Find me a cot where care ne'er entered in;
Find me a strifeless town, a fraudless mart,
A church unsullied, or a stainless heart;
Find me a world where want, and plague, and war,
Waft not their shafts, or angry passion jar;—
And I will find a hallowed world of bliss,
And such a world there is—but 'tis not this.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Child's Commentator. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. No. 4. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This little commentary is well worth taking in. Parents cannot put a more useful and instructive, as well as interesting book, into the hands of their children.

Golden Dewdrops. By J. B. London: Pitman.

A packet containing twelve tiny books, which will delight our little friends.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

A little paper full of pleasing and instructive matter.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

MOTHERS! WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?—NO. II.

MOTHERS, what an eagle eye to scan your inconsistencies has the little one at your side. I know a lady who had a praying mother, one who prayed with the lip merely—one who read her Bible, too, but an *inconsistent* mother; and from seeing the Bible left open continually by that *pharisaical* mother, she cannot now enter a room where that book chances to be open, without closing it with all the recollections of early disgust, hating the very name of those who do all their good works to be “seen of men.”

Untaught and unsuspecting children believe people are what they *appear* to be. Accustomed to look up to a mother as a being superlatively *excellent, wise, and good*, they are startled and confounded at the first discovery of her inconsistency. The humility of little children is proverbial, they feel that they have been in the world but a little while, that they know but little. But oh, their anticipations! O, the glory of being men and women! Do you not often hear the sound, “See, mamma, am I not getting a great girl?” or, “Mamma, I shall soon be a man!” The child supposes that there is a vast *something* or *somewhere* that when he is a man he shall know all about, and he exults in the prospect with something of the feeling of our first parents when they ate the forbidden fruit, upon the promise of being gods, knowing good and evil. Well, now the child looks upon his *parents* as having entered the mighty field, and as having in consequence knowledge, motives, principles, designs, and pleasures which he knows nothing about, and with all the curiosity of his first mother, he employs all his ingenuity to get a glimpse into the mysterious enclosure. In this enterprise nothing is lost or overlooked—the words, the looks, the conduct of the parents, and particularly the mother, in all the circumstances of life, in the time of *ease* or *pleasure*, as well as in the hour of *sickness*, of *danger*, of trying emergency, *all* are remarked, every scrap is *treasured up*, and, at a convenient season, *all* are *called forth*, made to pass in careful review, compared, reasoned upon, and when the results are made out, are dismissed only to be *recalled* at another time to pass perhaps a sterner ordeal.

Now imagine the child, while engaged in this research, to have discovered in his mother's conduct or instructions some inconsistency or *contradiction*. He is confounded; he reasons, "Why, how is this? My mother tells me never to deceive her, and yet *she* deceives other people. My mother tells me always to speak the truth, and yet *she* told a lie. My mother tells me to obey God's word, and I saw *her* break the Sabbath-day. I saw her do what she would not like others to do to her. She tells me to be candid and honest, and yet I heard her say just the contrary to Mrs. B.'s face to what she said after she was gone. I once thought my mother could never do wrong, but I do not believe it now. Are all persons like my mother? Do they all *say* one thing and *do* another? I will watch," thinks the child. Subsequent discoveries only confirm the truth of his suspicions, until he knows that his own mother, whom he had *thought* so holy and good, so perfect and righteous in all her judgments, is hypocritical, is altogether different from the Christian mother that the Bible she has put into his hands tells her she should be—and what is the consequence? *That mother's* influence falls for ever, and great is the fall of it, and most ruinous, for it destroys her children. The mother may be careful to provide books and secure teachers for her child, and keep him from corrupting scenes and evil company, but let her remember that her *countenance* is his first book, her *example* his first lesson, her *character* his first study. O mother! an expression in thine eye, a word from thy lip, a deceitful action of thy life, will make an impression on the heart of thy child which no tear of thine can ever efface.

Oh, mothers! if ye *will* deceive somebody, if ye will mislead or corrupt some of your fellow-mortals, let it be thy friend, thy neighbour, thy relative, but oh, *spare, spare thy little one!* Thou hast given him an immortal existence. Would'st thou make that existence for ever miserable? Better plunge a dagger in his infant bosom, than by thine own carelessness, caprice, or wicked indulgence, to prepare his heart for the sword of a righteous God's vengeance. You will all agree this is correct; but perhaps some may exclaim, "None but wicked, ungodly mothers would *thus* act and *thus* prepare those whom they love so tenderly to dwell in everlasting burnings." Gladly would we believe that

all who profess the glorious Gospel of the blessed God would stand before the great white throne *free* from old Eli's crime, and be able to say with pleasure and with joy, "Father, here am I, and the children thou hast given me." But, alas! my sisters, with humiliation be it expressed, the inconsistencies of many are so palpable and ruinous to their children, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, nor suffer sin to rest upon our fellow-professors, to heap up wrath for themselves and their children without pointing out, as far as we can, the fatal error.

"NOBODY LOVES ME."

"I **REALLY** cannot manage Charley," said Mrs. B—— to me one day, as she told me of his obstinacy and self-will, and the difficulty she found in making him do what she told him. "He is now nearly twelve years of age, and I fear he will grow up so different from his brother William, who is so kind and gentle to everybody."

Charley was a noble-looking boy; no one, to look at him, would ever suppose he was unamiable in temper, when those clear, blue eyes beamed so softly during his boyish sports. There was something attractive in the manner he moved about in the playground among his school-fellows. No one ever knew him to do or speak a dishonourable thing, every one loved him. But Charley had an injudicious mother, she did not understand her son, and treated him with undue harshness on many occasions. I resolved to become acquainted with him, but all my efforts seemed unavailing. He treated me with suspicion and endeavoured to avoid my company. At last I prevailed on him to come out occasionally to walk with me, and I tried to interest his mind, which was always ready to comprehend things which other boys of his age considered dull and uninteresting.

We were one day seated reading together, when I took the opportunity of speaking to Charley about his want of respect for his mother, and I also asked him why he did not try to please her more. "Oh!" he replied, "mamma doesn't love me—she is always finding fault with everything I do. I *know* I am a bad

boy, and I feel that *nobody loves me.*" "Charley," I said, "are you sure *nobody* loves you?" He looked at me earnestly, I took his hand in mine, and as I pressed it warmly, I said, "Dear Charley, *I* love you, and I want you to love *me.*" The bright eye grew brighter, the cheek glowed with unusual pleasure, the lip quivered, and bursting into tears, the boy, of whom it was said, "he never wept," flung himself upon my breast, threw his arms around my neck, and clung to me as though he would never let me go. I allowed him to weep on; and the first words he uttered, as he pressed his cheek against mine, were, "I'll do anything for you, for nobody else loves me!" We mingled our tears together, and for hours Charley lay with his head on my bosom, as we spoke of plans of reformation.

Charley was ever after a changed boy towards his mother and brothers; and whenever he did wrong, or seemed inclined to show any self-will to his parents, the magic words, "Remember your promise to Mr. O——," acted as a sort of spell upon him. Charley still lives, and has become a sailor on board H.M.S. S——, and although he grew up a good boy in temper and conduct, I fear he is not yet converted to God. The only motive he *now* has to help him to do right, is the love he bears to *me.* This is not enough, and I am still praying for Charley, and I knew not that there is one other who brings his name to God through Christ; save myself; for none of his family care for his soul. He is now upon the deep, deep sea, far away from his home, and, as a midshipman of fourteen years of age, braves the ocean and the storm.

Christian mothers! perhaps you have some Charley far away; will you join the name of *my* Charley with yours when you name your precious one before the throne? I gave him a Bible when he was leaving me, and he promised to read it for *my* sake. Will you pray that it may be blest to his soul, and that God will bless those precious texts I have marked in it, and lead him to find peace in Jesus? Pray that the boy whom *nobody* loved may find that *Jesus* loves him and died to give him life—*everlasting life!*

S. O. M. C.

"I MUST ALTER MY COURSE."

"I must alter my course," said Walter Jeffery, as he looked out on the broad road that led to his habitation. Walter had on the previous night, as he had often done before, reeled from the "White Horse," with an empty pocket, an aching head, an angry temper, and a lost character. For many hours he had sat in the seat of the scorner, joined in the song of the drunkard; and laughed at the fears of others, until the time came for closing the house, when he was turned out by the landlord, to find his way home in the best manner he could. Many were the resolutions he had made before, but as often had he broken them; and many were the warnings he had received from his employers, yet he heeded them not. But the time *will* come when the bitterness of sin must be felt; and so it was with Walter Jeffery that morning. He received notice to resign his office, to quit his dwelling, and to turn out on the world, an outcast and penniless. How true it is, that "he, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly perish, and that without remedy."

"I must alter my course," thought Betty Green, as one sunny morning she stood by the old apple tree, gazing into her neighbour's cottage, and contrasting its neat and clean appearance with her own miserable, dirty dwelling, and seeing the vast superiority of the one over the other. The truth is, Betty was a sad gossip; hours, that might have been spent in sweeping the room, cleaning the hearth, and keeping things in order, she squandered in idleness, in scandalising and unprofitable conversation, until her house and children have become proverbial for destitution and misery. Old habits and old courses are not easily shaken off or abandoned, though we may see the evil of them, and this was the case with Betty Green. Scarcely had the resolution come to her mind when Ruth Pierce appeared at the wicket-gate; in a moment they were in earnest conversation, and the resolution, with all its advantages, was forgotten. Sad, sad Betty Green, thy resolve not having been made in the might of God, nor immediately put into practice, has proved to be as the morning cloud and the early dew which quickly pass away.

"I must alter my course," whispered Mary Drew to her com-

panion, as she rose to leave the sanctuary, where she had been hearing the truth as it is in Jesus, "or, in other words, I must ask for the Holy Spirit to renew my heart, for, if what the preacher has said is true, and I know it is, then I am still in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity. 'O Lord, save or I perish.' "

That night, on bended knees, did she surrender herself to Christ. No wonder, then, that from that hour a mighty change was seen in her, which all acknowledge was for good. She had gone to the Mighty for strength, and He who maketh rich and addeth no sorrow thereto, heard her prayer, granted her request, and she became a burning and a shining light. Mothers! let your old friend Anthony dip his pen once more into the ink, and urge you, by all the solemn realities of eternity, not to make your resolutions in your own strength, for they will disappear as the bubble; but go to the throne of God, take hold on His omnipotent power, and in His divine might resolve, and then your resolutions will not fail.

OLD ANTHONY.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE EARLY TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

NO. I.—OBEDIENCE.

THE love of parents for their children is a universal, warm, tender, all-powerful passion, graciously given by the Creator to enable them cheerfully to endure the toil and care which are unavoidably connected with helpless infancy. Many parents, the mothers especially, have endured sleepless nights and wearisome days with their little ones, patiently, in the hope that in after-life they would be repaid by the dutiful affection of their offspring; and, as a *rule*, we shall find, that when children have been judiciously trained, the Scripture has been graciously fulfilled: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." But there are comparatively few who duly consider *in what* this training consists; nor *how early* this thoughtful, observant discipline should be *tenderly* but firmly and vigilantly exercised. Some there are who, we believe, err on the side of

undue severity, crushing the tender spirit of their offspring just in its opening bud; thus unfitting them to cope with the difficulties and troubles of the present state of things, and to fight the battle of life with due courage. These parents, we will hope, are few in number, for the benign and genial influences of the religion of the God of love is fast mellowing the spirit of the Christian world, and rendering more and more bright and lovely our holy, happy English homes!

But the other extreme, that of being too fond and indulgent, needs more generally to be guarded against. Many, from a love of *present* ease and quiet, shrink from thoughtful, investigating, painstaking observance of their children's mental character, which is absolutely necessary in order to ensure that mode of treatment most suitable to each child's disposition. But the avoidance of the present cross will only increase in a tenfold degree our future difficulties, and give us to feel how greatly we have erred. If in any one thing the old adage is proved to be true, "a stitch in time saves nine," it is in the training of children. It ought to be understood, from the whole tenor of Scripture, that it is clearly manifest to be the positive duty of Christian parents thoroughly to govern their children. But this government must be permeated in every part with love—that love which comes from God, and is the main-spring of every action in the devoted Christian.

Our children being sent into this world, the sad inheritors of Adam's fallen nature, are committed to our care and training by Him who says to each Christian parent in effect, "Take this child and nurse it for, me and I will give thee thy wages." We may rely on it, that our reward will be in proportion to our diligence and fidelity. But parental duties are so varied, important, and constantly recurrent, that those who are truly alive to their onerous position must feel that God alone can be their helper. This training or government must begin as soon as the babe is influenced by its mother's looks; and this in an intelligent babe will be evident when only a few weeks old. Its ideas then are extremely few and simple, but they are all acted upon by our conduct towards it, and this influence exerts an increasing power over the precious little immortal, the longer it remains in our care. O how wary, how circumspect, how prayerful, how watchful we ought to be.

One of the first disciplinary acts is to teach the infant prompt obedience; and as soon as ever it is capable of understanding simple explanations, it should, immediately on the act of obedience being performed, be told that it is for its *good*, for reasons which may be given: such as, the knife must not be touched, because it will cut, &c. If this plan be adopted from the first, the child will be easily trained to submission; self-love being one powerful aid to the mother. When old enough to understand the principal Bible narratives, the case of Eli will be found to exert a powerful influence, if placed before the little ones in a proper light. The story of Noah and his family being saved in the ark, because he was righteous, will excite great interest. These and others, if judiciously told, will be a great help to a Christian mother, if she only take care to accompany all her instructions with prayers to God for His guidance and blessing on all her efforts.

Let no one imagine that this habit of infantine submission and obedience is only of benefit while the child is young; it is far otherwise. Due submission to parental authority, coupled with filial love, when united with Divine grace in the heart, greatly mitigates the sorrows and bitters of life, and aids us in no small degree to say to the all-wise, omnipotent God of love, in His dispensations towards us, "Not my will but thine be done."

H. E.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me—

Loved ones who've crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,

But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,

And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;

He crossed in twilight grey and cold,

And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels who met him there,

The gate of the city we could not see;

Over the river, over the river,

My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale

Carried another—the household pet:

Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—

Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
 We know she is safe on the other side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be:
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me!

For none return from those quiet shores
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
 They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day.
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
 Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,
 They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
 To the better shore of the spirit land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

THE DYING JEWESS.

"I was much interested," says a gentleman, "in hearing an old and respected minister give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter, having every mark of a Jew in the lineaments of his countenance. He was well dressed, and his bearing was noble, though it was evident his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat, and was all attention, while a ter-

often seen to wet his manly cheek. After service the minister and the stranger regarded each other very earnestly, and the minister went up to him and said, 'Sir, am I correct? am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?' 'You are.' 'But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?' The substance of his narrative was this:—It appeared that he was a very respectable man, of superior education, who had lately come from London, and, with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, he had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his bosom before he left England, and he knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love. She was surrounded by beauty, as a mantle; but her cultivated mind and her amiable disposition threw around her a charm superior to any tinselled decorations of body. No pains had been spared in her education; she could read and speak with fluency several different languages, and her manners pleased every beholder. No wonder, then, that a doating father, whose head had now become sprinkled with grey, should place his whole affections on this only child of his love, especially as he knew no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the principles of his religion, and he thought her an ornament to her profession.

"Not long since, his daughter was taken ill; the rose faded from her cheek; her eye lost its fire; her strength decayed, and it was soon apparent that the worm of disease was strong in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He spared no trouble nor expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small grove, near the house, wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by his dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of her chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter. The child grasped the hand of her parent with a death-cold hand. 'My father, do you love me?' 'My child, you know that I love you—that you are more dear to me than all the world besides.' 'But, father, do you love me?'"

'Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? Have I never given you any proofs of my love?' The child said, 'I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me; you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you; will you grant me one request? O, my father, it is the *dying* request of your daughter—will you grant it?' 'My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every bit of my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted; I *will* grant it.' 'Then, my dear father, I beg you will never again speak against Jesus of Nazareth!' The father was dumb with astonishment. 'I know,' continued the dying girl, 'but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught. But I know that He is a Saviour, for He has manifested Himself to me since I have been ill; even for the salvation of my soul. I believe He will save me, although I have never before loved Him. I feel that I am going to Him; and now, my dear father, do not deny me. I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth! I entreat you to obtain a New Testament, that tells of Him, and I pray you may know Him, and when I am no more, you may bestow on Him that love that was formerly mine.'

"The exertion here overcame the weakness of her feeble body. She stopped, and the father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind; and ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude to return, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to that Saviour whom she loved and honoured. The first thing the parent did, after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a New Testament. This he read, and, taught by the Spirit from above, he is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb."

BED-TIME A MOTHER'S OPPORTUNITY.

MOTHERS! who do not see your little ones to bed, spare a little time, after they are in, to "tuck them up," give the last "good night," and the approving kiss, or you miss an invaluable opportunity of lodging thoughts in little minds that the busy day

efface. Kneel by their beds and pray. This, many a mother has testified, has been her holiest hour. Let me tell you an incident in my own life, which, being then a young mother, deeply impressed me.

It had been my unbroken rule to pray by my children's bedside; and sweet were the conversations at these times, often held. It seemed as if the "thoughts that melt and words that burn" would flow into their little minds at no other time; some of the ideas, eloquent and fresh, with which they often startled me, come now to my memory. Oh! the mother misses a rich treat who does not hold quiet communion, *at some time or other*, with her children. If by anything imperative I was prevented from coming immediately to my little ones, they would anxiously keep awake, waiting; not satisfied with their own prayers, which were always said before retiring. One evening, under peculiar circumstances, I was unusually busy, and sent them up to their room with the servant, who was to see them in bed. On coming down stairs, she told me, that one little fellow, a child of two-and-a-half years, wanted to see me. Thinking it was possibly some waywardness, at not liking to be put out of his usual custom, I sent to say that he must tell her what he wanted; but he replied, he could only tell *mamma*. Not liking to neglect him, if really required, I went to him, and found him sobbing bitterly. "O ma, I cannot sleep till you ask God to let the angels *guard my head*." He had been accustomed to repeat to me Watts's beautiful evening hymn, and it was to this he referred.

"I lay my body down to sleep:
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed."

The prayer that followed, and the "good night" kiss, left him a happy and, very soon, a sleeping child. This custom, I found, they valued till they grew to be almost men; for, on coming from school, during holiday time, they still looked for the quiet visit when they were in bed; and when the family "good night" was given, there would be the quiet whisper, "you will come up presently, *mamma*?" O! I have felt so thankful for this hold upon the affection of *sons*. Mothers! in whatever grade of life, you

who have *sons*, oh! pray with them and for them. They will have to fight the battle of life; we have to endure; our *passive* qualities are most in exercise—their *active* ones. But we both need much help from on high, to enable us to suffer or to do. Some of your sons are already beginning to feel the chafings of life—at the forge, in the mill, at the loom, behind the counter, at the desk, and they come home at night with the weary step and the clouded brow, and your quick eye detects that all is not right within. The burdened heart speaks out its grief or its annoyance; as the case may be, to you in private; their spirits rise in rebellion, or the weaker ones sink depressed; they both need a mother's counsel, a mother's prayer, to "guide them to the narrow road that leads to happiness and God." They go to the father with successes, with advancements, with achievements; he is to share their joy, to commend them for diligence and progression, to point them out the way to advancement; and to counsel them in all that is manly and bold; but sorrow needs sympathy, and that is heaven's peculiar gift to woman.

Between a mother and her sons, if she use her influence aright, there will exist a strong bond of sympathy—not in pursuit—that is the father's province, but in *feeling*, that is the mother's mission. Her softer voice will influence them to do, what sterner accents will in vain command. Her pleading look will often turn aside a determined purpose, will unnerve the iron wrist of violence, will calm the perturbed and angry bosom; but it must be sustained by prayer. Will a mother's eye fall upon this, who has not yet prayed for herself? if so, oh! my friend, let me beseech you to pray; and when your boy comes home again from work, jaded or heartsore, and you grieve for him, honest-hearted mother as you are, direct him to a peace the world cannot give, nor take away; tell him, though *you* cannot lighten his burdens, God can, and seek, with him, his chamber, kneel by his side, pour out, if they be but broken words, words of prayer, and you will obtain a mighty power over him; and may the Spirit of God help you!

" Pray, O thou mother, pray!

Pray for thy wayward son,

Pray for the cherub at thy breast,

Pray for *each* little one.

" Those prayers upon thy brow
May place a brighter gem
Than ever blazed in angel's crown,
Or angel's diadem."

AUNT MARTHA.

POOR JACK THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.—No. II.

MISS HAVIER awoke early, feeling unrefreshed and restless. As soon as her sumptuous breakfast was over, she resolved to ease her mind by once more seeking the honest child, telling him how sorry she was she had spoken so unkindly to him on the previous day, and offering him as a reward a change of employment, which might she thought be acceptable.

On reaching the crossing, she found our little friend Jack standing quietly with his back against the wall as usual, and holding in one hand a little book from which he was evidently reading. The hour was still early, and the few people who passed did not notice him. Gently the lady approached the little reader, and as she did so she noticed his pale care-worn face, which, however, bore a sweet expression as his large eyes followed attentively the lines of his book.

He was so busily engaged that he did not notice Miss Havier till she laid a hand on his arm covered by its tattered coat-sleeve, and said gently, " Good morning, little boy." Jack looked up, while a smile of intelligence gave warmth to his pale lips. " Good morning to you, ma'am," said he. There was a minute's pause ; then the lady, while a perceptible blush tinged her fair cheek, said, " I am very sorry, little boy, that I spoke so unkindly to you, yesterday ; you convinced me how wrong I had been, by your kind and honest return, and I have felt unhappy ever since, and resolved to come to-day and ask your forgiveness."

It was now Jack's turn to blush ; he did so in good earnest, as he replied, " I'm sure, ma'am, you are very kind, but I've nothing to forgive. I only did my duty, and should have been very wrong if I had done less." Miss Havier looked attentively at the ingenuous face of the little speaker, and said, " Tell me what your name and where you live ?" " My name is Jack Williams,"

replied he, "and I live in —— Street." "But," asked the lady, "have you no father and mother to support you?" "No," replied Jack, sadly, "I live with my uncle, but I see very little of him; I am generally at home and in bed before he gets back from his day's work." "How is it, then," asked Miss Havier, "that you have not become dishonest and wicked like other boys, when you have had no one to teach you what is right?" "O, ma'am," replied Jack, his face again lighting up, "I learned all that I know of good at the Sunday school. My kind teacher taught me to read my little Testament and to understand it; and you know, ma'am, if even a child like me tries to do right, God will help him." "But how is it you feel so sure of His assistance?" said the lady, wondering at the boy's earnest and confident manner. Jack opened his eyes very widely with surprise, and replied, "Why, ma'am, I know it; the Testament says so." Miss Havier was silent for a few moments. The childlike and simple faith of the little sweeper had excited a feeling of shame in her heart; for with all her advantages she was not a disciple of Jesus.

At length she broke the pause, saying, "Tell me, Jack, how would you like to leave your street-sweeping and come and work in my house? I should give you light employment, and you would have a comfortable home and good food." Grateful tears glistened in Jack's eyes. "O, indeed, I should like it, ma'am, so very much," cried he, dropping his broom with delight; "at least——" (and his face clouded over, as he added) "if—if——" Jack stopped, blushed, and looked down. "Well," said Miss Havier, smiling at his confusion, "if what?" "I should be so thankful to come to you, ma'am," resumed Jack, "if I may still go to Sunday school." "Of course you may," was the kind rejoinder. "You shall have the Sunday as much to yourself as possible." Jack's gratitude, of course, knew no bounds, and he showed it towards his benefactress in every conceivable way.

In a few days he was comfortably installed in Miss Havier's beautiful home, and fulfilling his duties with the utmost care. It was thus that the honesty of Jack met with a reward; but his Christian character and behaviour were the means of a far higher result. Jack's love for his Testament and his simple faith in the

promises of his God and Saviour, inspired Miss Havier with the wish to find out for herself his source of happiness and trust. And, as no humble seeker who asks God's blessing upon the search after truth ever seeks in vain, Miss Havier became a truly Christian woman, ever trying to do good among all with whom she came in contact. You may imagine, dear readers, that neither she nor Jack ever regretted their acquaintance; and, in after years, one look at the lost and restored locket was sufficient to recall to Miss Havier's memory her first meeting with

POOR JACK THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

M. E. R.

TELLING MOTHER.

A CLUSTER of young girls stood about the door of the school-room one afternoon engaged in close conversation, when a little girl joined them and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls a *secret*, Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply. "I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate, "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend." "No, not even your mother, no one in the world." "Well, then, I can't hear it; for *what I can't tell my mother is not fit for me to know.*" After speaking these words Kate walked away slowly and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation. I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

As soon as a boy listens to conversation at school or in the play-ground which he would fear or blush to repeat to his mother, he is in the way of temptation, and no one can tell where he will stop. Many a man dying in disgrace, in prison, or on the scaffold, has looked back with bitter remorse to the time when first a sinful companion gained his ear and came between him and a pious mother. Young friends, if you would lead a Christian life, and die a Christian death, make Kate's reply your rule, "What

I cannot tell my mother is not fit for me to know ;" for a pious mother is your best earthly friend. If you have no mother, do as the disciples did—go and tell Jesus. He loves you better than the most tender parent.

**"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH SO
WILL I COMFORT YOU."**

A VERY little girl was running about in the woods and gathering wild flowers to twine into a garland, but all at once her shouts of glee were changed to sobs, and her smiles gave place to tears. A thorn had run into her finger, and the smarting, pricking pain was something new and strange to her. To whom do you think she ran for comfort? Why, naturally she ran to her mother, and she took out the thorn, wiped away the little one's tears, and soothed her and talked to her till all the bright smiles came back again. A few years rolled away and that little girl had grown older. She had found the pathway of life as full of happiness as the wood was full of flowers. But a time of trouble came, it came suddenly. It was a deep grief that filled her eyes with tears as she stood beside her little sister's coffin. And where was her mother? Far away over the sea, and not likely to reach home for a month to come. But that young heart was not without a refuge. She knew that God was her God. She knew the words, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." She looked up to Him and He put strength and peace into her soul. He will do the same for us if we are His. He will do it as often as we are in sorrow, till at last He takes us to that better world, where there are no more thorns, no more trials, but where He will wipe away all tears from every eye.

SWEETS OF EARTH.

SWEET are all the dear affections
That encircle us on earth,
With their ever-winding tendrils,
With their sorrows and their mirth ;
But alone in heav'n above,
Lives and blossoms perfect love.

Sweet it were to cling all-trusting
To some loving spirit here,
Soul to kindred soul responding,
With a faith as true as clear ;
But alone in heaven above,
Shall we know a perfect love."

PRAYER ANSWERED QUICKLY.

A PIOUS couple, in a small way of business, were once very much embarrassed for want of a small sum of money, which they did not know where or how to procure. As they sat one day at breakfast, affairs appearing likely to draw to a close very soon, their difficulty of course became the subject of conversation. The husband said, "My dear, there appears to be no way but to look upwards. Let us, therefore, *now* apply to God in prayer about it." They accordingly both knelt down immediately. Many sentences had not been offered in prayer, before a person rapped at the door. The man went and opened it, and he found that one of their best customers had called for several articles, and without hesitation he laid out with them, directly, exactly the sum they so greatly needed.

"MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO GO."

ALLEN was sent to the City when quite a lad. The new scenes and new objects which there met his eye, so unlike the quiet and unchanging life of his native village, filled him with wonder and amazement. Among other places of which he had heard much was the theatre. Some of his associates went, and there was no end of the wonderful stories they told of what they had seen and heard. Allen felt a rising desire to go too. He manfully resisted it, however.

"Come," said one of his companions, "go with us to-night." "No," answered Allen, "not to-night." "So you always say, not to-night; come, decide at once to go." "No, not this time; not to-night," still replied Allen, walking away. "You shall have a ticket if you will only come," again urged his companion. Allen shook his head: "No, no," said he, "keep it yourself; I cannot

take it." "How obstinate," rejoined the other, "why, what can be the reason?" Allen hesitated for a moment. "My mother told me not to go to the theatre, therefore I cannot go," he at length firmly replied. His companion ceased to urge him longer; he beheld in Allen's face a certain purpose to obey, and he left without saying a word more.

That was his mother's last injunction, "My son, do not go to the theatre." Under such circumstances, some lads might have said, "Why, I see no harm in the theatre; why should I not go? I see no reason why I cannot. My mother, I fancy, did not know so much as she thought she did. She, away at home, cannot tell what is what; besides, other young men of my age go." I say, some might have reasoned thus, and disobeyed and gone. Not so with Allen. His mother bade him not to go—that was enough for him. He trusted in her knowledge and confided in her judgment, and he meant to obey her. Yes, and what was better, he was not afraid to say so.

It was a wise decision, and if every youth away from home had moral courage enough to decide doubtful questions in the same way, there would be many better men. Allen is now an excellent minister.

"GOD HATH GIVEN THEE ALL THEM THAT SAIL WITH THEE."

FATHER! who o'er life's boisterous tide
 A precious bark art steering;
 Mother! who anxious at his side,
 Each distant storm art hearing:
 Bind ye the promise to your heart
 Thus by the angel spoken,
 Believing that your circle blest
 Shall gain the port *unbroken*.

When stranded on the rock of woe,
 Life's last faint watch-light burneth,
 And shuddering to that bourne ye go
 From which no one returneth;
 Then may each bark your love hath launched,
 Gliding with sails unriven,
 Send forth a seraph face to form
 Your family in heaven.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A HINT FOR MOTHERS.

"SELECT not to nurse thy darling one that may taint his innocence, For example is a constant monitor, and good seed will die among tares. The arts of a strange servant have spoiled a gentle disposition. Character is mainly moulded by the cast of the minds that surround it. Let, then, the playmates of thy little one be not other than thy judgment shall approve,
 For a child is in a new world, and learneth somewhat every moment."
 TUPPER.

A SMALL MEANS FOR A GREAT END.

"It was not long since," said a sea captain, "a young friend was telling me that, while out at sea, he, by mere accident, as he called it, was moving his box, and saw behind it a piece of paper. Not in the least supposing what it was, he picked it up and found it was a little tract; he read it, and thought over its contents, and before he reached Liverpool, on his return from the voyage, he was a *converted man*." The Holy Spirit had, by means of this tract, turned him from darkness to light.

Praying mothers! feeble and weak in all things but love; you have the power to move the arm of Omnipotence. Your faltering tongues may bring down abundant blessings upon your dear ones.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Ephraim Holding's Sabbath-School Illustrations. By GEO. MOGRIDGE, better known as "Old Humphrey." London: Partridge.

A very interesting and instructive volume for Sabbath-school teachers.

Events of the Month. London: Mozley.

A new magazine, full of useful information.

The Child's Commentator. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. Part V. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We have great pleasure in recommending this valuable little book to our young friends. They will find it well worthy their prayerful study.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

A pleasing little paper, well adapted to the class for whom it is especially intended.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

MOTHERS! WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?—NO. III.

It is the immense disparity between the professed principles, instructions, and prayers of the mother and her daily conduct, her want of honest dealing, want of integrity, her habits of feeling and expression that perplexes her child, and is an obstacle over which he is perpetually stumbling. Christian mothers! did you ever feel the pang through your soul of witnessing for the first time the attempt to deceive you, visible in the manner and matter of your child's answer to a question of yours? How did you feel? Did it make you sick at heart? I confess this was my case. I felt as Adam is said by the sweet Moravian poet to have felt when he saw sin in an infant after his fall. Speaking of him in his "World before the Flood," Montgomery says—

"Yet, as a parent, nought beneath the sky,
Touched him so quickly as an infant's eye:
Joy from its smiles of happiness he caught,
Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought;
His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain
As if he fell from innocence again."

And where is the Christian mother who has seen the shade of deceit or the flush of falsehood pass over the cheek of her little one, whose heart has not "smitten" her with a "fierce pain," and whose prayer has not gone up that the fallen nature of her child might be renewed by the "second Adam?" Oh, let us see to it, that our children grow up *honest, open, sincere*, teach them to avoid *deceit* as they would a *serpent*, and let them see no deceit in *your* conduct—it will be to them mysterious and painful, if you are called a Christian mother especially. Your child *watches, compares*, and endeavours, but vainly, to *reconcile* the *principles* and *practice* of his mother, until weary, disgusted, and distressed, he banishes the subject from his mind, pronounces his mother a hypocrite, despises all her instructions, loathes her prayers, condemns her Bible, and renounces her God. Rather would I be an Arab or Hindoo mother, than have the fearful responsibility of

that mother who has deafened her children with exhortations and prayers, and yet has, as it were, forced them into the path of death by *shutting up* with her own *example* the path of life. And how many *such* mothers do we meet with? A friend called to see one of this class once; while she was there the mother's pastor called and affectionately inquired of the mother if she was conscious of having faithfully discharged the duties of a *Christian mother* to her *impenitent* children, and whether she did not believe that she, by her prayers and example, might be instrumental in bringing her daughters to Christ, if she evinced as great anxiety for their immortal interests as she did in securing for them an interest in the possessions and esteem of this world? The mother replied that she believed she had done all she could; she had prayed for them and talked with them, but it seemed to do no good. She professed great anxiety for them, and wished that they might be the subjects of prayer. Some time after a lady called to pay a fashionable visit; she sat a few minutes and was treated very civilly by this professing mother, and when she arose she was very warmly urged to sit longer. She declined this, and as she left the mother expressed the hope that they should have the *pleasure* of seeing her *often*. The door had scarcely closed when the mother turned round and said, "She wondered how folks could find so much time to walk about the streets and trouble their neighbours."

Here it was no difficult matter to be able to ascertain why "it does no good" for the mother to talk about religion to her children. It was impious *mockery* for that mother to pray for the conversion of her children while she continued to set before them such an **EXAMPLE**. *Where* will such families be found, think ye? Is it at all likely that they are meetening for that world of purity where the very "*streets*" are described as being, as it were, *transparent glass*? Can they, will they enter there? I heard a good old minister say once that if every man had a piece of glass over his *heart* so that men could read all that was there, we should all be ashamed to go outside the door; but really if any class of beings would feel *more ashamed* than others, methinks it would be deceitful, double-tongued, *professing mothers*. But let us never forget that a day is hastening when all such persons will be seen *just as they are*, when we "shall know as we are

known," and we, with our children, will be found in that place for which we have been preparing during the brief sojourn we make in this lower world. Never let us for one moment forget that our children notice every *little* thing we do, their feeling of right and wrong is sensitive in the extreme, and a Christian mother may murder the soul of her child and then exclaim with horror, "an enemy hath done this."

There was a mother once, a *Christian* mother too, and one deeply anxious for the salvation of her children. In the morning she would call them all to her, pray for each of them successively and with great particularity; the Bible was read, explained and enforced, the "Amen" was said, the door opened, and the children escaped as from a prison. But mention the subject of *religion*, and it would not excite in them, as in other children, feelings of solemnity and awe, but only loathing and contempt, and in God's house what children trifled and despised the worship of His people like these? And in the school what children disturbed their teacher, wronged and oppressed their fellows like these? And why were these means of salvation and the Bible, a fountain of life, made to these hapless children a well-spring of poison and death? It was the *inconsistency* of the *mother*. Her example, instead of enforcing with irresistible power her instructions, and proving the sincerity of her prayers, made them all a fable or a pretence. True, she committed no disciplinable offence—she was a good wife, mother, and mistress, in the opinion of the world. But where was the savour of her religion? Where the unsullied exhibition of those things which are lovely and of good report? Where the feeling of her Saviour's presence—her love to His name—her zeal to do His will?—which might be exhibited and ought as plainly to be *seen* by her children in each trifling event of the day, as in her morning devotions. And, oh, where was that deep anxiety which she *seemed* to feel in the morning for the salvation of her children? Had she left it all at the maternal altar, or had she never *felt* it? O it is because children *hear* so much and *see* so little that they are so often found walking in the road that leads to eternal death!

HE HAD NO WINGS.

ROUGH John Beckiom, a ferryman, tied his boat to a post and plodded, wet and weary, to his little house. Having thrown himself, with an oath, into his chair, he lighted his pipe and puffed the smoke up the chimney while he dried his feet at the fire.

Presently his little daughter came in, leading her younger brother, and walking to her mother said, with a grieved expression, "Mother, little Bob swore, little Bob can't have any wings when he dies, to fly up to the good place. Poor little Bob!" and the little girl began to cry. But the boy looked up to his mother's face and said, "But father swore too, can't he have any wings when he dies?" The mother did not answer, for she feared the stern man who sat smoking his pipe by the fire. But the arrow had entered John Beckiom's soul. That night he dreamed, and as he stood before his cottage, looking at the stars and the moon, there was a sound of a trumpet above that made the world tremble, and presently an exceeding glory in the sky, and from the midst of the glory a voice calling to the judgment. Immediately the air was full of white souls, whose eyes were turned upward with a steady gaze, while their hands were clasped over their breasts. And the voice called again, "Come, ye blessed." Then the white souls were wings full of stars and shining like silver, which flashed back the glory from above, as they calmly floated upward. While he stood wondering and terrified, he heard a sharp cry of pain by his side. There stood his little boy with ragged and soil-stained coat and hands stretched piteously up toward the flying host. "Oh, my father!" exclaimed he, "why did you teach me to do wrong? Jesus just now beckoned me to come, but I had no wings and no cloak of silver; and he looked grieved at me and turned away. Oh, father! why did you teach me to do wrong?" There was a sound as of thunder, a crash of the universe, and the old man found himself in a long train of souls, with heads bowed and tears running from their eyes, walking down a black iron-arched way, where he could look only before him and see beyond the great train of weeping ones an open gate from which came fire. But he heeded it not, for

behind him he heard the patter of little feet, and ever and anon the voice of a child, "Oh, father! why did you teach me to do wrong?" John Beckiom awoke, and was rejoiced to find his little boy quietly breathing in the cot beside him. He never swore more!

ON THE BIRTH OF THE ROYAL PRINCE.

HAIL, fair Alexandra,
 The pride of our land!
 With national sonnets
 Our voices we blend;
 And while our rejoicings
 Unitedly rise,
 We look for a blessing
 From One in the skies
 On the head of the mother and child.
 Hail, Princess, hail!

Hail, loved Alexandra!
 We greeted before
 Thy royal appearing
 To our happy shore;
 We welcomed thy bridal
 With hope and delight,
 And felt that thy coming
 Would scatter the night
 That encircled the brow of our Queen.
 Hail, Princess, hail!

We wept when she sorrow'd,
 Bereaven and lone;
 Ah! now do we welcome
 The coming of one,
 Whose smiles shall illumine
 The clouds of her grief,
 And give to the spirit
 A balm of relief,
 Nigh-broken with anguish and pain.
 Hail, Princess, hail!

Hail, great Alexandra,
 Our Prince's fair bride!
 The mothers of Britain
 Behold thee with pride:

ON THE BIRTH OF THE ROYAL PRINCE.

They hope for the future,
 Rejoice in the past,
 And pray that thy happiness
 Ever may last,
 Now on earth, then away in the skies.
 Hail, Princess, hail !

Victoria's daughter,
 Beloved for her sake,
 Again would our voices
 The echoes awake,
 As we pray for a blessing
 To rest on thy brow,
 From Him whose rich mercies
 Abundantly flow,
 Like those rivers whose springs never cease.
 Hail, Princess, hail !

May heavenly halos
 Encircle thy son,
 And heighten the gladness
 Already begun ;
 And as Jedediah
 Was loved by his God,
 Such love, mighty Princess,
 On thine be bestowed :
 Thus, thus would we hopefully pray.
 Hail, Princess, hail !

And then, as Josiah
 Was blest in his youth,
 Who trod in his childhood
 The paths of the truth,
 So may thy beloved
 Thy yearnings reward,
 And early be willing
 To live for the Lord :
 It is this we would ask for thy child.
 Hail, Princess, hail !

Hail, Princess, most noble !
 Hail, Prince, well-beloved !
 May heaven establish
 Thy kingdom unmoved ;
 May greatness and riches,
 Prosperity, peace,
 Dominion and power,
 Thy empire e'er bless,

O'er whose glories the sun never sets
 In the western skies,
 And may her sons rise
 To praise Him whose mandate created a world,
 Whose might gives to Britain a banner unfurled,
 Unsullied, majestic, and free.

S. O'M. C.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE EARLY TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

NO. II.—EMPLOYMENT AND ITS BEARING ON THE TEMPER.

THE mind of man is ever active—ever busy from infancy to age : even when the powers of both body and mind are enfeebled by old age, the activity of the mind is painfully apparent ; and this being an inherent principle of our nature, we cannot be happy or content without employment and occupation. Every mother knows how needful it is to watch her youngest children, lest they should injure themselves or articles of furniture around them. *Why* this need ? Because, long before reason or experience can aid or guide them, their ever-active minds are *seeking satisfaction* ; and if *not found*, the poor little things become peevish and fretful on the one hand, or angry and passionate on the other, as their tempers may vary. Let us remark here, what we cannot too strongly insist upon, in all domestic training, that if a mother would be successful among her children, she must from the first study their mental differences or peculiarities, their various tempers, or she will certainly fail in accomplishing what she desires. We are fully aware that this painstaking investigation of character—this adaptation of management to the difference of temperament—involves no little amount of thought and care ; but what *truly* Christian mother is there who would grudge any amount of labour, so that she may secure life-long advantages to her precious children ? Some may plead the want of time for this thought and observation ; but permit us kindly to suggest, that many of our occupations as mothers require *so little mental effort*—take plain needlework as an example—that the two employments may be carried on together ; and many other duties among our children will actually *aid* us in our obser-

vations and plans. Though general principles may be laid down, yet each mother must work them out in her own way, according to the circumstances in which she is placed.

But to return. How often have we seen the little disappointed creatures cry bitterly when one after another *improper thing* has been taken away by its nurse; and to obviate this evil a host of playthings is provided by the kind parents. So far, so good. But the active mind must not be neglected; the little fellow, who has had toy after toy given him, is tired of all and impatiently tossing them aside, cries, "I want something else!" Something else? Yes, the little *unsatisfied mind* longs for something else. What is it? *Food for the mind*, suited to its infantile state and capabilities; a set of thoughts to be infused; some pleasing, instructive tales to be told, which shall again and again recur to the mind with interest and pleasure, supplying that little head and heart with thoughts and feelings on which they may *comfortably ruminate* at such times as its mother or nurse shall be unable to devote to it undivided attention. Frequently it will be found sufficient to remind it, or an older brother or sister, of a tale that has been told, and the little ones will thus help to amuse and instruct each other. But let great care be taken in the selection of tales for children. In the first place, let all be *strictly true*, or you will injure your children's morals. Then let none be *horrible* or *unduly* exciting, even if not distressing, lest you injure the nervous system; many a most estimable person has had to suffer all through life from mental injury sustained in the earliest years of childhood or infancy, for an *indelible stamp* will be made on the brain, though memory may fail to record the occasion when such painful impression was made.

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"WHERE do you keep your money, Tom?" "Keep my money—why I have none to keep; what do you mean?" "None to keep, Tom? you get the same wages that I do. You have no children, and I have five, as you know; and they have appetites,

Tom, I can tell you, and their shoes often wear out, and—but I don't want to boast, I only want to tell you that I have some little money to keep, and I keep it in the Bank." "In the Bank, Joe? why, only rich folks keep money in the Bank; I never heard talk of such a thing as a working man keeping his money in the Bank." "Now, look here, Tom; you know me and my wife and children, and you know my home, don't you? Well, it isn't a bad sort of place, is it now?" "No; you're a lucky fellow, Joe." "Lucky, Tom; what do you mean? I don't believe in luck, and those who do I always find are badly off, or unhappy. But I was saying you know all about us; and I am only going to tell you what I am because I want *you* to see if you can't do what I have done. I get, as you know, thirty shillings a week; well, directly I get my money on Saturday, at four o'clock, I go home, and I say to my girl, 'Polly, bring me the store-box.' So she runs and gets it, and I then take one shilling and sixpence and I put it into the box; or I let Polly put it in, and then she takes it away. Then I take five shillings and put that on one side, to be paid to Mr. Smith, for rent; then I says to my missus, 'What do you want for the children, next week?' so she tells me, and we put by a few shillings for that; 'Now what do you want, and what do I want?' we put by a little for that; if we don't want anything, we lay it by for another time, and this is part of what I put in the Bank. Then here is the rest; say it is one pound. Of course, you know, my good wife is careful of all the pieces, and so on, and makes the most of all she gets, and we *always* have a piece of meat for dinner, for I find I am better able to do my work and the children are better in health, if they have a little bit of meat, and good bread and potatoes. I don't think, Tom, you gain anything by eating or drinking rubbish—but I must make haste and tell you what I do with the few shillings that are left—for we always have a few—sometimes more and sometimes less. Last week it was four shillings; sometimes it is only two; but whatever it is, I take it on Monday morning to the Post Office, and I pay it in there, and then it is safe; and they add a little to it, and when I really do want some—for once a year my wife and I go out with the children for a few days—and we do enjoy it so, and it freshens us up like."

"Well, Joe, that's all very fine, but how could *I* do that? you know, my old woman would never stand that at all, and you know I never have none to spare; but what do you mean by putting that one-and-sixpence in the—what did you call it—the store-box?"

"Oh! I forgot to tell you—don't you know, Tom, that all we got and all we have is given to us." "Given; I don't know much about that. I know I have to work pretty hard for my wages."

"Ah! you think so; but it is all given to us, and though we work hard we don't deserve any pay. Isn't your health and strength given you, Tom?" "Yes, I suppose it is." "Well, you think master ought to pay you for working for him; don't you think you ought to give something to Him who gives you your power to work?"

"I don't know what you mean." "Well, look here; if I had done anything for you, after you had treated me very badly—suppose I sent you a present, or got you engaged on a good job of work, don't you think you would feel grateful and would say, 'Well, I must make Joe some acknowledgment for this; it really was very good of Him, after the way I treated him.' And you know we have treated God very badly; yet He keeps on giving, giving, giving, every day, and we never thank Him for it; now I feel very grateful, and so I put by something—the first fruits of my increase—I 'lay by in store as God hath prospered me;' and do you know, Tom, it makes me so happy. Mind, I don't do it to pay God; I can't do that; if I had all the money in the world, and were to give it to Him, it would not pay Him for what He has spent on me. I have given Him *myself*, Tom, and He is better pleased with that than with anything else. When any one is in trouble, or when any good wants doing, I put my hand in my store, and give out of that. Why, last week, a lady called on me, and she was talking about the Sunday school where my little children go, and she happened to say that they were in debt. She did not ask me for anything, but I was pleased to be able to give her a shilling towards it. I tell you, it makes all the other money worth double; and I am sure God blesses it, and makes it go farther than it would. But I began to tell you about the Post Office Savings Bank, and I have been running on about this other Bank; well, it *should* come first; and so, Tom, next time we walk home together, I will tell you something more about the other,

and how I think you could do just the same, and when you or your wife are ill there is something to fall back upon ; and then one or two more things I want to talk to you about ; but here we are at your house. Good-bye."

HORACE.

LITTLE CHARLIE.

THE pale moonbeams are calmly resting upon my little darling's grave. We laid him in a pleasant spot, where the sunshine he so loved still plays upon the green grass that covers his little form. How we loved him in his life, how we miss him now, no words of mine can tell. At night, when the stars shine out in their far-off home, I miss the sweet prattle of my Charlie. When I listen to the song of his bird, and feel deep in my aching heart that Charlie's eyes and ears are closed to sight and sound—when day by day I listen vainly for his voice and step—when I know that *never* more shall I clasp that little waxen hand in mine ; *never* gaze into the sweet eyes that met me with such a loving look—when I think that those little arms will never again twine around my neck, that *never* again shall I feel the soft cheek laid against mine, oh ! it is hard sometimes to conquer the rebellious thoughts that will rise ! Yet I would not wish my angel-child back ; I know he "blooms in Paradise," among the little ones Christ has called to himself. How sadly fell the merry Christmas chimes upon my saddened heart ! May He who can comfort speak "peace" to all who have had their hearts and homes made desolate by the angel of death.

LETTIE LEE.

AN ADDRESS GIVEN AT A MOTHER'S MEETING.

AMONG the shining characters that are held up in the Bible for our imitation, the patriarch Abraham shines out with peculiar lustre, and one of the traits of his character is thus drawn by the Almighty himself:—"I know that he will command his children

and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." This passage shows us the importance of parental duties, and the notice which the Divine Being takes of their performance. We who are mothers hold a high and honourable position ; we have been made, in the arrangements of Divine providence, the instruments of introducing into this world immortal beings, and they are dependent upon us, not only for their support, but for their first instruction ; hereafter they may be fellow-learners with angels in heaven. What that smiling little one may be, the greatest philosopher cannot tell ; but this we do know, that its ultimate destiny is intimately connected with its early moral impressions and training.

These considerations make the position we occupy very responsible. How many mercies have we received in the year that is gone. Some parents have been called away and their dear children left orphans. We have been spared to our dear children, and this New Year calls us to renewed efforts. Some parents have had to follow their children to an early grave ; ours are still preserved to us, a sacred charge ; should not this New Year be better than the last ? New efforts, new prayers, will call down the blessing upon ourselves and our beloved children ; the right discharge of the maternal duties will require more than our own wisdom ; there is not a mother who properly feels her responsibility who does not admit this. In order to act aright as mothers, we must go to our heavenly Father and ask Him for strength and grace ; let us, my dear friends, pray with our children more this year than ever ; our prayers may be answered for them, long after we have left this world.

A pious mother, when praying with her little son, was accustomed to lay her hand upon his head. She died while he was too young to feel his loss ; he grew up uncurbed and a wayward boy, beloved by few ; yet in his recklessness there was something which restrained him.. " I seemed," he said, " as if I were drawn back by a soft hand upon my head." He travelled to foreign lands and was exposed to many temptations, but when he would have yielded, that same hand seemed laid upon his head, and he was saved. " Sometimes," he said, " there seemed to come a voice with it to my heart, ' O do not this wickedness, my son, and sin

against thy God!" and even in his old-age he said, "That hand is upon my hoary locks, and if I am saved it will be by my mother's hand and my Redeemer's mercy."

May it be ours, dear friends, to see our children as olive branches around our table, growing up to be trees of God's right hand planting, beneath whose shade we may close our earthly existence, and then meet all our loved offspring in the regions of eternal blessedness.

"WON'T YOU ASK A BLESSING, PAPA?"

"GOOD-BYE, Annie, darling! May God bless and guard my dear grandchild, and keep her in His love and fear." So said Mrs. Layton, as she stooped to kiss the tearful face of her little grand-daughter, who was about to leave the quiet home where she had lived for three happy years. Annie's health, when she was about six years old, had been very delicate, so her parents, in their anxiety for her recovery, sent her for change of air to live with her grandmamma, who resided in a distant part of the country. The child there was so well and happy that her return home was deferred from time to time, until at last her parents wrote to say that they must have their little daughter home, and named the day on which she was to come back.

Mrs. Layton was truly sorry to lose her dear young charge; lonely widow that she was, the child's warm affection had been a great solace and joy to her, and the care which had to be bestowed on Annie had been a pleasure, not a burden. It was therefore with a heavy heart that she bade farewell to the little one, who, with all the tenacity of a child's love, now hung round her neck with sobs and tears. "May God bless and keep you, darling," once more murmured Mrs. Layton, gently disengaging Annie's arms from her neck; "and," she continued, her voice trembling with emotion, "Annie, my child, try to be good and to do right, and God will help you. Do not forget to pray to Him and to ask His blessing upon everything." "I'll try, grandmamma, indeed I'll try," sobbed the little girl, and then, after one more embrace, Annie ran out into the hall, where the servant, whom

her father had sent for her, was waiting ; a minute more and the child and her attendant were rattling down the street in a carriage towards the railway station. I need not tell you of Annie's long and tedious journey ; suffice it to say, that she arrived safely at the home from which she had been so long absent, and was warmly welcomed by her papa and mamma, and her little brother Alfred, the latter especially was loud in his expressions of delight. Amidst all the novelties now surrounding her, Annie did not forget her dear grandmamma and the wise counsel so lately received. She had learned, while with Mrs. Layton, to love her Saviour, and to do all in His fear, and now that she had left her kind instructress, she still remembered the teachings she had enjoyed. There was need for this ; Annie's father and mother were not pious people, and though warmly attached to their children had not sought to bring them up in the fear of God.

On the morning succeeding Annie's arrival, the family were seated at breakfast. The meal was begun, but Mrs. Marston, suddenly looking up, saw that Annie's breakfast lay before her untouched. "Annie," said she, kindly, "why do you not eat your breakfast ? Are you ill, my child ?" Mr. Marston now followed his wife's gaze, and said, "What is the matter, Annie ? Do you not like your breakfast ?" "Yes, papa, but—" and as she spoke the tears rushed to her eyes and the blood to her cheeks, "will you not ask a blessing ?" Mr. Marston coloured with shame ; in his indecision he looked to his wife. He did not like to refuse Annie's request, and yet scarcely knew how to comply with it. Mrs. Marston decided the question by saying, "Do as Annie asks you, dear." God's blessing was invoked and the child was happy again. This little incident was the beginning of better things in the family of which Annie formed a member. Her gentleness and love soon found their way to the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Marston, and in seeking to discover the source of her meek and quiet spirit, they, too, found the pearl of great price.

No one, my dear young friends, can tell how much good may be done by one Christian, even though that Christian be only a child. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

M. E. R.

IN MEMORY OF ANN JANE, THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.

SHE has ceased from her labours, the quiet hands rest,
They are laid in repose on the motionless breast;
The eyes, once so earnest, so full of deep love,
Are now closed in death, but the spirit's above,
And fondly we fancy her taking her flight
From this dark world of ours to the mansions of light;
We see the gates open, and loving ones stand
To welcome her home to Immanuel's land.
They had gone home before her—she showed them the way,
Oh! how glad the rejoicings in heaven to-day;
On her fine, noble brow Christ has placed a bright crown,
But she kneels at His feet and there casts it down.
Though she is at rest, her work is not done,
More souls must be gathered, more jewels be won,
Then for the good work let us join hand in hand,
And try to lead mothers to that happy land;
Her Father and ours our labour will own,
And give to each servant a bright starry crown.

MINNIE P.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

"O my Kitty, save my Kitty!" cried a little girl, in the crowded streets of a city, where carriages were passing rapidly by. "Please, Sir, save my Kitty." An elderly gentleman had stopped as he heard the little girl's cry, and asked, "Pray, little child, where is thy Kitty?" "There, Sir, just under that waggon, oh, dear! Please, Sir, don't hurt pussy," and she started to run under the cart, where pussy was eating an old crust quite unconscious of the danger she was in. "Stop, little Miss," cried the old man, "thee will get run over. Here, I'll get thy pussy." And then he lifted up his cane and called out to the man in the waggon, "Stop, friend, stop a moment, I say." The man drew up, and said, "An' what are you after wanting, Sir?" The old man made no reply, but stooping down grasped pussy, and, holding the little fat thing in his hand, gave it to the little girl, when the man angrily exclaimed, "An' is that all you stop a fellow for, Sir? Pretty business this, if one has got to stop for every cat on the road, much work he would do." But the little girl looked so happy and smiled so sweetly on the old gentleman, that the cross

man's words hurt him not, and he replied, "Deal kindly with the little folks, friend, and many a blessing will it bring down upon thy head." Then turning to the little girl, who stood hugging pussy and kissing it over and over again, while pussy rubbed its little head over her neck, he said, "And where dost thou live, child?" "Down there," she replied, pointing to a narrow street. He noticed by her dirty dress and uncombed hair that she was one of the poor little children so plenty in the city; but her happy face and bright black eye attracted his attention, and he wanted to know more about her, so he walked along with her as she went to her home.

He was a kind old man, who loved children, and he wanted to do them good. "Well, my little friend," he asked, "what makes thee think so much of thy little pussy?" "Because it plays with me all day and sleeps with me at night, and I don't want to lose it," and she hugged it closer to her. "It ran out into the street to-day, and I was so afraid it would be killed, and I want to carry it back and put it in its little box. O you was real good to get it for me." "Hast thee a father and mother, little one?" "No," she answered, kissing pussy again. "Who does take care of thee, then?" he asked. "Old Granny lets me live with her," she replied. "Sometimes she scolds me and scolds my pussy when she gets drunk, and then I run away and hide with pussy till she gets over it. It's the only thing I've got to love, and I think so much of it," she added, looking up mournfully in his face. "Poor thing," he murmured, as he brushed a tear from his eye; "but where is thy father and mother, child?" "Granny says they are dead, and I is a little orphan, but I don't know; here's where I live," and she hurried from him into a dark alley. "Stop, stop, child," he exclaimed, "wait, I must go too." "Please, Sir, Granny would scold me if I should take you; she don't like to have nice folks go to see her. Please, Sir, don't go. You was good to save Kitty, and I like you if you do talk so funny; but please, Sir, Granny *would* scold so, don't come any further." "Granny shan't scold thee, little one," he answered. "I want to see her." And he followed the little girl through a long dark alley, up two flights of rickety stairs covered with dirt and filth, when she stopped before a door at the end of a long

narrow hall, and, putting her little ear close to it, listened as if to hear something. "Granny is in here," she at length said, in a low tone; "I hear her; you won't let her scold me, will you?" and she looked up pleadingly in his face. "Not a bit of it, little one," and he gave a low knock at the door to warn Granny that a visitor was there. We will see how he was received next month.

TEACH THE LITTLE ONES HYMNS, MOTHER.

TEACH your little ones hymns, mother, you do not know what temptations they may help them to conquer in after life; you do not know what comfort the hymns and texts you taught them in childhood, may be to them when their spirits are crushed and their hearts well-nigh broken beneath some unutterable grief. When the brightness of life seems to be all gone, and earth appears to be nothing but darkness, then the memory of their mother's gentle voice and the words she taught them may be inexpressibly soothing to the weary, aching heart, and perchance lead the wanderer to the Saviour-friend always near, always ready to succour the tired, fainting spirit. You little know what you are doing, as you teach your precious ones to sing sweet words leading their thoughts to the Lamb of Calvary. In years to come, when you shall have passed away to the spirit-land, and they are perhaps alone in the world, when they need a shepherd to wipe away the fast-falling tears and guide them in the narrow road, the remembrance of sweet hymns they sang in childhood may lead them to Him who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Enter with me into that quiet chamber, furnished with every comfort that love can prompt or wealth purchase; on that couch reclines the form of one whom death has marked for his prey—one who for more than thirty years had "gone with the multitude to do evil," but now, at the eleventh hour, has obtained pardon and peace through Jesus Christ. Listen; she speaks! "It is very strange, but so many of the hymns my mother taught me,

long years ago, come back with such distinctness and beauty to-night, I seem almost to hear her sweet gentle voice praying for blessings on my childish head as she used to do in those bygone happy days. She died when I was very young, but oh, I thank God, I had such a mother." Little did that mother think, as she taught the little prattler at her knee to lisp the words of the hymns with which her memory abounded, that they would be of such inexpressible comfort to her in her dying moments.

She never knew on earth that her prayers were answered, she had long before been called to the bright home above, but a prayer-hearing and answering God was true to His promise, and the mother and daughter will join together in that song which only the redeemed can sing. Take comfort, mother, and go on teaching your dear little ones hymns and texts, and above all tell them of the love of Jesus, that great love which led Him to leave His sinless home and suffer and die for their sakes. Tell them all the story of His holy, sinless life, from the inn at Bethlehem on to the cross at Calvary, and depend upon it, if you ask God's blessing on your efforts, they will not be in vain.

Perchance the fruit, the harvest
Thou never here may'st know,
Yet hast thou planted God's own word,
Sure it shall spring and grow.

Bread cast upon the waters
Thou'lt one day find again,
Thou shalt bear the sheaves rejoicing,
Once sown in grief and pain.

L. St. C.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"My mother," said a gentleman, "had to pass through many troubles, but I have been told that she always had a happy countenance, because God was ever near to comfort and strengthen her. I was her only son. Although I was but seven years old when she died, I can distinctly remember her taking me into her room, and weeping whilst she prayed to God that I might be

saved. When we rose from our knees she told me that God was soon going to take her home, and she was afraid I did not love Him. Then she kissed me, and I heard her say, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, 'God bless him!' The next week I stood by her death-bed. Her eyes were closed and she lay silent and still, as one waiting for her Lord. I loved her much and could not bear to think that she was going to die. As I kissed her she opened her eyes, and looking at me, said, 'Edward, *do* love God, and then you shall one day join me in that land whither I am now going. When I am dead, remember my words, 'Love Him.' She said no more, the eyes closed, the spirit fled. I cried very much for a time, but my boyish grief soon abated, and I was gay as ever. Years passed away, and I made friends with some wicked boys, who led me into sin and almost ruin. We used to gamble, frequent race-courses, theatres and other places where 'fast' young men resorted. We were one evening sitting, smoking in a music hall, when the dying words of my mother flashed across my mind, 'Love God! love God!' rang in my ears. I tried to stifle them, but no—it still sounded in my ears, 'Love God!' I went home, and for the first time, for many years, the hardened sinner prayed. I need not tell more. God had begun a good work in my soul, and He has carried it on until now, when a few grey hairs crown my head, and the days of my pilgrimage are nearly over. But I am ready for the summons whenever it shall come to call me home, there to join in the same everlasting song of praise that she is singing, and to crown Him King of kings and Lord of lords."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

JOHNNIE AND THE VIOLETS.

LITTLE JOHNNIE stood by his mother one day, watching her transplanting her violets, and observed how deeply embedded they were in the grass, and how they would quiver and break as they were torn from it, as if they really felt the shock in every fibre, and the leaves drooping as if they might be grieving to go back to their old home again. A short time after the gardening, Johnnie's

mother was writing to his absent father, when she asked him what message he would send. "Oh!" said the little fellow, "tell him I feel just as sorry for his being gone, as a bunch of violets pulled up by the roots."

ANSWERS WILL COME.

Prayers of faith are filed in heaven, and are not forgotten, though the thing prayed for is not immediately given. Prayers, offered when we are young, may be answered when we are old, and going out of the world.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Edith and Ruth. London: Macintosh.

A particularly interesting little volume for the young.

The Peep of Day. London: Hatchard.

A cheap edition of this little book, so valuable to mothers and teachers, and attractive to children.

The Mother's Mission. The Young Mother. Letters to Mothers. Birmingham: Caswell.

Three nice little books calculated to help mothers in their arduous work.

The Child's Commentator. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. Part VI. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A very nicely illustrated number of this attractive little expositor of the Bible.

How Young Men may Become Great Men. By ALPHA BETA. London: Snow.

An instructive little book for young men.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

MOTHERS! WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?—NO. IV.

CARE you not, mothers, where are your children? Do you not often pass a group in our town over whom your soul could weep? As you passed did ye hear the awful *prayer*, which, if answered, would in a moment plunge their young and guilty souls into the lake with the rich man? Did ye not think they all have *mothers somewhere*? “Oh, what kind of mothers are they?” comes back upon one’s heart, and the question arises, Care these mothers *where their children are now*? Care they *where they will pass eternity*? Mothers, *first* feel for your child; feel deeply, uniformly anxious for his salvation; for, whatever your feelings are, he will know them; you cannot elude his eagle eye, and let him feel that there exists in your bosom a well-spring of feeling and anxiety which others know nothing of, and which even he cannot fathom. Be consistent in your reproofs. Let your child see, in your deep grief and sadness, that he has sinned against God, and that it is *this* which distresses you, for this is what you profess. Be consistent in your approvals. Let your child see when he has done well, as the Bible directs; see, in the calm, thankful satisfaction of your countenance, that you are pleased and thankful because God is obeyed; but do not appear greatly surprised or elated, as though he were wonderfully good, or he will soon get the idea that he is a perfect little *saint*, when, in fact, he will be only a perfect little *Pharisee*. Always let your professions and prayers fall short of your zeal and habitual feelings; in fact, always be *more* holy even than you appear to be, or your child will set you down, ere you are aware, for a hypocrite. Let him believe, however much you say, that the half is not told—that it cannot be uttered. Let your secret devotions, for the sake of your child, if not for your own, be frequent and at stated periods. A gentleman tells us that he noticed, when a *very little child*, that his father retired into a certain room at certain hours of the day. The fact was at first very doubtful and mysterious,

but his object could not long remain a matter of doubt; and that single circumstance threw a fear and solemnity over his mind that nothing could efface. His attention was then directed to his *mother*. He rose up early, and sat up late, and ate the bread of watchfulness, but he could not discover that she prayed. The uncertainty was very painful; he began to look upon her with suspicion and fear, *doubting* everything she said or did. "At last," he says, "I one day suspected, *hoped*, *knew* that she had been praying, and I subsequently learned that her morning hour of prayer was before daybreak. I shall never forget when she came from her room, the gratitude, the confidence, the love with which I went and laid my head in her lap. Mothers, never forget that your child is a *sagacious* and *unfiring* spy upon your proceedings, and when you come from your retirement let him see that you have been with Jesus. If you profess to love the Bible above all other books, let your conduct say this. When weary and out of spirits, and surrounded by difficulties and disappointments, which meet us at every step in this vale of tears, let your child see that you have recourse invariably to your *God* and your *Bible* as a safe shelter and consolation from the world's weariness. Let this once be written on his ever-watchful mind, and ten thousand thrilling incidents, and years of guilt and thoughtlessness, will not efface or obscure it. Mother, watch *yourself*—your child watches you; his eye watches every motion, his ear is bent to catch every sound from your lips. In his little bosom is treasured up every careless word and motion, and no efforts of yours can ever avail to unlock or plunder his storehouse. Mother, watch yourself; how can you expect your Saviour's blessing if you slight His most solemn and repeated injunctions to watchfulness? Mother, watch yourself; should the inquiry be made about your children, Who slew all these? how could you bear to have all eyes turned on you as their murderer! And how will you remember with anguish that in this world of probation you heard the solemn inquiry, "Mothers, where are your children?" And should you soon pass away from earth, leaving your precious charge written *motherless*, oh, let your remembered instructions, example, prayers, piety, allure them to your home of *sinless* rest, where you hope to meet, a whole family

in heaven. Such a mother is remembered by a son now, by one who tells us of her life as lovely, her death as encouraging, her influence as eternal. Hear what he tells us:

The village-home of childhood,

Oh! I remember well;

The little garden where we played,

And the lovely daisy-slipper,

And the field behind the cottage,

Where we had used to roam

Gathering the wild flowers to adorn

That pretty village home.

I had a tender mother then

And she was all to me;

And oh! I was so happy when

A child upon her knee

At eventide she taught me hymns

And then a prayer she said;

And then she kissed and placed me in

My own bed-chamber.

The tomb has closed o'er her now,

Yet gentle in her sleep

And calmly is she resting

Where no more sorrow dwells.

"I leave my little one," she said

"Exposed to every snare;

Oh! Saviour, take these babes beneath

Thy gentle shepherd's care."

In virtue's path direct their feet

By Thine own people trod

And lead them to the bosom

Of Father's love and peace.

Thou hast her spirit

To the regions of the free

Where her brow was decked with costly gems

Of glittering brilliants.

Thou hast answered Mother

Thou hast given

Ere long to meet us all again

A family in heaven.

"I HAVE MADE ONE HEART HAPPY."

"MOTHER, mother, I have made one heart happy to-day!" said little Willie, as he came bounding in from school one lovely summer afternoon; and he threw his arms round his mother's neck, imprinting a kiss upon her pale cheek. "Yes, mother; I have made one heart happy to-day!" and his little bosom heaved with an honest pride and delight, which caused his bright eyes to sparkle, and a rosy smile to play upon his dimpled cheeks. Little Willie was a bright, active boy, on whose loving countenance seven summers had smiled. His widowed mother, on whom the whole care of his training from infancy had devolved, was called to exercise great discretion, properly to curb his hasty temper, and bring it into due subjection to wholesome restraint, and thus mould it for the accomplishment of some noble end in life—to love rather than hate—to do good rather than evil; and well had the mother fulfilled her task. He was the child of many prayers, and much faithful instruction; and the good seed thus sown unsparingly, and watered with a mother's tears, had fallen in good soil, and was just beginning to spring up with the promise of an abundant harvest. The oft-repeated counsel, that he ought always to try to make some heart happy each day, had for once been heeded, and she rejoiced in the thought, and inwardly thanked her heavenly Father that she had lived to see her darling boy so loving and dutiful as of late he had been.

"Are you sure, Willie," she said, after a slight pause, "you have made one heart happy to-day?" "Yes, mother, she said so, and thanked me, oh, so many times!" "Who was it you made so happy, and what did you do for her?" "It was old Mrs. Wilson, who lives in the little house by the brook. I went in there when I went to school, and she said she had been looking out of the window to see the beautiful flowers; and the little children picking them; but she was old and lame, and could not pick them as she used to, and, as she had now no little boy or girl to get them for her, she had to be content with looking at them from her window. So at noon I went and got all the prettiest I could find, and carried them to her, and she was so glad, and said

God would bless me, for I had made one poor heart happy; that the flowers were very sweet, but she was going to a land where there are far sweeter flowers that never fade; did she mean heaven, mother?" "Yes, my dear." "May I not get flowers for her every day, and some of these nice ones from our little garden, that I may make her happy again?" "Yes, my child, as often and as many as you wish. It is a good occupation to strive to make some heart happy daily. If you do that you will not have lived in vain." "I will try, mother," he said, and his blue eyes filled with tears. He had made one heart happy that day, and not one only, for the simple story of that little act of childish thoughtfulness and kindness had made a mother's heart happy also. Did not the brightening eye, the sweet smile, and the earnest recital, tell his fond mother that his own heart beat lighter, and was happier that night for the little act he had done? Yes, that simple handful of flowers gathered in the fields and by the roadside, had made three hearts happy that day. The flowers which caused it wither, but before then one more unfading flower was blossoming in three hearts, and sweetening life with its precious fragrance. Blessed privilege, indeed, to make one heart happy each day! Is there one that cannot or will not strive to do it?

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.—No. II.

THE little girl opened the door, and the good old man followed her into the little low room with its one window. A cross-looking old woman in the corner threw on a shawl, thinking if a knock came to the door some visitor must be near, but seeing only the little girl first, she angrily exclaimed, "Fine trick, child!" but then the good-natured face of the old gentleman peeped in at the door, and she sat down in a chair, adding, "A pretty place this to bring a gentleman to, child!" "He came himself," whispered the little girl, as she crept close to the old gentleman, who sat down on a rickety stool, and looked round the room. It looked miserable enough; its bare floor was unswet-

and under a heap of straw lay in one corner for a bed, a few broken dishes were on a shelf in the other; while the chair and stool completed the furniture. "Friend," said the old gentleman at length, "I found this little one in the street, and asked her where she lived, and came to see if, maybe, I can do anything for her and thee." "Friend!" the old woman exclaimed, "I never knew you. Who are you that come to hunt me out now?" "Granny," whispered the little girl, drawing towards her, "don't! He was so good to me, he saved my Kitty when it was like to get killed." "Yes, that Kitty again, I daresay," she angrily exclaimed; "I wish the good for nothing thing was dead." The old gentleman continued, as if he had not heard a word,—"Canst thee tell me whether the child has parents or friends?" "It is sad to be without anyone in the world! Can I do anything for her?" "Friends!" she answered; ask some one who knows. All I know, she might as well have been dead as here; for 'twas little her daddy and mammy ever cared for her, and when they died she must needs come upon me to care for her. They are dead, then, thou sayest? "Dead! yes, and twere better she were. This is a bad world to live in. Then, friend, I've come to ask thee to let me take her. Hast thee any objections?" "Take her! the world knows I should be glad to get rid of her." "Well, then, little one," exclaimed the old man, rising, "Wilt thee go with me?" "Kitty and all?" she asked. "Yes, Kitty and all," he answered kindly; "I'll give you both a home." They walked towards the door, the old man, and the little girl with pussy in her arms—the kind old man who pitied the forlorn creature. The old woman now seemed to realize, for the first time, that the child was going, and going for ever; and she looked up rather sadly, and said, "Then you're going, child? Well, 'twill be better for you. It's but little I can give you, so you'd better go." "Poor granny!" sighed the little girl, "good-bye." "Go 'long, child, go 'long, child, I don't want you," she added, as if ashamed that she expressed any feeling; but the old gentleman heard her say in a low tone, "'Tis bad enough, though, after all, to be left alone with nobody." Then the old gentleman took the little bare-headed girl and her pussy to his own home; and a kind child she proved to him—one who cheered his days of loneliness,

for his wife and little ones were dead. And they did not forget "old granny," but carried her many a comfort to cheer her miserable home.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE EARLY TRAINING OF CHILDREN

NO. III.—EMPLOYMENT AND ITS BEARING ON THE TEMPER.

PERHAPS few subjects interest a young child more pleasingly and beneficially, too, than tales from natural history. Horses, dogs, cats, birds, &c., afford incidents innumerable and the best-written works on the subject abound with them; and our own observations also will furnish us with an ample supply. No matter how simple the story is, if true, it must be natural and the little ones will listen to it, and ask such questions as prove their interest in it; and by-and-by the mother will be entertained by hearing these tales rehearsed in a different version, maybe, showing how the *mind* has been exercised while conning over the narrative. Should these tales in natural history contain evidences of kindness or benevolence on the part of one animal to another, as is frequently the case, it will be a pleasing fact from which to draw instruction in an agreeable form;—that if *animals* do this, surely little children should cultivate love and affection towards each other. By giving pleasant employment to the infantile mind, the chafing and irritation so often witnessed and the nursery crying, so disagreeable to all, will, to a large extent, be done away, and the tempers of the little ones, which are often *soured for life* by neglect, will be rendered sweet and benevolent.

Another kind of employment, too often left to chance by the busy mother or nurse, is the *bodily exercise* or *acting* of the little ones;—this should never be lost sight of in its bearing on the temper. If a delicate child, of an irritable, feverish temperament, be allowed to run about till fatigued, as its inclination will, *naturally lead it to do*, its health will be injured and its temper too; unavoidably the poor little thing will fret, and this fretfulness will, unless the *cause* be removed, settle down into a habit, as we

said before, injurious for life. Such delicate children should be chiefly exercised with very little effort on their part when out of doors, riding more in their little carriage than the stronger ones, and only running about on dry ground for a short time, and in the house playing and rolling about on the floor covered with a carpet or rug. The child of good health, of a stout, heavy make, will have its health preserved and temper improved by being encouraged to use its limbs, either in active exercise out of doors, or in good-tempered, gentle romping, carefully directed, within doors. When these little ones are taken out of doors for air and exercise, if they can get beyond the limits of streets and houses, let them be encouraged to gather, examine, and admire the wild flowers when they can be found; to listen in the country to the song of the birds, so natural and gleesome in their native haunts; and when, in our days of railway travelling, the refreshing sea breezes are sought by the jaded citizen and his wife and family, let them all turn their attention to the wonders which the sea-shore presents. The very little ones of the family will enjoy and learn, and long after their return home will revel with delight in the recollections of what they then saw and heard and learned. A happy influence never fails to be exerted over the infant mind, by a devout recognition of the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of God, as displayed in His works. Perhaps the following simple verses, from the pen of grandmamma, will not be unacceptable as bearing on this point:—

TO A LITTLE GIRL FOUR YEARS OLD.

Dearest Harriet, 'tis thy birthday!
Four long years have passed away
Since thy parents first beheld thee
Ope thine eyes to see the day.

Thou wast then a tiny infant—
Thou could'st neither talk nor run :
Now with friends in merry gambols
Harriet joins them in their fun.

Who preserved the little baby?
Gave her such a kind mamma?
Pour'd upon her every blessing,
With a tender, good papa?

And a little darling brother?
 And a little sister sweet?
 Making Harriet and her mother
 Many a little playful treat

And when Harriet gathers flowers
 In the fields and hedges green,
 Hears the birds in verdant bowers
 Singing songs of joy to Him ;

Him who made both land and ocean,
 Sun and moon and twinkling star,
 Guides each planet in its motion
 In the azure sky afar ;

When she sees the sea-shells peeping
 On the ocean's pebbly shore,
 And the tiny shrimps come leaping
 As she turns the sea-weed o'er ;

Let her think of God who made them,
 And preserves them by His power ;
 Let her thank Him for His goodness,
 Let her love Him and adore.

H. E.

LITTLE MAY AND THE BLACK BOXES.

"MAMMA, I want to speak to you." "Well, May, what is it now?" and Mrs. Mortimer took her eyes off the new bonnet she held in her hand, and gazed at her little daughter. It was a grave, thoughtful face on which she looked down, and the gravity on the countenance increased as May said slowly, "Mamma, I have just seen a long black box go out of the house opposite, and some men carried it to the dismal-looking hearse; and, Ma, I suppose the poor gentleman who died was in it; but why do they put people in those boxes?" "Dear me, May, how silly you are,—because they are dead, to be sure." "Then I shall go in one some day?" "Yes, when you are an old woman." "But what do people do when they are shut up in those ugly boxes; I should be so frightened?" "Why, child, when persons are dead, how can they do or feel anything?" "Then if they can't do

anything; how can they get to heaven? "Get to heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Montemore, and then stopped; it was such a trouble to explain to her inquisitive child, and she was in a hurry, so she added, "And you will know some day; when you are older and wiser; now run away, dear little May, I am young enough to die; my sweet baby was only three weeks old when they put him into the black box, but it does cease your endless worry, May, and go away; or I shall be angry!" May left the room with a sigh, exclaiming as she went up stairs, "How I wish some one would tell me how we 'get out of those boxes to heaven!" She sat down on a stool in the nursery, and remained deep in thought, until nurse coming in, and telling her to get ready for a walk, disturbed her reverie. "Oh, mamma, sir, who puts those boxes for dead people to lie in?" She said, "Why, the undertakers to be sure, Miss May, what a strange question!" "And where do undertakers live?" "Oh, well, if you like to see, I will show you when we 'are out'." May sprang from her seat, and nurse, with her little brother and self, were soon in the street. They had not gone far when Jane said, "These, Miss May, that is an undertaker's!" May saw before her a very black-looking shop, with a painted procession of a hearse and mourning coaches over the door; and peeping inside, she beheld some of the black boxes which had caused her so much wonder. "Of course the people who make them will know," pondered May, "and some day I will go and ask them." So the next day, when her mamma was out, and nurse gossiping in the kitchen, May put on her hat and cloak, and crept softly from the house, then ran until she came to the shop. Jane had pointed out to her. In she went, not a bit intimidated, and in another moment she stood before a good-tempered looking man, who said, "Well, little miss, what do you want?" "If you please, Sir, could you tell me how people get out of these ugly boxes you put them into, to heaven?" The man stared in astonishment at the pleading face before him; but, fortunately for May, he was a good man, and when he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to speak, he said, "My child, do you not know?" "No, sir; but I should like to *very much*, for mamma says I must die and lie in a box some day." "Follow me, little miss, I guess my wife can talk to you." And

May readily followed the man into a large parlour, where a kind, clean-looking woman sat. The man spoke in a low tone, and then his wife raised the little girl on her knees, and explained to her as simply as she could, how when her dear spirits soar to heaven, whilst the body remains to dust, to rise again at the Judgment Day. May listened attentively, and after putting a great many questions, which the Christian mother readily answered, she said sadly, "Hug and I too shall see that I am going to heaven!" with eyes which help you to understand him. He can hear your prayers, thought he, heaven! And then the good woman taught May a little prayer to repeat, asking Jesus to be with her in death, and to make her, His own, little lamb. Then May kissed her kind friends, and ran off far happier than she had come. But Janie was very angry with May for going out by herself; but the little girl did not mind; she was so happy now, so satisfied that Jesus would take her spirit to Himself when she died, that her feelings were joyful indeed. "Mamma!" said May the next evening, as Mrs. Mortimer was dressing for the opera. "I am so glad I know what she does when we are dead!" "O May!" exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer angrily, "if you bring up that stupid subject again, I will whizz you out of my mind!" and she pushed the child roughly from the room. Ah! she was never more troubled by the same disagreeable subject being brought up. Those sweet, soft tones were never to fall on her ears more. When she came home dead that night, little May was dead. Yes, dead! She had fallen down a steep flight of stairs, striking her head against a china cabinet which stood on the landing, with such violence that she was taken up dead. They laid her on the bed, but she never spoke again.

Ah! rush wildly up the stairs, and gaze in your darling's face—she will worry you with her questions no more. Worldly mother! too absorbed with your gaiety and pleasure, to spare a minute's talk with your child. She has left you now—the too lies in the black box; but we believe she is in the Saviour's fold in heaven. Still the mother knows not this, and her child's words reproach her now. "O, my darling!" she groans, "I never taught you how to die—I laughed at your solemn questions and dismal remarks. O God! forgive me;" and the sorrow-stricken mother

weeps in her agony. The God of mercy hears her, and sends her comfort.

The undertaker had followed little May home, unknown to her, as he wished to see where the strange little questioner lived. When he heard of the child's sudden death, he hastened to acquaint the mourning mother with the particulars of the child's visit to him. Oh! it was a comfort to know that May's questions had been answered, and that she had been pointed to Jesus. But this could not make Mrs. Mortimer forgive herself; it was a solemn warning, indeed, which she did not cast aside. She trained her other little one in the fear of God, and that God she made her own. Still, whenever the hearse with its mournful contents went by, her child's words rushed to her mind.

Mothers! do not pass over or cast aside your little ones' questions, especially if they relate to better things. Spend a little time in replying and explaining to them, or some day when too late you may wish you had done so. A. W.

THE EARLY PRIMROSES.

"MAMMA, mamma, see here what I have got for you!" cried little Jamie, as he returned from his morning walk, and ran joyously into the room where his mother was sitting reading at the open window, through which the fresh air of spring stole softly. Mrs. Morton looked up, and took from the little outstretched hand of her darling some beautiful primroses, the first she had seen that spring. She smiled fondly into Jamie's glistening eyes and at his flushed cheek, as he gazed still at his newly-found treasures now in her hand. Dear to her heart were the sweet lisping accents as he murmured, "The first primroses, mamma, and I gathered them for you!" Tenderly did the mother draw her little one closer to her side, while in simple loving words she told him of the great God who made not only the high heavens with their many lights, but also the earth and the sweet flowers which deck its breast and perfume its breezes. Jamie listened attentively, while his deep violet eyes were fixed

earnestly on Mrs. Morton's face. "Oh, what a fervent prayer went up from that mother's heart that the God who cares even for the flowers would bless and keep her little one, and bring him early to a knowledge of Christ's love! The prayer was answered, but more fully, more sadly, than she had ever anticipated. Spring had not yet melted into summer, when Mrs. Morton stood by the bedside of her only child and knew that he was dying. It was evening; he had not spoken for some time; she thought he had been asleep, when suddenly he opened his eyes, and, looking brightly into his mother's face, now so sad and tearful, said, "Mamma, dear, you remember the primroses that I gathered for you in the early spring?" "Yes, my precious child," replied Mrs. Morton, "I remember well." "Well, mamma," and as the child spoke his eye grew brighter and his voice more sweet and thrilling, "I think I am one of God's early primroses, and He is going to gather me; don't cry, mamma, I shall be quite safe in heaven, Jesus loves me." Softly the breeze stole through the casement that night, laden with the perfume of flowers, but it fanned the golden curls of a child in his last, long sleep, for little Jamie's pure, trusting spirit had passed away.

Gently fell the bereaved mother's tears on the pillow of her lifeless boy, and deeply she yearned for but one more pressure of the tiny hand or one tone of the sweet childish voice; but she meekly bowed her head, and even in her sorrow thanked the Saviour who, in His infinite love and wisdom, had taken her flower to bloom in happier realms above. Mothers! sorrow not despairingly when your little ones are taken from you. However happy their lives may have been here, brighter far will be their bliss in heaven. However sweetly your flowerets may have bloomed in your keeping, they will blossom with a far more perfect beauty on the bosom of the Redeemer.

Jesus loves the flowers we cherish—
 Loves them with a tender love;
 Takes them oft, ere beauty perish,
 Safe to bloom with Him above;
 There in life as pure, as free,
 They shall spring eternally.

M. E. R.

THE LITTLE ONES

Mothers! I have been thinking about you said the
 When your children fall asleep,
 and I am more and more and I think how you
 that their little face is so
 Why I tried to calculate how much I could put
 Mother! I could not
 In word, nor yet in thought.
 But into the savings bank, and how much I could put
 store box, if I had a mind to begin, and I could
 Could you see the heavenly gates
 Where our blessed Saviour waits
 To welcome every poor and lowly
 To help them home?
 You would see beyond the clouds
 but so much into the little ones
 The little ones in the crowd
 and the rest I can see.
 This money is not mine, this is God's, so I put
 Some from the rich man's home,
 Some from the cottage come,
 Some who might have been so poor
 In earth's riches and its state
 calculate my wages as the reward of that we must
 Some who might have been so poor
 As always pay, for to do it if she has not
 why should I do without that or the other thing
 and we are just as happy
 Their little robes are white,
 how we can manage our bright
 Their hearts are full of love
 And praise to God above:
 Are you not glad they've gone,
 know if I was to give them
 the first thing I should have to starve the rest
 weak; if I don't look out for myself I should be in a
 They sing His wondrous grace,
 They love Him, and they love
 They serve Him day and night
 In that land of life and light
 Are they not glad they've gone?
 very kind to her." "No, it is more
 In Heaven?
 strength, you must make them bend the knee
 and storm when I find that ability
 Saying: "Thy will be done,
 and there, and I really do not see
 Thou Holy Righteous One!
 Our Father art thou with us
 For all eternity
 Thanks to Thy Name."

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.—No. 2.

"I SAY, Joe, I have been thinking about what you said the other day, and I am more and more puzzled to think how you manage with all your family and so little money. Why I tried, last Saturday, to calculate how much I could spare out of my wages to put into the Savings' Bank, and how much I could put into the 'store box,' if I had a mind to begin, and I couldn't spare anything." "Ah, Tom, you begin at the wrong end; if I had begun like that I should never have saved a penny. Begin at the other end, and say, 'Now, I have so much a week; out of that I'll put so much into the store box, then I'll put so much into the Savings' Bank, and the rest I can use.' This is what I say to myself: 'This money is not mine, this is God's,' so I put that away at once for Him. His share is never more than a rainy day, and that goes into the Savings' Bank; and I calculate my wages as the remainder, and on that we must live. My wife always pays for what she buys, and if she has not enough, why she says we must do without that or the other this week, and we are just as happy. It is quite fun sometimes to scheme how we can manage." "Yes, that is all very well for you, but I couldn't talk to my wife as you do to yours." "Why not, Tom?" "I don't know, but I don't seem as how I could; and I know if I was to give her a pound to spend it would be all gone the first day, and we should have to starve the rest of the week; if I don't look out for myself, why I should be in a pretty mess." "I am very sorry for you, Tom, but though your wife seems that kind of woman, don't you think that a good deal of it is your own fault?" "I don't know so much about that, I am very kind to her." "No, no, it is not real kindness that, Tom; if your wife does not trust you and look to you for help and strength, you must make her." "Make her! how? I do scold and storm when I find that she has been running up a bill here and there, and I really get angry; but it does not seem to do any good." "Tom, you must not mind my laughing, but do you think that *that* is likely to make her love and respect you, especially Tom (now don't be angry with me), especially whe-

you come home from the beer-shop; don't you think you could try and mend matters in a quieter and better way?" "It is enough to make a man drink to go home and find all your wages squandered and your home untidy, and everything—" "Now now, stop a bit, Tom; don't begin by complaining; just turn round and change places for a minute. Suppose you were at home and your wife went out and earned the money, and when she came home she began directly to scold at this and the other, and had been spending two or three shillings at the public-house before she brought home any money; and then suppose she gave you two shillings, and said she could not spare any more, don't you think it would make you careless?" "I shouldn't like it much; but, as I said, if I gave it all to her, I should have none left for myself." "Is not your wife part of yourself?" Tom was silent. "Now, Tom, if you were to try a different way with her, I think you would find comfort. Instead of being cross and angry, be kind and thoughtful; see what you can do to make her comfortable and happy." "Begin to-day; no, don't wait till next week; begin directly you go home; gently, and above all, Tom, ask God's help; why, I could not do what I do if I had no other strength than my own." "I go and get help very often from my Father, and the Holy Spirit comes and gives me strength; and if you ask He will do the same for you, and make your wife help you instead of hindering you." "If I had such a wife as yours, Joe, I should do." "And you may have, Tom, if you like. I know men lay a great deal of blame on their wives, and I am sorry to see it is the fashion for great folks to say that they are the cause of the drunkenness of their husbands; there may be some truth in it, but, Tom, I think you'll bear me out when I say that if the men were braver, truer, more self-sacrificing, the wives would be more anxious to care for them. Oh! Tom, it is the selfishness of men, often, that makes homes unhappy—that breaks tender hearts, sends poor women to the gin-palace, and into sin. Be brave, Tom, and put your trust in Christ; that is the best Bank. But more another time."

HOMAGE.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

"GEORGE, go and tell Tommy to come and help you." "It wouldn't be any use, mother, if I did, for he wouldn't come." "Oh! yes, he would; go and ask him." "I am sure he wouldn't, mother, so it's no use going." "Well, then, go and tell him William wants him, and then he'll come." "But William does not want him." "Well, never mind; go and tell him that he does, and then he'll come." "What's the use of going with a lie like that?" "Go and tell him William wants him, I say." Such was the colloquy which took place between a little boy about eight years of age and his mother, not many days ago, to which I was both an ear and eye-witness. What a disparity this scene presents to the order in which nature, or rather nature's God, designed that things should move: the child teaching the mother, instead of the mother instructing the child! That little boy evinced no small degree of leaching at the wickedness of the act he was ordered to perform, and he refused to comply for a considerable time, until the order was given in such an imperative manner, that he felt compelled to obey, and he went at last with an unwilling step to fulfil the commission—to utter the gross falsehood put into his mouth by her who ought to have stood by him as his guardian angel, to shield him from the evil influences by which he is surrounded. It is hardly credible; but I have more than once heard that mother scolding that boy for attempting to prevaricate, when relating some incident of which he happened to be cognisant, and warning him most earnestly against telling falsehoods! This mode of action furnished an admirable counterpart to that of a mother who lived next door to my parents for a considerable time, and who I have heard numbers of times assailing the ears of her children with the most fearful oaths for "scurvy." "She didn't like to hear boys swear, and she would take good care that hers didn't do it."

What can we expect the moral character to be of those who are reared under such influences, who are subjected to such treatment? The plastic nature of the youthful undeveloped mind is well known, and it must and will invariably assimilate itself to surrounding circumstances and things. Man cannot

live for himself, he must exert an influence upon those around him—an influence for which he is held, by all moral law, responsible for the exercise of which every one will have to account before the God who has bestowed the gift upon him. Nowhere do we find a moral influence equal to that of the mother over her offspring. The infant mind is as plastic in the mother's hand as the clay in the hand of the potter. She may, to a great extent, make it what she pleases. How binding, then, is the bond on that mother who is surrounded by a family of children? How vast her responsibility who is the schoolmistress of souls, clothed with the insignia of an immortal? Well may she tremble at the consideration of her position. Not an action can you perform, mother, however good it may be, but it exerts an influence over those whom you hold as dear as your life. And you, then, acting or speaking, be as gentle as you will, to your little ones, let alone compelling them to be your agents in deception? If so, be sure your sons and daughters will grow up as liars, not to be trusted—detested by every honourable member of society by whom they are known. Are you in the habit of obtaining little things, in a clandestine manner, as opportunity offers? Then be sure that your children will grow up dishonest, and be pests to society, if they escape banishment from it. Are you extravagant? You may regard it as certain that they will grow up wasteful and improvident—a burden to those with whom they may be united through life. Yes; your example, more than your words, forms your children's characters. Stop and think, then, ye mothers, how will you stand with regard to the duties of that sacred power invested in you when assembled worlds shall be gathered together at the bar of life. How one of Isaiah's shall it be said in that fearful hour, that you have been the chief instrument of your children's misery? Dreadful as the thought may seem, it is a fact, too evident to be disputed, that there are multitudes pursuing such an unnatural course. Consider now, mothers, what will be your anguish of soul when you realize in eternity the result of your human labours, and may you be led to seek to train your children for the better world.

H. M.

I AM SO HAPPY.

"I CANNOT express my happiness. I feel the happiest being in the world." So thought a young mother, as she joined in the play, or watched the merry gambols of her little ones. She had been brought up by kind affectionate parents, the pet of a large and loving family. She had married young, sorrow and death were strangers to her; she had never known bereavement or parting, and in the love of her husband and four boys she imagined herself happy; but how long did this dream last? It was like the dew in the early morn, sparkling in the sun's rays, but ere it was fully risen the dew-drops have disappeared, the summer flowers come, death had robbed the family group of its fairest flower, the plant it in heaven. God had taken her darling—her pride, it was then, in her loneliness and sorrow she felt her need of God. Who can picture the first bereavement—the lonely days in that once happy home? It was then she thought God unkind; it was hard to part with her loved ones she felt rebellious, and almost dared to dispute the authority of God in taking her darling boy. The sorrow did not draw her heart to heaven, she rebelled against the call. A few months passed, and God took her dearest and best of fathers and another dear boy, so Himself. God called them, but He sent her the Comforter, and in the midst of deep sorrow she felt a peace she had never known before. Jesus had taken the place of her earthly treasures; and when she was bereft of a father's love and care, and her little pets, with a husband whose love had grown cold to her, she felt not happy, but an inward peace which passed understanding, and she can now say, "My God, who doeth all things, I will praise Thee, but taking care of my little ones for me." Mothers, remember, our God is a jealous God—he will not let the creature have the place of the Creator. While you feel your children very dear, do not forget to remember they are but lent to you for a time. May He who says, "Take this child and nurse it for Me," so help you to fulfil your duty, that you may be enabled to say at the last great day, "Here am I, Lord, and the little ones Thou hast given me."

J. G.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"THE HIDDEN BIBLE."

FRANKLIN, in his own life, says, "In the reign of Catholic Mary, an English Bible was concealed under the *lid* of a close stool. When my grandfather wished to read it to his family he reversed the lid upon his knees, and passed the leaves from one side to the other, which were held down by means of packthread, while one of the children were stationed at the door to give notice if he saw an officer of the spiritual court make his appearance, and in that case the lid was restored to its place, with the Bible concealed under it, as before contrived, with the packthread."

A LITTLE GIRL'S CHAT ABOUT THE WAVES.

A mother was sitting by the sea, with her little girl on her lap, watching the beautiful waves. She said, "Edith, look at those beautiful waves, are they not pretty?" "Yes, betause my Jesus make tose pitty waves, they passing God, aint they? Let me see one more, nen me will go home and tell father me see de pitty sea dat God did make."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

• "*Jesus Only.*" A Guide to the Anxious, and a Companion for the Sick Chamber and Dying Bed. By J. OSWALD JACKSON. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This truly excellent little book is quite what it professes to be; and it would be well if every Christian made it his constant companion.

The Child's Commentator. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. Part. VII. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This valuable little work is written in a style which must be particularly interesting to children, and tend to make them love that book which it explains so simply.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

Variety, interest, and instruction are blended in this attractive little paper.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

THE ELDER CHILDREN.

NONE who have observed the habits of children, and their imitative powers, can fail to be impressed with the mighty influence the elder branches of the family exert over the younger. How often do we hear, while we are sitting by the little group, "I will do so-and-so, for sister did it." And if you are in the habit of observing the rising families around, you must have seen that the elder children are almost sure to form the model for the younger ones. We have often observed the eldest son, for instance, go far astray into the paths of vice, while the others were too young to accompany him, and we have hoped that they might never walk with him; but, alas! in a very short time he has led the young ones into all his haunts of sin, and, one after another, we have seen them walking with the multitude in the broad road. We heard a gentleman ask once after the family of an old friend. He was told she had six children. He replied, "Then I think I can tell their characters, for the eldest was spoiled, and a little tyrant, so that I have no doubt she has *six incorrigible young ones*, for what the eldest is the others are sure to be." How much pain and bitterness would mothers spare themselves if they would begin aright, and begin early to train the first and eldest child. How often do we hear a mother deploring the example set by her elder children before the young ones, and her utter inability to stem the torrent of bitter waters flowing downwards through all the circle. It sometimes happens, indeed, that when the elder children are within her power to train in the right way she is careless and indifferent about her maternal duties, until her eyes are opened, and she finds that while she has failed to sow good seed the enemy has sown tares; and now, with all her anxious labour and solicitude, she cannot destroy these weeds. They have taken root, and covered the whole ground; with what bitter anguish she then reviews her past misconduct! But we do not believe even then that a favourable change in the character of a mother can be without its effect upon her children, if she acts

honestly, firmly, and affectionately towards them. We have known, indeed, some painful instances where the mother has become pious late in life, but, unwilling to frown upon the sins of her elder children, her ruinous indulgence has continued, while she has concealed their evil ways from their good father, who would have done all in his power to counteract the sin in his family. The consequence has been that the young ones, whom she might have led into the narrow road, have all followed the bad example of the elder children, who were all trained before she saw her duty and responsibility. What sorrows are such mothers treasuring up for themselves! But suppose the mother is pious, consistent, and firm, and exhibits a bright example before her children, what a lovely scene presents itself as we enter the home of harmony and love; and, should there be a profligate son in that family, we cannot imagine the hand of that trembling pious mother placed on his head, while she pours out her soul to God for him, without breaking the heart of adamant; if he has seen the change true religion has made in her character since his youthful days, and has heard her deplore her lost time in training up her children for God, having nothing now to remember against her since she became pious, his conscience will, in all probability, warn him to seek his mother's God. How delightful is it to enter the family circle, where love reigns in every heart, where the elder sister becomes a monitor to the younger, and the elder brother a kind friend to the whole family. How interesting the account of the brother and sisters composing the little family at Bethany! What a touching appeal did one of them make to the Lord of life, when she fell at His feet exclaiming, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died."

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

"WILL you please teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good-night?" said little Roger L——, as he opened the door, and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother. "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers." Mrs. L—— was very ill; indeed her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and

struggling for breath; her lips were white, her eyes were growing dull and glazed, and the purple blood was settling at the ends of her cold, attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only, her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting upon her lap, or kneeling by her side while she repeated to him passages from God's Holy Word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to teach little Roger his verse and hear his prayers. "Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch, "your dear mamma is too ill to hear your prayers to-night, I will put you in bed;" and as she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently upon his arm as though she would have led him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break. "I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot." The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to everything transpiring around her, the sound of her darling's sobs aroused her from her stupor, and turning to a friend she desired her to bring him to her couch, and lay him on her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas! poor fellow! how little did he realize then the irreparable loss he was so soon to sustain!

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying mother, "repeat this verse after me, and never, *never* forget it—"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord shall take me up." The child repeated it distinctly, and said his little prayer. He then kissed the cold, almost rigid lips before him, and went quietly to his little couch. When he arose in the morning he sought, as usual, his mother's room, but he found her cold and still!—wrapped in her winding-sheet! That was her last lesson! He has never forgotten it; he probably never will. He has grown to be a man—a *good man*! and now occupies a post of much honour and distinction. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother. It was not misplaced—the Lord has taken her darling up.

TRY THE OTHER WAY.—No. 1.

ONE gloomy winter's evening a weary-looking woman was standing at a washing-tub, hard at work. The room in which she stood was as untidy and comfortless as it was well possible to be; the walls were black with soot and dust, the furniture broken and disorderly; piles of dirty plates, and heaps of wet clothes filled the chairs, and little pools of soapy water covered the floor, the fire was out, and the hearth choked up with ashes. Everything, in fact, from the owner down to the little black kettle on the hob, presented a comfortless, depressing appearance. The woman was busily working at her tub, when the door opened, and a pleasant-looking, elderly person appeared. "How do you do this dull day, Mrs. Harris?" asked the visitor, in a pleasant tone. "About as well as most folks, Mrs. Watkins." "I am glad to hear it. I came down to ask you if you would step up to my room and take a cup of tea, but I see you are busy." "Always am; a woman's work is never done, they say; and it's true too, when one has such a good-for-nothing fellow for a husband as I am blessed with," replied the woman. "You are tired, Mrs. Harris, come and have some tea, it will rest you," said the visitor, in a soothing tone. "I should like to, but then, you see, I'm in such a dirty mess to go into your nice room; besides, there's your husband." "He is not at home, for he has gone with the boys to the lecture, so we shall be all alone." "Well, if you don't mind, I shall be real glad of a cup of tea, for I am most worn out," said Mrs. Harris, as she wiped her hands. The Watkins's occupied the first floor, and neat, pleasant rooms they were—at least, so thought Mrs. Harris, when she had drawn her chair to the fire, and was drinking a strong, hot cup of tea out of a clean cup. "What a nice place yours is!" she remarked, after leisurely surveying everything in the room. "Yes, it is pleasant," remarked Mrs. Watkins quietly. "Oh! Mrs. Watkins, I wish I had one like it; my husband is such a good-for-nothing fellow, or I might have it. I am out of all patience with him, and that's a fact," said Mrs. Harris, as she set down her cup with a bang. "Why what is the matter?" "Oh! the same old tale; he drinks up all his wages, and leaves me to

slave from morning till night to keep a rag on our backs, or a crust to eat. Now, would you believe it, he only gave me five shillings to keep house on for a week. Why, it didn't pay rent, let alone anything else." "I am sorry to hear it; it is very sad, when ——." "Sad, do you call it?" interrupted Mrs. Harris; "I think it something more than that, it is abominable! I should like to know who besides me would put up with it? and I sha'n't stand it much longer, for you know, they say, you may tread on a worm till it turns; and I ain't a worm, nor never was!" exclaimed Mrs. Harris, with an angry flush on her face. "No, of course not, but ——." "Then I've done all I could to make him leave it off. I've talked to him, and grumbled, and scolded, and cried till I'm tired; and nobody knows how many times I have fetched him from the public. Never was a woman so tried as I am. Don't you think, now, that I have done everything a woman can do?" asked Mrs. Harris. "I think not," was the quiet reply; "You have not tried the other way yet." "Bless us, what other way is there to try?" asked Mrs. Harris, with surprise. "The way of kindness and love," responded the hostess gently. "Now that shows all you *do* know about this sort of thing. Love! kindness, indeed! and upon such a sot as *him*; I should like to see it!" said Mrs. Harris, contemptuously. "So should I, for you would find it would do more towards making Harris respectable and kind than anything else." "Now, what do you know about it, you who have no such trials to put up with?" asked Mrs. Harris, angrily. "Well, I do know something about these things, and from experience, too." "Who would believe it? Why you look as if nothing disagreeable had ever happened to you in all your life." "So much for judging by appearance; but I will tell you of some of my troubles in that way if you like." "Do; I should like to hear," said Mrs. Harris.

[We will hear some of Mrs. Watkins' history next month.]

If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth! and if the heart of man be overflowing with the love of Christ, he will seek to do good to all with whom he comes in contact.

THE LITTLE STREET-SINGER AND HER MOTHER.

MARY LESLIE had just entered the workroom of an establishment in one of the principal thoroughfares of the aristocratic town of C——, where about twenty girls of her own age were engaged busily plying the needle. She laid the reels of cotton she had in her hand on the table, saying earnestly, "Listen, girls, do you not hear some one singing? I heard it when I was up-stairs a minute or two ago; hark!" Her companions ceased talking, and listened eagerly as these words, sung by a sweet childish voice, broke upon their ears:—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.
 I do believe, I will believe,
 That Jesus died for me,
 That on the cross He shed His blood
 From sin to set me free."

"Who can it be?" asked Ellen Kendall, as she wiped a tear from her eye, which had started there as she listened to the sweet pathos of the words. "It is only a street-singer," said Emma Hollis, a tall, queenly-looking girl, who sat next to her, in rather a scornful tone. Ellen was about to reply, when Mary Leslie raised her finger, saying, "Hush! there it is again;" and slowly and sweetly they heard that tuneful voice singing this time:—

"O what has Jesus done for me?
 He came from the Land of Canaan;
 He groaned and died upon the tree,
 That I might go to Canaan."

"How beautiful!" echoed through the room, while Mary Leslie exclaimed, "I tell you what, girls, I am going to look and see who it is; Mrs. Farne is out, and there is nothing at all to hinder me;" so saying she moved to the window, and drawing aside the curtains, gazed out into the darkness. It was a wet, gloomy evening, and the passers-by were hurrying as fast as possible to their homes, lured, perhaps, by visions of bright hearths and

loving welcomes. At the side of the road slowly moved a little pale girl, looking not more than twelve years old, with a scanty shawl drawn closely round her little shivering form ; and as Mary looked, she broke out again in the same sweet words she had first sang. This, then, was the "street-singer." Mary's eyes filled with tears, and turning round, she said, "Look here, girls." They gathered to the window, but the child was out of sight. Disappointed, they returned to their seats, and by extra diligence seemed to be making up for the momentary hindrance. A quarter of an hour passed, and perfect silence still reigned—rather an unusual occurrence this, especially when, as was now the case, the forewoman was out of the way, for then sometimes the clamour was deafening. Emma Hollis was the first to speak. "For goodness' sake say something, girls!" she said impatiently, "it's miserable to sit here in such silence, and then to hear the rain coming down so fast, I say it's perfectly horrible; and if some of you don't soon speak, I shall have a fit of the dyspepsia." The girls looked up at the speaker, and Mary Leslie answered quietly, "I was thinking of that poor child, Miss Hollis, and wondering how far her little weary feet had to go before she reached home—if, indeed, she had a home; it was that made me so silent." "I daresay that was the case with nearly all of us," said a gentle voice from the opposite side of the room, "it was for my part; I was thinking, too, of the beautiful words she sang. Poor child! who knows what her history may be? This circumstance of to-night puts me in mind of a story my own dear mother told me once before she died;" and Isabel Vere's voice faltered as she bent over her work, when she thought of the loss of that gentle mother, for whom she still wore the sable robes of mourning. "Will you let us hear it, dear Isabel?" asked some of the girls in a few minutes. "Willingly; I am not sure I can repeat it as dear mamma told it me, but I will try. Will you pass me some more trimming? and then I will begin." Quickly the girls arranged their work, that they might not interrupt Isabel, and in a clear voice she told them the following touching story:—"On a small bed, in a poorly furnished attic, lay one whom Death had evidently marked for his prey, a female apparently about thirty-six; her face, which must have been very

handsome, was now wan and rigid, and her features bore the unmistakeable impress of death. But no fears seemed to oppress the dying one, for a holy calm, a peace of which the world can know nothing, rested on her brow. In her hand she clasped that of a little child, not more than eleven years old, who was striving hard to keep back the fast-rising sobs which almost choked her. The dying woman raised herself, and laying her hand on the child's head, said faintly, 'Nellie, darling, be a good girl, love Jesus, and then we shall soon meet again. May God, the orphan's God, ever bless my little Nellie!' She sank back, and the spirit fled to the Father's house above. Little Nellie was left alone in the world—alone, yet not alone, for the 'Father of the fatherless' was with her, her mother's God was her guardian. She wept long and bitterly on this night, praying that God would take her at once to be with her dear mother; and soon, very soon, was her prayer to be answered. Nellie's mother was buried by the parish; and as the landlord found that there was barely enough furniture to pay what was owing for rent, poor little Nellie was turned into the street. She could not beg—she never had begged—what was she to do? A thought came into her mind, and casting her eyes on the ground, she began to sing in her child-like voice the hymn her mother had last taught her—it was that one which begins—

"Jerusalem, my happy home."

The passers-by looked wonderingly at the little fragile girl, so thinly clad, as she stood in the cold, frosty wind, and some threw her money. Poor Nellie! it was her first and last attempt; she caught a violent cold that bitter night, was taken to the work-house, and in a few days died, saying, 'Jesus! Mother! I'm coming.' Little Nellie and her mother lie side by side in the paupers' burying-ground; and together they are singing in the happy home above." Isabel's eyes were filled with tears as she ended, and glancing round, she saw that her simple story had deeply affected her companions, who said, "Thank you very much, dear Isabel, we shall not soon forget this evening; whenever we hear a 'street-singer' again, we shall think of little Nellie and her mother."

L. Lt. C.

THE MOTHER'S TRIALS.—No. 1.

WEARY and worn one! often bowed down because of life's burdens, hast thou ever learned to trust fully to the sympathy of the Saviour? It is the *little* cares, the *little* sorrows, the *little* chafings, that so bow down thy spirit. Perhaps thou hast laid thy weightier burdens at the foot of the cross, thou hast learned to commit thy *great* cares to Him who "careth for thee;" but there are drops in the every-day cup of life that seem too trivial, too insignificant, to be brought before Him who is so high and holy; and you would check your heart's out-gushings with "trouble not the Master," forgetful that

"He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
*And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.*"

You are but feeble in body, weak in health; the ceaseless questions of your little ones become a weariness, their varied wants more than you have power to supply; still you are a right-minded mother, and your unwearied anxiety for your children's welfare, and your endeavour to train them up in the best and happiest way, is sometimes a tax upon your spirit that you cannot command energy to supply, and you retire to your chamber to weep there. Oh! did it ever occur to you that the Saviour's eye was watching you there? It was when He saw Mary's tears, and the tears of those who were with her, that His own sympathizing heart "was troubled," and, mingling His sorrow with theirs, He wept! What a comfort that this wonderful fact should have been handed down to us to show us the depth of the Saviour's sympathy with human sorrow and suffering! But that, you will say, was *death*—it was a mighty grief. True; but that same heart of sympathizing love bends to all our lesser trials,—

"Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame."

Some trials are all together of another character from those we

have been glancing at. You have passed through the first period of a mother's anxiety. Your children are now growing up into life, and responsibilities of another kind press upon you. They must go out into the world. Oh! how many an anxious mother's heart has this thought weighed down! What will be the companions my girl will meet with? what the influences she will be brought under in the millinery or dress-making room, in the shop, at the factory, or in the situation of servant? What companions may entice my boy to the downward road? what evil influences may be brought to bear upon him, now that he is no longer under parental oversight? The snares of the world are many, and when once launched upon the ocean of life, its fascinations and its temptations assail *most strongly* while the *judgment is weakest*. Happy are those who have *early* had *right principles* implanted, and who are sustained by the *prayers of parents*. Still you cannot be blind to the fact that many are borne away by the current, and you tremble. Anxious mother! give yourself to prayer—"prayer ardent opens heaven." You have sown the seed, pray the Holy Spirit to water, to guard, and to bless, and that eye which "never slumbers nor sleeps," shall watch them when they are out of your sight, and His "mighty hand and stretched-out arm" shall guide them when far away from you. "He shall direct their wandering feet" and "uphold their goings." Plead for them daily before the throne of grace, and let them know you do. How numerous are the testimonies to the efficacy of a parent's prayers. You will be comforted in your heart also, for there is a promise which says, "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Me, because he trusteth in Me."

"SORROW AND SIGHING SHALL FLEE AWAY."

In the fair realm towards which our steps are tending
Is joy in sweet fulfilment wholly blest,
And life in that bright heaven of bliss unending
Is one beatitude of perfect rest.
Its jasper walls know not a night o'erspreading
The clear effulgence of a glorious day;
No source of grief there comes in silence treading,
Sorrow and sighing thence shall flee away."

Through those pure gates of pearl no shadow straying
That savours aught of guilt may enter in,
Holiness rests there, by her glance dismay
All fear of evil and all thought of sin.
No tears shall fall in that high land of beauty,
No mist shall ever quench the sight's glad ray;
Each soul redeemed performs his blissful duty,
Sorrow and sighing, too, shall flee away.

Oh! when our hearts 'neath mortal woes are failing,
When on the vast horizon gleams no light,
When 'fore the future's grief our souls are quailing,
Wrapped in the mantle of desponding night,
Then let the promise come with voice of cheering,
And to our inmost spirits let it say,
Pointing to that great state our souls are nearing.
"Sorrow and sighing *there* shall flee away,"

M. E. R

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE EARLY TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

NO. IV.—THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY HABIT.

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

As the influence of early habits on after life is very generally admitted, we purpose devoting a few minutes to this subject, being fully convinced, from our own observations, of its important bearing on the interests of society in general. Habits of order and neatness, early inculcated in a pleasant manner, become agreeable to the child, and prevent a world of discomfort in a house, because all partake of the advantage; but where the contrary is allowed, there is no end to the disquietude and annoyance of the father, mother, and the servants too; while, in no small degree, does it induce ill-temper in the little ones themselves. Some may be ready to laugh at the idea of a mere infant of two or three years old being taught to be neat and orderly; but after making due allowance for the difference in mental development in different families we can assure our readers, from what we have witnessed, that even these little ones can be induced to be orderly, and led to feel the comfort of neat and regular

habits. We will endeavour to illustrate our ideas by picturing to ourselves a family of three or four children, the eldest some six or seven years of age, at play in their nursery or common sitting-room, and their mamma at her needlework. These little ones have each a box, drawer, or cupboard, in which to keep their playthings. They are fully aware that they must not take out all their treasures at once, and so make the room untidy, and cause confusion, but each is expected to take out a thing or two at a time, just as their fancy leads, and when tired of that to put it back in its place before taking out another. The small amount of restraint, though very light, is yet salutary. We will suppose the little girl to be the eldest. She has her doll, and as its clothes are so made that they can be taken off to be washed when needful, she is busy in dressing or undressing it. She calls it her baby, and the judicious mother, taking advantage of this idea, directs her to dress it neatly, not to allow it to be thrown about on the floor, so as to soil its clothes; not to be too severe in her punishments for its imaginary faults, &c.; lessons more important than a superficial observer would imagine, because of their effect on the *mind* of the child. This little girl, with her doll, is learning her first lessons of care and self-control, to be gradually developed as she grows up, and to be put fully into practice some twenty or thirty years after in her own family. The little boy, next in age, is perhaps busy with his box of bricks, building a house, with a younger brother or sister as his workman. If he gets impatient and inclined to be tyrannical, he is encouraged to be kind, forbearing, and seasonable in his requirements; and so with the others. The mother, busy with her needle, is observing all that goes on, watching their tempers, and assisting each little one to conquer *that* which needs to be overcome. By-and-bye the play hour is over, and each takes his or her own playthings, and puts them by neatly in their proper places; the elder ones help the younger, and the mother occasionally assists or directs, so that they may not feel this duty to be an irksome task, and when all is in order she remarks to them pleasantly, how nice all looks. Thus a happy impression is made; and to such an extent may this be done that we have frequently observed little folks *amuse* themselves by putting their play-box to rights, if its arrangements failed to

please them. This love of order was once strikingly manifested in a case which came under our own observation. A mother, whom we knew, had been amused by the extreme orderliness of her little boy, her eldest child, just three years old, and she resolved to try if he would find out any small disarrangement of his play-box; so after he was gone to bed, she very slightly moved two or three of his things. The next morning he was grievously disconcerted to find that some one had, as he said, "made it untidy;" and, losing his usual fortitude, he burst into tears. The mother saw that she had made a great mistake; she had not expected such a result, and for a moment hardly knew how to act. She did not deem it prudent to confess to so young a child that *she* had done it out of mere curiosity; but, stepping cheerfully to him, she said, "Come, love, never mind, if you will endeavour to bear this little trouble without fretting, like a man, I'll help you to put all straight again;" with another word or two on the advantage of bearing little annoyances with patience and fortitude. The little fellow, thus encouraged, dried his tears, and all was bright and pleasant. It is needless to say that this mother learned a lesson which she never forgot, nor did she let him know that she had disturbed his playthings till he was grown to such an age as fully to understand such an act of curiosity on the part of his mother, and to appreciate her sorrow for her mistake by which she had caused his childish distress.

"I MUST CHANGE MY WAYS!"

THE following authentic and affecting account has been sent to us by the French lady who has kindly helped us before. She writes, Your excellent little article in the "Mother's Friend" for March, headed, "I must alter my course," brought to my mind our poor village *maire*, who died a short time since. He, too, on the very afternoon in which he met with his death-blow had said, "I must change my ways!" He was just then leaving a party of merry companions, with whom he had been transacting a little business, and according to the unhappy custom prevailing here, in

the ale-house. As was too often the case, Mr. N. had already taken more than was necessary, and he was turning his steps homewards, saying to one of his friends, "I know I have not always behaved to my wife as I ought to have done, but from this day I am determined to alter my course, and leave off drinking." At the same instant some one called out to him, "Mr. N. it is an immense while since I have had the pleasure of meeting you; you must return for a minute or two, and we shall enjoy a little talk over a bottle of wine!" It was a man from a neighbouring town. Mr. N. consented but too readily, and when he returned home at last, though not intoxicated, he felt ill at ease in mind and body. Our *maire* was a striking-looking man; tall, powerful, handsome, and his dark eye so bright and intelligent! He was often justly accused of neglecting his administration, but when he did give his attention to business, at one glance he saw what was to be done, and what with others would have required hours, in a few minutes was perfectly settled by him. Certainly not a man in the place could be compared to him for strength of intellect. With all his faults, everybody liked him; but, alas! how much was he to be pitied! In his youth he had a pious mother, and seemed to have imbibed strong religious convictions; he was then zealous in attending prayer-meetings, and other means of edification. He became a schoolmaster, and was certainly one of the ablest in the country. About that time, he met with a bitter disappointment, and instead of attaching himself more strongly to Him who is our help and refuge in trouble, he sought to forget his grief in dissipation! Somewhat later, he began to visit a young person, with a view of marrying her, and though some serious friends had every reason to fear that Mr. N. had no real attachment for her, and warned him to beware ere it was too late, it ended in a marriage. Mrs. N. was very inferior in intellect to her husband, who never loved her, and made her very unhappy. As for himself, his ways became so riotous, as to be quite incompatible with the profession of a schoolmaster, so he left the little town where he had once been so much respected, and returned to his native village. He had a son and two daughters, but the two latter, though gentle creatures, are almost idiots, and the first cause of such a misfortune is attributed by

some to the constant domestic jarring and wretchedness of their parents. Years passed on without bringing any amendment, though Mr. N. was elected *maire* of the parish, and deputy to the Great Council of his country. Mr. N. was so amiable that none could dislike him, and had his ways been steady he would have been an ornament in the most respectable society; his witty repartees and his jokes were to others a continual source of amusement. He spent but little time at home, and avoided as much as possible being alone, for when this was the case, his distress was excessive; not only did he weep like a child when he thought himself unobserved, but groans and screams escaped from his breast. He was then in perfect bodily health, but in his soul reigned the gnawing disease of remorse. Still God sought him, for he began to be pursued with forebodings of a premature death. On New Year's Day he said to some friends, "This is the last time I shall spend this day among you!" A week or two later, in an office where some money was being paid to him, he said, "This is the last money I shall receive here." Yet no change was manifested in his life, and he went on in his usual course to the evening of the 1st of March. On returning home, for the first time he complained of feeling rather unwell, and went at once to bed, it might be about seven o'clock, and on retiring he said to his wife, "If I should die to-night, remember that I have just paid fifty francs to F——." About eight o'clock he got up and partly dressed himself; he proceeded to descend the stairs, when Mrs. N. heard a heavy fall. She shrieked for help, and with the assistance of some neighbours, picked up her wretched husband at the foot of the staircase, senseless. It is difficult to say whether an apoplectic fit had occasioned the fall, or whether the brain had been mortally injured by the blow. Medical aid was immediately procured, but for two nights and a day Mr. N. lay unconscious, giving but few signs of life. Early on the 3rd instant, he recovered his senses, and seeing his end draw on rapidly, he made use of his last moments to cry to Him he had so deeply offended. He could hardly speak aloud, but his lips were evidently moving in prayer, his hands clasped, and his eyes turned upwards. His last words were, "Lord, Thou wilt cast off none that call upon Thee!" May we hope that, like

the dying thief on the cross, Mr. N. obtained peace at the eleventh hour. His widow, who had some time previously become a Christian, sincerely thanks God for allowing consciousness to return. Nevertheless, such an end, after such a life, is an awful and solemn warning to all, and especially to those who have so often encouraged Mr. N. in sin.

A. R. de V.

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.—No. 3.

"WHY, Joe, where are you going?" "To work to be sure."
"But haven't your mates struck?" "Yes, I believe so, but that makes no difference to me. You don't mean to say, Tom, that you have joined in the strike!" "I have, and we don't intend to give in." "Really, Tom, I thought you had more sense. What good do you expect to get by it?" "Good! more wages, and equality of wages." "What do you mean by that?" "I don't see why one man should get paid more than another, and we are determined to stand out till we get what we ask." "And starve."
"Yes, rather than give in. We'll teach our masters that they cannot do as they like with us; they will be obliged to give in, because they are nearly all very full of work, and contract work which must be finished within a certain time." "You call that honest, do you? I call it very cowardly conduct, Tom, and sincerely hope that the masters will not give way. You know this is a very unequal game. The masters can live longer than you; you will soon have spent your savings, if you have any, and must go to the workhouse, or starve; that's a pleasant prospect."
"Well, I can't work if my mates don't, we must stick together."
"Not in wrong doing, Tom; but I wish you would think a little. Why should Jim Brown get the same wages as you? You know he can't do half as much work in a day, nor do it half so well. He is lazy and slovenly." "He has no business to be employed at all along with us." "Oh! then you would weed out those who are not first-rate hands; how would you ever have become one if this had always been the way? I remember when you found it very hard work to lay a brick properly, but you would not have liked it if you were told that you must not work till

you were perfect. I say, pay a man according to his ability; one man is worth double what another is, and I don't see why an idle fellow should be paid the same as an industrious one." "There's a great deal of sense in what you say, Joe, but I dare not work." "Oh! I see now; you belong to one of those unions, and have foolishly bound yourself to obey, and by whom?—one or two men who are too idle to work, and find it much easier to talk and live on others, than quietly and peacefully to do their duty to themselves, their families, their masters, their God. But I must go to my work, and leave you with the hope that you will think better of your foolish resolve, and be a man." Tom walked away with his hands in his pockets, certainly not so happy a man as he was a week ago. He had been endeavouring to do what Joe had wished, and although he found it very hard work, he could not help seeing that if he could persevere he should be happier. Now this strike would upset all his resolves. Tom was not a weak man when he made up his mind to a thing, he did not easily change. He had been carelessly brought up; had it been otherwise, he would most likely have proved himself to be more worthy of the name of ~~man~~, than hitherto he had done. As he walked along he thought a good deal. It did seem very wrong and foolish to go about as he was doing; he knew what idleness brought about in others. He recollected two lines he had once learned,—

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

"I'll just turn back and go for a walk alone, where I shall not meet any of my companions; I know they will lead me into temptation, and when Joe leaves work, I'll go and have a good talk with him, as to what I shall do." Quite right, Tom, it was the best thing you could do.

HORACE.

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

HELEN KIRBY went to the Sabbath-school, and when she came home her mother asked her what she had done in school, and she, in her simplicity, said, "Oh, mother, I am afraid I have done

nothing; for you know there was little Mary Curtis, whose baby-brother was buried this week, and she cried so that I cried with her, and I took her hands in mine and kissed her, but it quite took all the lessons out of my head; so that poor Sarah Miles, who is always behind with her lessons, had them this morning quite perfect, and she was so happy, that, although she got more tickets than I did, I was quite glad, and I told her so, and kissed her too." "My dear Helen," said the happy mother, "you have not said so many lessons perhaps, but you have followed the Apostle's injunction, 'to weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that do rejoice.'"

NOT LOST.

DEATH makes sad havoc here! so stealthily
 He comes amongst us with his greedy hands,
 Rifling our *treasure casket*, stealing thence
 The *dearest* and the *best*! We would have watched
 And hidden them away; but he is strong,
 And takes us *unawares*. Our hearts are poor,
 Losing so many riches, and our homes
 Are *still* and *sorrowful*, that erst were gay
 And musical with song. There are *some* names
 We cannot utter for the *choking tears*—
 Some *spots* so full of painful memories,
 We scarce can bear to see them. In our hearts
 Are pictures of the missed ones painted there
 By the *deep* touch of anguish. We can see
 The *eyes* that *looked* their *yearning love*. The lips
 That parted oft to *bless* us: but the mist
 Is o'er our eyes: they are *but* pictures still.
 And such is earth!

But ah! there is a home—
 A land of no more death, whose sapphire halls
 Have never echoed back the cry of pain
 Wrung from white lips at parting. There the sighs
 Are turned to *song*! the tears to sparkling gems!
 The prayers to praiseful anthems.

There, ere long,
 We shall rejoin our treasures. They are safe,
 For God has kept them for us. *Very* soon
 He will enrich us with them—there at home!

M. F.

A WORD OF CAUTION TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

WHEN a son is about to leave the paternal roof to enter a new situation, how prone are even Christian parents to choose for him a position chiefly according to the worldly advantage. If two openings occur, one with a rich irreligious man, where a few pounds higher wages will be given, and the other with a humble Christian whose capital is smaller, is not the choice very likely to be made on the side of the rich worldling? Yet, Christian parent, you might as safely administer to your son a daily potion of poison as place him in daily contact with a man of infidel views, or any other views not consistent with the Scriptures. Be sure such a man will be far more assiduous in instilling his principles into the mind of your son than you have been in instilling good. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

"Mr. H. was the ruin of my Tom," said a sorrowing mother to me one day. "He was placed in his shop when quite young, and he talked a great deal with him about religion, and the absurdity of believing such a book as the Bible. He lent him infidel books, and they finished the work." Poor boy! he has drifted quite away from a mother's influence, and has just come home, a most shockingly profane scoffer. Oh, if these early forming years had only been spent under the influence of a warm-hearted Christian employer, how different might the result have been! Of twenty young men who were engaged in the service of a talented sceptic, not one left his roof without having his faith shaken, if not wholly undermined, so untiringly did he labour to implant evil seeds in their hearts. One, who became a daring scoffer, was the son of a Christian widow, whose heart was well-nigh broken by his evil ways. Christian parent, remember this when you are choosing a place for your son, whose habits for life are forming. Avoid, as you would the pestilence, the man whose words are poisoned by an infidel heart. No worldly advantage can make up for such hourly influence. "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.

FATHER! are your instructions and example telling for good or evil? Are they leading your children to heaven or to hell? Hear the words of one young man to his father, "You have done your work; you have ruined my soul!"—and so he died. Father! reverently say of your son, "God forbid he should ever say so to me," therefore, train him now "in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

A **BEAUTIFUL** illustration of this was once manifested in the case of a very little boy who, being happily seated at tea with some friends in his father's drawing-room, was disquieted by some passing cause, and, in consequence, placed in abeyance as regarded the handing of a favourite cake; until, waiting a little, as usual, for an avowal of his recovery of himself, a fond relative inquired if he might now be served. But no! the dear little fellow, finding himself still at fault, said, in a grave and emphatic voice, "Angry lion." Nor would he, till sensible that the mental disturbance had passed, return to his enjoyed share in the feast of cake.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The British Workwoman. Nos. 5 and 6. London: Hall, Smart, and Allen.

Two very interesting numbers of this new pictorial paper.

The Golden Lamb and the Golden Land. London: Tresidder.

A true and affecting little tale, got up in a very attractive style.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

The Child's Commentator. No. 8. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The name of the author of this commentary is a sufficient guarantee of its being worthy a place in every library.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

THE ELDER CHILDREN.—NO. II.

WHAT inestimable power has a wise and virtuous sister in a family! Has she a brother prone to waywardness and passion? her words may restrain his wanderings, her example subdue his anger. It must be that the influence of a mild, gentle, pious sister will produce a good effect upon the whole circle. Do the brothers incline to seek their recreations abroad? Are they going into questionable pleasures, likely to steal on the heart and estrange them from God? The elder sister comes forth with affectionate counsel and earnest entreaty, and it may be when she almost fears her efforts are useless, she betakes herself to a throne of grace, and pleads with Heaven for them. What power is there in her intercession for her beloved brothers! "Years have passed away," says the grateful brother, as his thoughts revert to his distant home, "and Heaven has prospered me. Often when temptations have assailed me should I have yielded to them had not a still small voice whispered 'thy sister prays for thee.'" Let us look at one such family. The elder brother has just returned from sea, and the first evening of his arrival the pious sister sits down to her instrument to lead the hymn of praise she had herself composed for the occasion. What an interesting group is here! Angels might join in the circle without contamination. Now look at another family group. The eldest boy has an unsubdued temper, indulged to him in his early days; he is now the tyrant of the home-circle, and governs the whole household; haughty, proud, and selfish, when his brothers offend this young lord of the creation, he scowls upon them for hours ere he will condescend to smile or look agreeable again. He has some engaging qualities, and his parents look at these alone, and entirely forget his bad ones, instead of punishing him when he attempts to domineer over his brothers and sisters, and thus endeavouring to conquer his pride, instead of trying to overcome his selfishness and subdue his evil passions, they either pass them by unnoticed, thus hardening him in sin, or else they lecture him in public, or perhaps they, unwisely, seek by unusual indulgence,

after reproof, to soften the rebellious spirit which opposition has awakened, only making him more sulky than before. No marvel that, with such treatment and such slaves around him, he grows worse and worse from day to day, until evil tempers become confirmed from habit, and he loses all the love of the young circle around him. Let us follow him into after-life; his passions have attained maturity, he would now willingly give his fortune to overcome them, but he cannot, they have too firm a mastery; he is still a tyrant, feared, but neither respected nor loved. Oh, mothers! spare yourselves the sorrow of seeing your eldest boy become the hated foe to the peace of your home-hearth. A mother's comfort through life depends greatly on the right training of her elder children. I am at a loss to know how a mother can submit to be the drudge of a grown-up family, or how the young people can contentedly seek their own amusements whilst their mother is the slave of the household, bearing alone its many cares, which she might well expect her daughters to share with her. I believe it refines the mind, cultivates the affections, and improves the character of children, to feel that they are really of some use, and that it is in their power to add to the comforts and pleasures of home. We have sometimes known the busy, fagging mother laid on a bed of sickness, but the eldest daughter unable in any way to take her place in the house, strangers have been forced to attend to the comforts of the family, and strangers have been obliged to nurse the mother. The daughter has, perhaps, now and then, walked into the sick room, and asked the invalid how she felt, and has then carelessly taken a book and sat down by the window to read; but there has been no attempt on her part to add to the comfort of her suffering mother. How distressing must such a state of things be to an affectionate heart!

TRY THE OTHER WAY.—No. 2.

"It is now some thirty years since John and I were married," began Mrs. Watkins; "we were both young, and perhaps rather foolish in some things, but John was a good workman, and had

plenty of work, and, as I had been in service before I married, I knew how to make things comfortable ; so, for a time, everything went on well with us ; but, after a bit, affairs took a turn. I grew fond of talking with my neighbours, and often neglected my work to chatter, so it happened sometimes when John came home the fire would be out, and nothing ready for him. He put up with it for a time without saying much, then he found fault, and used now and then to stay out of an evening. I was cross at this, and took still less trouble to please him when he was at home, and so things went on from bad to worse, till at last he took to going to the public-house. When we were first married he seldom, if ever, entered one, but now he spent there every moment of the time he was not at work. He went there first as a refuge from his wretched home and his wife's tongue ; but after a time he liked the place for the drink's sake. He spent all his wages there ; I seldom had more than a few pence from him, and sometimes not even that, so I took in washing to keep me and my baby from starving. It was a wretched life I lived then, Mrs. Harris ; I had bad health, too, and my boy was ailing, so that I was nearly worn to death by work, anxiety, and sickness. One day, when things were at their worst, I went home to see my parents, and you may be sure it was not long before I had given them a complete list of all my troubles. I remember well how kindly and patiently they listened to my doleful account of our lives ; and, when I had finished, my good old father laid his hands upon my shoulders, and said, "Maggie, my girl, you tell us you have done everything to reclaim your husband, but I am afraid you have never tried what love can do. Try this other way, my lassie, and you will succeed. I know more about men than you do, Maggie, and I know that scolding and cross looks never yet made a man what he ought to be, and I think never will ; but love and kindness, child, can do anything and everything. Love John, let him see that you love and care for him still ; do your best to please him and make him comfortable, and then, take my word for it, he will begin to think of you, and try again to give you pleasure. Will you try to do this ?" asked my good old father in his own quiet way. I looked up amid my tears and said I would, and I meant it too, for I saw the force of my father's

words. "Then you will succeed; but do not be discouraged if you do not get on as fast as you would wish; and, another thing, do not try in *your own strength*, or very likely you may fail. Ask God to help you, and He will give you the strength and patience needful for the day." "I will indeed, I will begin to-night," I sobbed out, for I felt just one ray of hope in my heart already. I went home; and, as soon as my baby was asleep, I took down my Bible from the shelf, where it had lain covered with dust for many a long day. I opened it, and these words first caught my eye, "Be ye kind one towards another, tender-hearted; forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you." Those words came like a voice from the dead, and I sat and thought over it all the evening, then I knelt and prayed that God would forgive me my sins for Jesus' sake, and help me to win back my husband. I cannot tell you all the thoughts that passed through my mind, the sorrow I felt for the past, and the plans I laid out for the future, but I resolved, God helping me, to live a different life for the future, and I did. That night of tears and prayers was the dawn of a brighter day to me and mine. The next morning, the moment John had started to his work I began in earnest to clear up the room, and make it pleasant and comfortable before he came in to breakfast. I worked with a will, for I had an end in view, so by the time he came in everything was in order, and his breakfast all ready to be eaten. John looked surprised, but sat down, without a word, beside the clean fireplace, and eat a better meal than I had seen him take for some time. Poor fellow! he had had too much to drink at night to want much to eat in the morning. When he was going off again to his work, I stopped him to ask if he would come home to dinner. "No!" he responded, crossly; "what is the use of coming home when you get nothing ready?" "Then, if you will not come home, may I bring it to you?" I asked. "Aha! that's fine; I should like to see you!" he responded, in mocking tones, as he went out and slammed the door. I was discouraged, but I was not going to give up so soon. When the time came I bought and cooked, as nicely as I could, the things he liked best; then taking baby on one arm and the dinner on the other, I set off to the works. When I gave it to him I said, as pleasantly as

I could, "You will come home to tea, won't you, John?" He made no reply, and I went home again. At night I took care to have everything in order, the tea ready set, and the kettle singing on the hob; but he never came, till late at night he rolled in, drunk, as usual. Every day I kept on trying to win him over from his bad habits by attention and love. I did my best to please him and make his home attractive; but it was a long time before it produced any effect. The neighbours used to look on in wonder at the change that had taken place in my person and rooms, and laughed scornfully when they had found out the motive that induced the change. Often and often I was disheartened and inclined to give up, and perhaps I should have done so, but for my parents' cheerful encouragement to go on. I did go on, and I thank God I won back my husband from his evil ways, but it was in a way that almost broke my heart."

CHARLIE.

THE mother was sitting lonely
 Near to her sleeping son,
 The hours of the silent midnight
 Already had begun:
 She gaz'd upon her darling
 With love's unsleeping eye,
 For oh! she knew *her* Charlie,
 Her precious one, must die:
 Must die—to live in heaven—
 Live where the perfumed breath
 Of zephyrs calm, celestial
 Brings not the clouds of death.
 She felt that her boy was going
 Up to the source of love—
 That angels soon were coming
 To carry him above;
 No more would the burning fever
 Weary his sinking frame,
 For the ransom'd in bliss abiding
 Drink of the healing stream;
 No more would the throeb of anguish
 Disturb his nightly rest,
 For sickness never enters
 Those realms where all is bleat.

No more would the thin, thin finger
 Around the lov'd entwine,
For the harps that are swept in heaven
 Need strength from a power Divine.
No more would the voice grow weaker
 When breathing a mother's name,
For oh! it must swell the praises
 Of those that surround the Lamb.
No more would the blush of crimson
 Fade from his cheek so fair,
For rays from the throne of glory
 Must shed their radiance there.
No more would the chills of winter
 Fall on his youthful brow,
For whither Charlie goeth
 No withering winds can blow.
No more need the arms of fondness
 Support and strength afford,
For away in the Golden City
 He'll walk with his gracious Lord,
No more would the glance of coldness
 Chill through his trusting heart,
For they who rejoice in heaven
 Bid all, save Love, depart.
No more would the tears of sorrow
 Fall from his weeping eyes,
For on the dawning morrow
 To heaven her Charlie flies.
No more would his brow be clouded
 With many a boyish care,
For soon must it be surrounded
 With a diadem bright and fair.
No more would his trembling spirit
 Pass in a mortal breath,
For who, in eternal mansions,
 Knows the approach of death?

Thus mused the mother, lonely,
 As on her sleeping boy
She gazed with strange emotions,
 Mingling grief with joy;
For by faith she viewed her Charlie
 In regions far away
While watching near the sleeper
 Yet in his house of clay.
Hush! hush! his eyelids open,
 His lips a moment part;
The mother bends and listens,
 With anxious, beating heart:—
"Mamma, mamma!" he whispers;

"My precious one, I'm near!"
 "Mamma, how sweet that music
 Around us—do you hear?
 I see my Saviour near me,
 Holding a crown of light,
 It is for me (He says so),
 It glistens, oh, so bright!
 He calls me—Ma, I'm going—
 He beckons me away;
 And when *He* calls I cannot,
 Indeed, I cannot stay.
 Stoop down, mamma, and kiss me;
 The angels waiting stand
 To take me up to glory,
 To my Redeemer's land!"
 She kiss'd her precious Charlie,
 His arms relax'd their hold,
 And loving, beauteous Charlie
 Was safe among the fold
 Of ransomed ones,
 Of holy ones,
 Upon a breast of love.
 'Twas Jesu's breast,
 And there he'll rest
 Awaiting her above
 Whose eyes upturn'd to heaven see
 Her Charlie's home,
 Who longs to hear her Lord say "Come,
 I call for thee,
 To meet him there
 Where partings cannot be."

Yes, mother now so lonely
 Thy Charlie *lives* above,
 Among the pure and holy,
 In the land where all is love;
 Where mothers meet their children,
 Those who have gone before,
 Then, oh! thrice happy mother,
 Rejoice and weep no more!
 Remember that *thy* Charlie
 Is yet among thy sons;—
 Some are below, to cheer thee,
 One, with the holy ones;—
 That one is thine own Charlie!

S. O. M. C.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE EARLY TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

NO. V.—THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY HABIT.

IF a family be trained from infancy in habits of neatness, they will love order from the comfort it gives. The little girls will easily learn to keep their clothes-drawers in neat style; the boys will not throw off, in careless haste, their best clothes on the ground, thus soiling them and making unnecessary work for mother, sisters, or servant; but, on the contrary, when these youths go forth into the world, the neat habits they acquired at home will render them agreeable inmates of other families, and generally exert a beneficial influence over their business transactions. Habits of order and punctuality, first learned in the nursery, have, when combined with diligence, led many a man to eminence and wealth. On the other hand, those of carelessness and extravagance, which are closely connected, lead to ruin, whether in domestic life among females, or in business matters among men. We have in our mind now one little girl, about seven or eight years of age, who, during the long illness of her mother, regularly took out the clean linen of a large family, superintending the airing of it, and putting up each one's clothes in a separate bundle, while the drawers were kept in the neatest manner possible, the dear child enjoying the consciousness of being really useful, and helping her invalid mother. In making these remarks on the transactions of *infancy*, we take it for granted that none of our readers will suppose for a moment that when the children quit their nursery life, these plans or instructions may be discontinued. On the contrary, the older they grow, the more need there will be for the exercise of judicious training, till their habits are thoroughly confirmed. We have simply given a few hints, which are the result of what we saw in the families of some friends of ours, and which were followed by the happiest results as the young people grew up into life—hints, for the commencement of the course, which we may compare to the insertion of the thin end of the wedge in a block of wood;

easily it enters, and every successive stroke of the mallet renders the workman more sure of accomplishing his object. On the beneficial effects of habits of diligence, we do not think it needful to spend much time at present, as the employment of young children is play, and it is only when they become old enough to be set to do what is contrary to their inclinations that, in order to avoid the irksome task, they will often choose (if not watched) to do nothing. Of course, this must not be allowed; but when the mother's vigilant eye perceives that her little one is weary of application, it will be wise to allow it a short respite, and then, on its being required to resume its duty, a kind word of encouragement, or a little assistance, will have a wonderful effect in rendering duty a delight. This is what we think a mother should aim at; she should lead on pleasantly and cheerfully, with a firm, steady hand, and a loving heart, endeavouring to let her little ones feel that virtue and happiness walk hand-in-hand, but that sin is sure to be followed by misery. Before we close this paper, permit us to say a word or two on the great importance of avoiding habits of fretfulness on the part of the mother, because they are so readily adopted by her little ones. True, she has much to contend with in domestic life that is calculated to try her patience, and she needs to watch against this temper more, perhaps, than any other. Now, though this is called a vale of tears, and it has so large an admixture of sorrow in its daily portion, yet it will not do to yield to depression, and allow sorrowful feelings to carry us away. Let us remember that there is a *bright* side to every picture, and that it is our duty—yes, we repeat it, our *positive duty*—to cultivate the habit of looking at the bright side; of enduring the every-day annoyances of life with fortitude and cheerfulness, for the sake of those around us. This very effort will sweeten our own temper, and exercise a beneficial influence on that of our children. Their watchful eyes will see how we endure, and they will learn to copy our example when we encourage them to avoid the habit of fretfulness, and to cultivate that of cheerfulness. Then let us remember that the great sustaining power is to be found in religion, the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit. This inspires us with the blessed habit of looking to our Heavenly Father for

“help in every time of need,” assured that He is our Almighty, never-failing Friend. Relying on Him, and resolutely determined to endure with patience, our little ones will be doubly encouraged to make the effort, for all our precepts will be sustained by our cheerful example.

H. E.

THE ORPHAN.

It was on a pleasant summer's eve, that a pastor, after spending the day in study, took his customary walk. He was a good old man, who had long been faithful over the beloved people of his charge, and he had been a successful labourer in the cause of his Master, till his head had become silvered over, and his tottering tenement needed the support of a staff. The sun had already almost sunk in the west, and was pouring his last rays over the golden sky as the pastor entered the churchyard of the village. There is something connected with the close of the day which has a tendency to bring a pleasing melancholy over the mind when it is at leisure to be influenced by reflection. The good man felt this; he found the time and place of his evening walk uniting to elevate his feelings above this world, and to carry them in holy contemplation to a better. The pious pastor had pressed beneath his feet the sods which covered the remains of many a beloved parishioner, when at length his softly, trembling steps brought him to the spot where lay his own deceased wife and three beautiful daughters, whose loveliness was blasted ere it was fully exhibited. The husband and father, leaning on his staff, bent gently over these precious relics, and he was marking out by their side a spot where his own ashes should repose, when he was startled by the sobs of a child. He turned, and at a little distance beheld a lovely, white-headed boy, who was kneeling and sobbing upon the grave of his father, whose body had lately been deposited beneath. With a melting heart, the good shepherd approached the child of his friend, and raised and kissed the orphan lamb of his flock with the tenderness of an angel. The little fellow's face was pallid with grief, and his bright blue eyes

swollen with weeping. The aged pilgrim sat beside the grave and pressed the weeping boy to his bosom. "Oh, sir," said the child, "let me cry for my father, he lies deep in that grave. They tell me he will never again be my father. I fear that I have offended him, and that he will no more be my father, and I want to ask him to forgive me, and to kiss me as he used to do. Oh! if he would once more be my father, I would never again offend him; but they say he is dead. Oh! I would sit here and cry all night; I would never stop if my poor father would come to me. But he will not. For a few days before they put him into this hole, he told me—Oh! I do remember it—he told me he was going to leave me, and I should never have a father any more; and he stroked my hair with his thin hand, and told me that, when he was buried in the ground, I must be a good boy and love God. O, my poor father!"

The tender pastor pressed the hand of the sorrowing orphan, and wet with his tears the silken hair of the disconsolate boy. The first attempt of the benevolent man was to soothe the little fellow into confidence, and he then endeavoured to direct him to a Father that would never die, in so simple and interesting a manner, that the little hearer listened with deep attention, and seemed, as it were, to hang upon his words. "My dear little boy," said the good man in conclusion, "you have, indeed, lost a tender father, but fly, my child, in earnest prayer to Him who has promised to be an everlasting Father. He will never forsake the destitute or the poor orphan." "What is an orphan?" asked the child. The good pastor explained that it was a child left alone in the world without a parent. "And what is a *poor* orphan?" rejoined the boy. The good man felt affected, while he said that it was an orphan destitute of property. "Oh! I wish," exclaimed the child in the simplicity of his heart, "I wish that I were a *poor orphan*, if God would be my Father." His friend wept, for he knew the child *would* be a *poor* orphan. "I trust, my dear little boy," said he, "that God will be your Father; I hope He will guide you safely through this dangerous life, and at last receive you to glory. There, too, I trust, you will again behold and embrace the earthly father who is gone before." The good man held the hand of the child as he bent in

prayer upon the grave, offering a devout petition that God would preserve and provide for the fatherless orphan. The pious pastor now led the little lamb to his own home. He soothed his sorrows, satisfied his wants, and determined henceforward to adopt him as his child. But Providence had determined otherwise. The faithful pastor was soon afterwards laid upon the bed of death, and the child was left a second time an orphan. The little boy was now thrown again upon the wide world with few friends and few acquaintances. His patron was dead, and he himself seemed to be forgotten. Many who saw him did, indeed, express compassion for him, and when the big tear sometimes gushed from his eyes, it was seen and pitied. Many *hoped* he would be provided for; but they left him as they found him. But He who "feedeth the young ravens," provided for this fatherless boy. After passing through various situations, after encountering many trials, and being safely led through unnumbered difficulties, he became a member of one of our colleges, where he is now receiving the necessary education to prepare him to join that band of whom Isaiah speaks when he says, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace."

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.—No. 4.

TOM did not do as he intended, for as he was walking along he met one of his mates, who enticed him into a beer-shop, and that night he went home, or rather was taken home, unconscious. The next day he did not like to see Joe; he was so ashamed, for he could not help fancying that Joe must have seen him the night before. Several days passed. One evening, as Tom was going home, he came to Joe's house before he thought where he was, and as he passed the door he heard some singing; he stopped and went back a few steps to listen. He could not well make out the words till the singing ceased, and he heard Joe repeat the next verse:—

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness thickness, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

When this been sung, Joe read the Twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." After which, Tom, who by this time was leaning his head against the door, moved to go, but in doing so he shook the door, and Joe came to see who was there, and before Tom could get away, Joe said, "Ah! Tom, come in, mate, we are just going to prayer, and then to supper." Tom looked at his dress, which was not so nice as it was a month ago, and hesitated; but Joe took hold of his sleeve and drew him in, and placing a chair for him, knelt down and prayed. Tom felt very uncomfortable and wished he was away, but yet he could not help feeling that Joe was right, and that if he had only kept straight, and followed his mother's advice and teaching, he should have been happier now. At supper Joe made Tom as comfortable as he could, and his wife did all in her power not to let him feel strange, for they both saw plainly that he was feeling acutely his position, and was ashamed of himself, and Joe thought, "Now, if I can only get him thoroughly to feel how foolish he is, I may succeed in leading him in the right path, but I must not do it by talking at him, that will only do harm: I must shew him a better way,"—and he did so;—and when Tom left to go home, he thanked Joe, and as he walked he thought of what Joe had said about God. His thoughts were something like this: "He said that God loves me—*loves me*. He is not a tyrant, not a hard master, but a loving friend. Christ is my Brother, and He died out of pure love for me; and what was that he said about sin? that if I believed in Christ I should be as though I had not sinned: something like that I know he said, and then he told me I should be received by God as a child, a son—that God was my Father, and that His love was so great that He would forget all the past if I would come to Him through Christ. And when I asked him how it was he was so happy, he said he just went and put all his cares and troubles on to Christ as his only friend, and that when he did this he left them there—he did not take them back again—he just laid down on Christ and felt perfectly safe, because God had promised to receive and bless any one that Christ brought to Him; and oh! so much more he said. Well, I really think Joe's right, and when he said I should have to give up this and that that I liked if I did as he did, he said that was

what frightened so many, and without any reason, for he said God would give us other pleasures and other work so much more pleasant, that we should not think anything about our old pleasures, they would vanish, we should not have to give them up, they would go of themselves; and really Joe does seem much more happy than I am, though he does not care for those things which I call pleasures, and really I do get very tired of some of them. But Joe said, I must not give them up for that reason, and think that I am therefore good. He said God took more notice of the motive from which we did anything than of the doing it, and I must give up sin, because God hates it, and has commanded me to give it up. If I loved God, I should do what He wishes, and His commands are wishes, not harsh, but gentle and loving. I wish I could *feel* that God *does* love me. I think, then, I should love Him. In Joe's prayer I remember he said, 'Holy, Spirit, teach us to know much God loves us.' I wonder if the Spirit would hear me if I were to pray; I don't quite know how, but I'll try."

HORACE.

A SAILOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS SISTER.

The following simple lines have been sent to us by a young sailor, from the southern coast of Africa:—

How hard it is to say "farewell" to those we fondly love,
When on the ocean's changing breast our fortune 'tis to rove,
And yet those words must leave our lips, our hearts with sorrow beat,
For who can tell, through life's short path, if e'er again we'll meet?

But, sister dear, still hopeful be, for there's One above who'll give
Pure joy into our souls if we to His own glory live;
Though parting sad, we'll joyful greet, each eye shall glow, each heart
shall beat,

In fond embrace we'll loving cling, when, sister dear, again we meet.

BY A YOUNG SAILOR.

"LOOK UP."

Our dear pastor visited us on the day our darling boy was buried, and on taking his leave he said, "Look up; keep on looking up." My eldest boy was in the room, and some short

time after, seeing my eyes fixed on the floor, and my face very sad, he came to me, put his little arms around my neck, and said, "Mamma, why don't you look up? Mr. B. told you to." I could not refrain from a smile at his remark. He innocently thought, by just raising my eyes, I should be doing myself some good, little thinking of the meaning of the good man's words. Often now, when lonely and sad, I sit and think of the past, those words, "Mamma, why don't you look up?" seem to come afresh to my memory, and I do look up, and in return I feel a strength from on high, enabling me to bear those sorrows which, from any other hand than that of a wise and kind God, would crush me to the earth. Mother! when sorrow or bereavement presses upon you, "Look up!" You will never look to God for help in vain, and you will soon feel that the trials of this present life are not to be compared with the joys which we shall know in eternity, if we continue through life to look up.

J. G.

THE MOTHER'S TRIALS.—No. 2.

HAS the bitterer trial befallen any whose eye shall scan these papers, to have a child treading the downward road? Mother, we sorrow for you. Perhaps your dear ones were at one time all you could desire, and gladdened your heart by walking in wisdom's ways; but, from different causes, you have seen their soul's health gradually declining, the Word of God has not been read in secret, as was their wont; the duties of secret devotion have been passed over, till at last forgotten; attendance on the services of God's house has been seldom, and when there the enjoyment is gone, and it is evidently a weariness. These, to you, have been unmistakeable signs, and have caused your own heart to be in heaviness. You may have others who roll sin as a sweet morsel under their tongue, who need no reproof, who follow the way of transgressors, though hard, and on whose account you have had anxious days and sleepless nights. Tried mother! we know how your heart must ache, though we feel not the aching. But sorrow not as those without hope. You are accustomed to hear the adage, "while there is life there is hope," applied to physical

ailment. Surely it applies to this moral malady. There is urgent cause that you should redouble your plea at the throne of grace. Remember the earnest pleading of the Canaanitish woman. "There is" still "mercy with Him that He may be feared, and plenteous redemption that He may be sought unto." Who shall limit the Holy One? He kindly says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me;" and is not yours a day of trouble, a day of darkness and of dense gloom? But the throne to which you may come is not yet a throne of judgment; it is a throne of grace and of mercy; and you are encouraged to "come boldly," "that you may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

"Turn, turn to Him in every pain
Whom never sufferer sought in vain."

"TRUST IN GOD, MOTHER."

THE wind shrieked and moaned, piling high the drifting snow around the dilapidated tenement of Widow Grey and her daughter. It was bitterly cold. The windows were curtained with frost, which the little warmth emitted by the dying embers could not dispel. A small pile of faggots lay beside the stove; but Widow Grey and her daughter sat shivering and blue with the cold, scarcely daring to touch the wood, for fear it would not last them through the day. It was the last fuel they had, and they were without any means of replenishing it; and, worse than this, the last morsel of food had been consumed the day before. So the poor inmates of the cottage were suffering, not only from cold, but from hunger. The heart of the mother died within her as she heard the fierce blasts swaying the trees and driving the sleet against the windows; and at length, with a sad voice and despairing heart, she said, "Well, Lucy, I don't see as there is any hope for us. Here we are on this by-road, away from any neighbours, without food, and I may say without fire, for the wood will not last three hours longer. I say, Lucy, we must perish, for there is no hope for us." "Have courage, mother," replied Lucy, in as animated a tone as she could assume, putting her arm tenderly around her mother. "Courage! how

can I have courage when there is no hope—none?" "Trust in God, mother," said Lucy, raising her mild eyes, in which a tear glittered. "O, my child, we are dying with hunger and cold, and my trust is all gone. Nothing can save us, nobody comes this way, and we cannot get to the neighbours, they are so far off. O, Lucy, my child, the end has come; we have suffered with cold and hunger all the winter, and now we must die with them." "Trust in God, mother," again repeated Lucy, in a low but firm voice, "He will provide for us." "No, no; He will not." "Mother, do you doubt Him?" and there was a slight tone of reproach in the sweet voice. "He is able; but, oh, will He save us?" "Trust Him, mother." The hours passed by—the afternoon was almost spent—the last stick was in the stove—but no aid had come. But, hark! a step is at the door, and Lucy, with a joyful heart, sprang and opened it; a stranger stood before her; she looked, gave one wild shriek, and sprang into his arms. Her brother—the long lost wanderer—had returned—returned to make the hearts of his mother and sister sing for joy. The last day of cold and hunger had passed. The God in whom Lucy trusted had provided for them.

"DON'T TELL FATHER."

THERE is many a mother who plans the ruin of the child she dearly loves, teaching it the first lesson of wrong-doing by simply saying, "Now, don't tell your father." Surely mothers do it thoughtlessly, ignorantly, not considering that it is the first lesson in deception. Not at all strange, is it, that gamblers and liars, thieves and hypocrites, and distrustful, evil-minded people so abound when weak, loving mothers, sweeten the little teachings that soon ripen unto all kinds of meanness and unprincipled actions. I heard a kind, well-meaning mother say to the young baby in her arms, "Well, baby shall have its nice candy every day; bad papa shan't know it; see how it loves it!" and the little thing, whose reach of life had not a whole winter in it yet, snatched at the bright red and blue coloured poison, and made as many glad motions as though it took its whole body to suck it with. The poor little thing had been fed on candy, almost,

and fretted for more whenever her mouth wasn't filled. Even the nourishment nature provided did not wholly satisfy her, for it was not so sweet as candy. I thought it was no wonder if children were taught, even in babyhood, that papa was bad, and ugly, and unkind; that in youth they should call him the "old man," and the mother, whom they had learned by experience had no stability of character, and was capable of deception—not strange they should so little respect her as to call her the "old woman." I shudder when I hear the frequent words drop from young lips, "O, I must not let father know that!" The father may be a stern man, rigid in his way of bringing up his children, but he has a heart somewhere, and surely truthful, honest, loving words from his own child will find that warm place. So it is best never to deceive him in anything, but keep his confidence whole and unshaken, and the whiteness of the soul unstained by that loathsome sin, deception. "Father does not allow me to read novels," said a young lady to me lately, "but mother does, and so we too read all we can get, and he never knows it," and she giggled as though they were very cunning and deserving of praise for so completely deceiving poor, good father. My soul sickened at the idea of a wife daring to teach her children to disobey their father, and of the daughter, vain and unprincipled, with such a mother to teach and guide her. Better for the world had she never been born.

"TWO IN HEAVEN."

CALLING one lovely summer's evening at a humble cottage home to rest awhile, I asked the mistress of the house, "How many little ones have you? With a calm and loving expression on her countenance, she answered, "Five here and *two in heaven*." Oh! happy mother! thought I, to realize so fully the home of her little ones! Her answer seems now to ring in my ears. Who knows the thrill of happiness that passed through that mother's heart as she thought of herself as the mother of two angels. There was a pang at parting with them, but now her joy none can take from her. Mothers! we need to look more to the

throne of God, where these little angels are singing immortal songs in raptured bliss, and less to the grave where their little mortal bodies are laid.

J. J.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

AN eminent writer of the present day, has observed that from the hour that a child becomes capable of noticing what is passing around, he receives impressions from example, circumstances and situation. So powerful, indeed, are the gradual and unnoticed influences of these early days, that we not unfrequently see the indulged and humoured infant a tyrant before a year old, at two years of age a discontented, irritable little thing, causing every one but its mother to turn away from it with disgust. At this period of life the child is making observations, forming opinions, and acquiring habits; notions, right or wrong, are now becoming so completely a part of his character that they can never be eradicated. How necessary, then, it is that a mother should pray for wisdom, so that she may train up her little ones in the fear and admonition of the Lord. "I think I may say," remarks the celebrated Locke, "that of all men we meet with, nine parts out of ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, by their education. It is that which make the great difference in mankind." The little, or almost insensible, impressions on our tender infancies have very important consequences. Mothers! who can say how much depends on your instructions to your little ones, not only as regards this life, but the life to come as well.

OUR INTERCESSOR.

It has been said that when Æschylus, the Greek poet, was condemned to death, his brother, who was an orator and a hero, was summoned to plead his cause. While the audience were gazing with intensity of interest to hear what would be said, he silently lifted up the stump of his dismembered arm, which he had lost in the service of his country, and said not a word. The multitude burst into a shout of applause, and his brother was pardoned. The dumb eloquence of that mutilated arm spoke more

powerfully than words that burn. So Jesus, our great High-Priest, while interceding for us in heaven, presents His hands and side which were pierced for us, and thus speaks far more powerfully in our behalf than could the eloquence of angels.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

BABY'S RIVAL.

THERE are many persons who make a practice of saying to little children to whom has come the gift of a brother or sister, "You can never be mother's baby any more, for she has got another." This is said in thoughtlessness, often with glee; but it sinks like a stone into the baby-heart to which it is addressed. We think it is very cruel; it makes him a poor, frightened, little outcast in a moment; and any one that, realizing this fact, can so sport with the feelings of a tender baby, must be devoid of some of the loftier emotions of our nature.

INFLUENCE.

Time passes onward with returnless wing,
And action, too, like time, may seem to pass—
To pass, and be no more; but 'tis not so,
For influence never dies; and every act,
Emotion, look, and word, makes influence tell
For good or evil, happiness or woe,
Through the long future of eternity.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sabbath Teachings, or the Children's Hour. By BAILEY GOWER. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A useful help for mothers, specially written with a view of making Sabbaths at home happy to the little ones.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

The two numbers of this little periodical now before us are replete with authentic facts and useful hints for daily practice.

Little Jimmie; or the Plucked Flower. By M. A. BAYFIELD. London: Stock, Paternoster Row.

A very interesting account of the death of a dear little boy.

The Child's Commentator. No. 9. By INGRAM COBBY, London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

THE ELDER CHILDREN.—NO. III.

LET us observe a family where the children have experienced different training from those we spoke of last month. Eliza, the eldest daughter, is a most interesting girl, and we are at a loss which to admire most, the judicious manner in which she has been trained, or the principles which regulate her whole conduct. She has been taught, ever since she was quite a little girl, to regard her younger brothers and sisters as the objects of *her* peculiar and unvarying care. As she has advanced to womanhood, these principles have strengthened and become conspicuous in her daily deportment, and she is now a most watchful, disinterested being. Her happiness consists in making others happy, particularly *her own family*. She is always ready to perform for her little brothers and sisters those offices of love their tender age requires. She attends them when they rise in the morning, dresses them neatly, and endeavours to lead their first thoughts to Him who has raised them from their beds in health and strength. When the bell summons them to morning prayer, many little footsteps may be heard following her to the dining-room, where solemnity and decorum mark their behaviour. At table, "sister Eliza" has many a little pinafore to adjust; and when the hour of school arrives, every bag is ready for their little plump hands to grasp the strings. She attends to their lessons, mends their clothes, reconciles their differences, walks with them, plays with them, sings for them, and is the source and centre of all their enjoyments. Whatever this affectionate girl can do, either for their comfort or improvement, is to her well-regulated mind a source of unalloyed pleasure. Her mother taught her from her childhood to subdue her natural selfishness, and to seek first the comfort of others. She was never permitted to assume that haughty air which renders so many elder sisters disgusting. She was not spoiled by undue indulgence, nor led to imagine that everybody must yield to her because she was a person of importance in the family. She grew up a disinterested, generous

girl; and when first impressed by religious truth, one of the most affecting considerations that presented itself to her mind was, "I am the eldest sister! What has God a right to expect from me?" Thus, at the age of nineteen years, she is the comfort, the helper, the joy of that mother who trained her in the right path in her early days. Happy the mother who has such a child! happy the family where such an elder sister dwells! But let us enter another dwelling. There, too, the eldest child is a daughter; she might have been as great a comfort to her family as Eliza; but, alas! she has been trained in a different way. From childhood, Mary was arrogant and self-willed, always contending that her station as the eldest sister entitled her to more indulgence than the younger children; and in this her mother supported her. She insisted upon her brothers and sisters serving her; and when favours were to be shared by the little group, she claimed the first and the best. As she grew up, she became selfish, proud, and unamiable. For a long time her mother's blind partiality never discerned the dreadful consequences of her own foolish indulgence, and Mary's faults grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength. Disputes and quarrels became common among the little ones, and when their mother reproved them, they would all reply, "Oh, mamma, *Sister Mary* did this, and you said nothing to her!" These replies opened the eyes of the unhappy mother to her folly. She reasoned and expostulated with Mary, but, alas! it was too late; the usual reply she received was, "I am the eldest, it is my right, and I will have it so." Alas! the family quickly presented a scene of discord and confusion, which the mother, with all her efforts, was unable to control. The ill-trained daughter soon brought disgrace on herself and her family, and the mother is now reaping the bitter fruits of what, with her own hands, she so abundantly sowed.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS AND INFLUENCE.

WHO shall estimate the value of a mother's influence? Who shall set bounds to its power? It follows the young man as he goes forth into life; and if it has been a blessed one, sheds a

hallowing light over his pathway, and, twining its invisible silken thread around his heart, is often the means of leading him to his mother's God. It goes with the daughter as she leaves the home of her childhood to mingle in new scenes and to battle with the many temptations of active, every-day life. In hours of loneliness, the remembrance of her mother's love, always the same, comforts her; in hours of trial and weakness, it proves a safeguard to her, and strengthens her to walk in the narrow way. Mother! let your influence be such that, when your children are away from you, they may look back on your teachings, your example, and say, "May God help me to tread in the footsteps of my mother;" may it be such that, when you have passed away from earth to mingle in the harmony of heaven, the memory of your life may dwell in their hearts, exerting its blessed power. Listen to the testimony of one, in the bloom of early womanhood, a servant of Christ—hear her as she speaks of her mother:—"My mother died when I was very young; ten long years have passed away since I saw her laid in the tomb, and I think I may safely say there has not passed one day in which I have not missed her, my own gentle mother! I remember well how I came home on the day of the funeral, my heart bursting with grief, and how passionately I prayed that God would take me too, and as my mother had taught me

‘To link with each petition
The great Redeemer's name,’

I prayed 'for Jesus Christ's sake, oh take me to her!' but God did not answer my prayer; He was too wise for that, and I hope I am now working for Him; but sometimes when I am in trouble I so long for her sympathy, it is so hard to bear sorrow alone. I shall never forget her teachings and her example, they have followed me until now, and all I am, and all that in after years I may be enabled to do for Christ, I owe, under God's blessing, to my mother." Who does not covet such a testimony, and feel that it is an end worth living for, to be the means of leading your dear ones to Christ? Surely, no sacrifice is too great for this. Mothers! strive hard to lead your treasures into the fold of the Good Shepherd, by your love,

your influence, and, above all, your prayers for them. Prayer is mighty in its results. What could we do were it not for the privilege our Father has given us of pouring our inmost hearts before His throne; we should be very thankful to the Giver of all Good for this precious gift; and let us have more faith when we pray to Him, let us plead His promises more earnestly, and be more earnest in our supplications. Perhaps you are praying for one of your beloved ones—it may be a son, who has forsaken the guide of his youth, and followed the evil teachings of his own heart, and now is far from the straight and right path, wandering in the byways of sin and folly; perhaps your faith is weak, and your hope almost gone; you may have tried every inducement to win him to Christ, but all have failed, and you feel disheartened and despairing. Look up! a loving eye is watching, a Saviour's heart is sympathising with you. Remember, prayer is left, you can still pray for your boy, and though the answer may not come yet, it *will* come, for the Saviour, when on earth, left this promise for us:—"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." You may be called away first, you may be resting from your labours in the mansion-house above; but God has registered your prayers, and by-and-bye, when He sees best, He will answer them. We read that Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, had prayed for long and weary years for him, but no answer seemed to come; he grew more and more hardened in sin, and the mother's heart grew despairing. In the deepest grief she went one day to an aged bishop, and opened her mind to him. He heard her story, then smiling on her, said, "Go home and pray on in faith; the son of so many prayers cannot be lost." Soon after she had the joy of hearing from his own lips that her son had sought and found Christ, and he became the missionary of salvation to the world. You say your boy has forgotten your teachings; but you cannot tell that, though he is so wholly given up to the world, there are, there must be, times when better thoughts come o'er him, and he longs for the Christian's hope; then, depend on it, if you have done your best to train him for God, his thoughts turn to his mother, and he remembers the days of his childhood, when he sat at your knee, and listened as you told him of the

babe of Bethlehem. Oh! do not despair, he is not past hope; pray on, trust on, and perhaps even on earth God may give you the desire of your heart, and you may yet see your son a devoted ambassador of Christ. Do not look on the dark side, trust the mighty love of the Saviour, rest on Him, and patiently, prayerfully await the future; it may be a very bright one to you; and if it should prove dark, and heavy clouds shroud the horizon of your hopes, yet it will all be for the best; if the sun of your life should go down in darkness, yet there shall be light beyond—the light of dawn on the everlasting hills of the country to which you are going, and in which your loved and prayed-for one *shall* join you, for He is faithful who has promised.

L. St. C.

THE NEW HOME.

PRESENTED BY A MOTHER TO HER SON ON THE DAY OF HIS
MARRIAGE.

How sweet and beautiful that home,
When love, unchanging love is there;
Though lowly be the humble dome,
That home is beautiful and fair.

And lovelier still, if there is raised
An altar to the God of love;
And morn and eve His name is praised
In angel songs like those above.

Though sin, alas! may sometimes fling
Its shadows o'er the peaceful home,
Yet on some bright, celestial wing
The olive-branch will surely come.

I crave for you no princely wealth,
My earnest prayer alone is this,
The blessing of the Lord, and health,
And lasting, true, domestic bliss.

Long may your happy, new abode
Be strewn with flowers of fadeless bloom,
The welcome smile and gentle word
Be always seen and heard at home.

At close of day, when shuts the flower,
Let music soothe the weary breast ;
Tis sweet to have at evening's hour
A foretaste of the heavenly rest.

Should years pass on and youth depart,
Let sunshine still illumine your way ;
Fonder will grow the faithful heart
As outward charms shall fade away.

Dear home ! how beautiful and sweet
Where piety imparts its rays—
Where hearts unite and loved ones meet,
And infants lisp their Maker's praise !

'Tis then is felt religion's power,
The purest bliss that man can find ;
Alike in sunshine and in shower
The sweetest solace of the mind.

But I have thought, Can it be true
That death will mar this happy band ;
That each fond heart must bid adieu,
And enter on the unknown land ?

Oh ! then let us, while life is given,
Take heed lest precepts prove in vain ;
See that our light shines bright from heaven,
And mark the narrow way again.

Prove it by meekness, love, and prayer,
Nor yield to earth, nor Satan's wiles ;
Nor faint beneath a pilgrim's care,
For all is well when Jesus smiles.

J. T. E.

TRY THE OTHER WAY.—No. 3.

"I TOLD you," continued Mrs. Watkins, "my boy was ailing, but I did not think there was much the matter, for he was always delicate. He was a lovely child, with large blue eyes, and soft fair hair ; he was so good too, he seldom cried, and when I was about my work he would lie on the floor or in his cradle, and watch me with those great soft eyes of his, till I used to think that I could part with my life sooner than with him. I took him to the doctor, and he told me he would soon be all right again, and

I went home glad at heart; but I soon had to drink a deeper draught from the cup of sorrow. The child grew worse and worse, and all the time I thought he was getting better, for he had a bright colour on his cheeks, and this deceived me. One night—"the mother's voice faltered, and her eyes filled with tears, as she continued, "—one night my darling boy died. It was so sudden, I was so unprepared for it, that the blow stunned me. I never moved or shed a tear, but sat still with the child wrapped up in my shawl, when my husband came in, and for a wonder he was sober. "Why, Maggie, how queer you look!" he exclaimed, as he came up to the fire to warm his hands. I made no reply, and he went on, "I should think it is time that little chap was in bed. He grows a pretty boy, I hope he will make a better man than his father," he added carelessly, then lifting one corner of the shawl he gazed at him—it was but for a moment, he saw his boy was sleeping the sleep of death; the blue eyes were closed now, but the sweet dimpling smile that played around his mouth was there still, and the bright sunny hair fell over his brow as in life. Our child was beautiful even in death. John gave one more look, and then with a smothered cry he left me alone again; but soon some of the neighbours came in and took my boy from my arms, and afterwards I was ill for a long time. When I got up again my child was buried, my mother was taking care of the house, and my husband, she said, was much steadier. I was glad of that, but oh! how my heart ached for my child—my laughing, blue-eyed treasure! As soon as I was able I went to see his grave. I well remember that day; John went with me, and for a long time we sat on a seat beside the little mound in silence, for my heart was full of grief. Presently John broke the silence by saying, "Maggie, I feel as though I had murdered our boy, for perhaps if I had been steadier and taken more care of you both, he might have been alive now." "No, no, John, you had nothing to do with it, for if I had only been, what I ought, a patient, loving wife, you would not have been what you are." "What I am!—you may well say that, Maggie; but you do not think it is too late to mend, do you?" he asked anxiously. "No, it is never too late for that." "Then here beside our boy's grave, I declare that with God's help, I will never again touch the drink"

that has made a beast and a fiend of me," said John, in grave, resolute tones, such as I had never heard before from him. He had risen, and stood over the grave as he uttered that vow, but as he came to sit down again, I held out my hands, and we sealed the compact with a kiss. For a long time we sat there talking, reviewing our past life, and laying plans for the future, then we went home, both feeling happier than for a long time past. I resolved to help John as much as I could to overcome his evil habits, so the first thing I gave up my beer, for I feared if he saw me drinking it, he might be tempted to take some too. So we banished it from our home then, and it has never been brought back; then we removed to another part of the town to be out of the way of old companions and old temptations, and there we began life afresh, all the sadder and wiser for our experience. John grew steady, and industrious, and all that a wife could wish; two other children were given us, and we prospered in life. We learned that life was given us for some greater end than the indulgence of our own selfish natures, and together we sought aid from a higher source than our own weak strength and feeble resolutions, to live according to God's will, and we asked Him to bless us and make us a blessing to others. I know he has done the first, and I hope the other too. Our home is one of peace and comfort, our children are blessings to us, and we are very happy in each other's love, and the smiles of our Father in heaven."

Mrs. Watkins sat a few moments in silence, then glancing towards her neighbour, said, "I think you will never imagine again, Mrs. Harris, that because a person looks happy that they have never had any trials to endure." "No, that I shan't," responded Mrs. Harris, with something like a smothered sob. "But I did not tell you my story just to prove to you that I have had trials, but with the hope that it might induce you to try the same plan with your husband." "I should like to try, for, after all, Sam's not a bad fellow when he's sober; but the thing is how to keep him so." "That is just it, and I am sure it is not the way towards it to make his home wretched, to scold him, and never get him anything fit to eat." "How you keep harping upon that string, just as if *that* was everything," said Mrs. Harris. "It certainly is of importance, for nothing will make a man run

away from his home quicker than discomfort and ill-cooked food. Of course if he can't get a decent meal at home, he must go to the coffee-shop or public-house for it, where he learns to love the taste of beer and spirits ; but apart from the drink, the gin-shop, with its light and warmth, is a far pleasanter place than his dirty home, and the people he meets there are more agreeable company than his slatternly, scolding wife," said Mrs. Watkins. "Well, there is truth in that ; but then there is one thing which I don't exactly see. Now why should I give up my little drop of beer because he takes too much ?" "Because your giving it up may lead Harris to do the same," was the prompt reply. "I don't see that : besides, it does me good." "Perhaps so, but my husband said one day, 'I don't think a little drink hurts a strong fellow like me ; but the mischief is when such begin to drink, we don't know when a little ends and too much begins, and so we go on taking a little more, till we find we really have had too much, and we go on doing this till at last we never think of stopping till our money is all gone and we can get no more.'" "That is all very true, but what has that to do with me ?" asked Mrs. Harris. "Just this ; John one day said to me, 'If it had not been for you, Maggie, giving up your drop of beer I think I should never have been able to give mine up entirely, for the temptation would have been always in my way ; besides, it would hardly seem natural for me to be drinking water or coffee and you taking your beer ; but when you banished the beer and spirits you put the temptation out of my way to a great extent.'" "Well, there's sense in that, and its worth a trial, for my Sam is a good fellow enough when he is sober. I'll give it one at all events." "It is indeed worth the trial, and may God help you as He did me," said Mrs. Watkins fervently. "Thank you, I really will do my best. It will be hard work I know, but maybe you will help me now and then with a bit of advice and a cheering word, as your father did you," said Mrs. Harris, earnestly. "That, indeed, I will, and in any other way I can besides, so do not mind running to me when you are discouraged or want anything." "No, I won't, and I am sure I am much obliged to you for asking me up here to-night." "One word more, Mrs. Harris—remember what my father said about trying to do right in

our own strength," said Mrs. Watkins, as her visitor was going. "I won't forget," was the quiet response. Mrs. Harris did not forget, but from that day turned over a new leaf in her book, as the phrase goes. Slowly, steadily she plodded on in the right way, and after a time her house and children were as well known in the neighbourhood for their neatness and order, as they were before for dirt and untidiness. Her husband grew steadier, for his house was fast becoming a comfortable home to him, and his wife a pleasant companion; and, as years rolled on, an old acquaintance would not have recognised in the respectable, intelligent man, and neat, pleasant-looking woman, the sot and the slattern of bygone days, so great was the change wrought in them.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE EARLY TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

NO. VI.—THE IMPORTANCE OF CARE IN OUR MANNER AND IN THE CHOICE OF WORDS IN SPEAKING TO OUR LITTLE ONES.

It is obviously a matter of no little moment to every mother who wishes to train her precious children aright, that they should place full confidence in her superior wisdom, and should implicitly believe all she says. In order to secure this feeling on their part, she must by her care and caution on the one hand, and her firm demeanour on the other, render herself worthy of such esteem and respect. Let our children understand that we mean what we say, and say what we mean. If we deem it needful to refuse consent to what the child desires or asks for, let no fretfulness or complainings induce us to yield to its wishes; but let a tone of increased decision on our part put an end to its expectations, because this policy will be far less painful to the feelings of the little one than that weak, vacillating manner, which gives the little discerning creature more hope of success than otherwise, if it only persevere in teasing! Our firm, decided, but still gentle manner, should give them to *feel* that when they are bid to do a thing, we do not leave them to do it or not just as they please.

The mother's word should be LAW to her children ; but the more effectually and easily to enforce her injunctions, let them be as few as the state of things will allow, and let our words and our manner be such as will ensure their respect. If our natural temper be warm and hasty, it is our first duty to govern ourselves ; and we must earnestly endeavour so to do, praying to God to give us His grace for the important purpose. While speaking on the right use of words when talking to children, we wish to give a hint on what is a common error among mothers and nurses ; on some occasions, the use of words expressive of strong displeasure when that is not deserved ; on other occasions, using terms of needless praise or flattery. Suppose the little one from sheer ignorance and childish inexperience, has committed a trifling misdemeanor, the mother annoyed cries out, " O, naughty! naughty! " and the little tender one, alarmed, begins to cry : the mother feels that she has been too sharp, and commits a second error by fondling and kissing it. If this course is often repeated the word " naughty," loses its true and reproofing meaning, and the child by degrees forgets that it has any meaning at all ; whereas, if it was simply shown its error the first time and forbidden to do the thing again, and the word " naughty," was reserved for what was knowingly done wrong, we believe that it would often be found that a sharp or severe word would be sufficient to correct a real or serious fault ; especially if accompanied with such instruction as the child's age enables it to understand. Again, we must not allow our feelings of annoyance to govern as to our words or manner, but let us consider a moment, whether the child was committing an act of disobedience, or was guilty of ill-temper when it met with the accident referred to, for if so, such evil should be pointed out to the child as the *cause* of the other, and it should be punished accordingly, but with care not to be more severe than the case demands ; else the punishment, instead of being salutary, will be injurious in its operation on the tender, impressible mind of the little one. This may appear a trivial matter in the estimation of some, but we think it only needs a little consideration to show that in many ways it is of great importance that a child should only be accustomed to the judicious use of right words, either in common duties or in reproof.

We are far from disapproving of a well-directed and moderate amount of what is commendatory in our manner of speaking to our children when they deserve it. To their sensitive minds it would be very discouraging never to be assured that they had done well and given satisfaction, what we object to is that ill-judged amount of praise which flatters vanity and induces pride and self-conceit. Judicious training lies between extremes; undue severity in word or deed on the one hand, and foolish fondness and softness on the other. Excessive control leaves the child no freedom of action either in mind or body; so that it is in danger of growing up a poor, cramped, artificial thing, without energy or independence; incapable of taking a single decided step of its own; while on the other hand, the absence of all due government on the part of those who argue in defence of their policy, that the child will make the finer man or woman if its spirit be unbroken and it be left to grow up with its will unbuked, is a most serious and fatal error; for self-will indulged leads to rebellion, both against Almighty God and our fellow men! As we have before observed, our duties as mothers are so various and so important, that we constantly need Divine aid, as well as the diligent use of all the other helps which can be obtained from friends or from books. Let our readers who are mothers or teachers, read more, think more, and pray more, that they may be better fitted to discharge their all important duties aright, and so train the rising generation that they, when their turn shall arrive, may transmit to the next generation, right, beneficial and useful principles and practice.

H. E.

WIDOW CARSON AND HER BUNCH OF GRAPES.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

WIDOW CARSON, when I knew her, resided in a country town in one of the eastern counties. She lost her husband while comparatively young, and was left to struggle with the stern evils of poverty, and to bring up and maintain a family of children. This, by God's blessing, she was enabled to do, and some of them

were spared to years of maturity. In time, however, this widowed mother lost them all, excepting one son, who still survives. I first became acquainted with her some ten years ago, by visiting one of her daughters, who was then dying of consumption. Mrs. Carson had lost two sons before by the same fatal disease, both of whom had been brought up in the Sabbath-school. After the daughter's death, I continued from time to time to visit the bereaved mother, and many were the interesting conversations I had with her, for she was an intelligent woman of her class, and her piety was very simple and sincere. She often spoke of her departed children, especially the sons, and gave me letters to read which they had written, and hymns which they had copied. Precious mementos these of our departed dead! How we love to look at them, and muse over them! These two sons died in the faith of Jesus. One of them, the youngest, named Nathaniel, gave evidence of early and deep piety: He was much beloved by his teacher, who drew up a short memoir of him. The mother, much gratified by this token of affectionate remembrance, used often to draw forth the little record of her departed son's youthful piety from under the cover of her well-worn Bible, and show it to me, saying, "There, Miss, there's the account of my poor boy, which your uncle wrote." She would then heave a deep sigh, showing that the maternal heart still ached at the loss it had sustained. She has lately rejoined these long-lost children in the heavenly world, and together they strike their golden harps in the presence and to the praise of the Lamb who redeemed them with His precious blood. I well remember one day when I went to see Widow Carson. My mind was troubled and disturbed by doubts as to God's special care of His people. I often mused over what seemed the mystery of His ways with man, till I felt in "'wondering mazes lost." But God meant to teach me a lesson from the trusting faith of this poor woman, and so His providence, I now believe, directed my footsteps to her cottage. She was resting on the sofa, for she was at this time suffering much from bodily weakness and pain. As usual, she soon began to speak of her children. I made the remark, "I do not remember your son, Nathaniel, being quite a child when he died; was he ill long?" "Yes, Miss, many months; but he found such kind friends! His

teacher, Mr. B., sent him many things, and used to come and read and pray with him. Didn't you ever hear of the bunch of grapes that came for him once?" "No, Mrs. Carson, I did not; will you tell me?" "Well, you see, Miss," she replied, "I always think the Lord sent those grapes in answer to prayer." "In answer to prayer?" I said somewhat surprised, for I had almost come to indulge the notion that there was no special providence, only a general one. "Now, Mrs. Carson, you have quite raised my curiosity; did you really pray for grapes?" "Well, Miss, this is how it was. You see, my poor boy had not much appetite—there was hardly anything he could eat, and I was so poor at that time I could not get him nice dainty bits, such as rich parents can get for their sick children; but one day he said to me, 'Oh mother, I should like some grapes; can't you get me some? I don't think I can eat anything else.' I looked at my poor boy tossing with fever, and I had no money to buy grapes, so I thought, 'I don't know who is to send grapes, unless the Lord does;' so I went away and prayed for some, and I felt, while I was praying, as if I knew they would come somehow; and, sure enough, I hadn't done praying long before I heard a rap at the door. I went and opened it, and there were some fine grapes which Nathaniel's teacher had sent, thinking he might like some. I think, after all, it was the Lord as sent 'em in answer to my prayer; don't you think so, Miss?" I did not reply immediately, but remained pondering; I felt her simple faith had indeed rebuked my own unbelief. "Yes, Mrs. Carson," at length I said, "I believe you are right; God had not forgotten you and your poor boy." "And now, Miss," continued the poor woman, "I will tell you something else quite as extraordinary. I had not got any dinner one day, and no money in the house to buy one with, so I took this case also to the Lord; and, sure enough, in the course of the morning, a kind lady, a minister's wife, sent me a dinner large enough for myself and my children." "Ah, that was living by the day, indeed," I replied. "Yes, Miss, and I think that is how we ought to live." After some some conversation, I took my leave of Widow Carson, feeling that my visit had not been in vain, for I had received both pleasure and profit. "May these facts encourage us at all times to bring all our troubles

to a throne of grace, knowing that God regards and arranges even our "mean affairs."

J. P.

"I WOULD ONLY CHANGE FOR HEAVEN."

I've heard and read of palaces
Magnificent and grand,
Of some great master's art and skill
Proud monuments they stand;
But, ah! I love the humble home
Which Providence has given—
No spot on earth so sweet beside,
I'd only change for heaven.

I've heard and read of countries
For wealth exhaustless famed,
Where silver, gold, and precious stones
Are easily obtained;
But, ah! I love the humble home—
I'd ne'er from it be riven,
No spot on earth so sweet beside,
I'd only change for heaven.

I've heard reports from other lands,
Which seem like fairy tales—
Unceasing summer, gorgeous sights,
Luxuriant hills and vales;
But still I love the humble home
Where life to me was given—
No spot on earth so sweet to me,
I'd only change for heaven.

For *there* is more than heart can wish,
And more than tongue can say,
Its glories are unceasing too,
They never know decay!
There endless songs of sweetest praise
To Christ the Lamb is given;
Though much I love my humble home,
I'd gladly change for heaven!

A. M.

THE MOTHER'S TRIALS.—No. 3.

THERE is another class of trial far too prevalent, would that it were otherwise! During infancy and early childhood, the child is in a great measure committed to the mother's sole management

and influence. As it grows into life—unless the father's judgment be very superior to her own—it naturally seeks her counsel, her guidance and direction, until the father, perhaps, feels aggrieved, and unmerited blame is laid upon the mother for having overruled the son's affections and undermined the father's influence and authority. This is to your sensitive heart a sore trial, a wearing, withering sorrow, and nothing but help from on high can raise you above it. Your husband's affection has been everything to you, his approval your reward. You have had but one steady, single purpose in training your little ones—to make them good useful members of society; you have had no aims below that; nothing selfish ever occurred to you. You have learned to forego your own wishes many a time to accomplish what you aimed at for them: you have taught them that to fear God and honour their parents is the groundwork of everything honourable and hopeful for this life, and you have *endeavoured* to uphold their father's authority on many points where *you could not see as he did*, and have insisted on submission and respect even where they differed, because he was their father, and you have obtained from them all you have desired; but because this was all done in private you have been censured for want of co-operation, although you knew that to advise or reprove them publicly would defeat its own purpose. Ah! these are trials a mother's heart only can understand. Would that it were not a life-picture, and one that would yet admit of a diversity of shades and colouring. "Ah!" said a mother to me not long ago, "When our children were little, everything I did was right, but now we do not see alike about them. Although I believe their father's views sometimes to be wrong, I endeavour to make them respect him, but they cling sometimes to mine, and I am blamed; this makes them cling the more, and I am perplexed what course to take, or what, under the circumstances, is right. I am sometimes afraid our family harmony will never be restored." "Ah me!" said one, "what a dreary thing life is! What pictures I have drawn of a happy home! This was my mental hobby,—the mother to be loved, the father to be revered, the children in peace and harmony together. The angel of happiness was to brood over our dwelling. But now what pains me most is, that a *pious*

family should have *discords*, and because we cannot *see alike*. My husband's views may be right, but he is too imperative, no one must differ from him. His wishes are expressed as commands, his commands are peremptory and absolute. This, the sons, as they grow older, at first lament over and then revolt at." "My son, you will come with us to the Lord's table to-night?" asked a mother of one who had been accustomed to commune. "I think so," he said. "Oh no, I forgot, my father will be there. I did intend to, but I cannot while we have so much that is unpleasant at home." "Sometimes, when I think of it, I could weep tears of gall," she said, "that my children, instead of being attracted to religion should be repelled." "Mother," said two of the sons of a family, "if it were not for you we should believe religion to be a farce, we should think that others who profess it were such as our father—that it did very little to mould the character, or soften the temper, or regulate the disposition." And yet that father was an earnest teacher of the truth, an upright man in life and conduct, and you would have been successful indeed if you could have convinced him that it was not he *alone* who influenced that family in all that was *good*. But his children "had never experienced that blessed fellowship in which love and reverence became one; when the father is lost in the beloved friend, and the friend exalted in the beloved father," as Dr. McLeod expresses it.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH FAMILY WORSHIP.

THE commencement of this sacred and delightful duty must often be attended by difficulties where the head of the family has for years neglected it. "I have never done anything since I became a Christian," writes one, "which required so much self-denial, and which was so truly a bearing of the cross, as beginning family worship. I felt that it was a duty from the time I devoted myself to the service of Christ; but I shrank from its performance so painfully, that day after day, and week after week, passed without my attempting. At length conscience remonstrated so loudly,

and my conviction that it was a sin to neglect it was so strong, I determined to make the effort to perform it the next morning, cost what it would. It occasioned me a wakeful night; again and again I implored strength from on high. I was constitutionally timid, and when the morning came was much agitated. Before breakfast I said to my wife, "I feel, C——, as if we ought to have prayer in the family. We have all souls to be saved, and need God's blessing. I am sure you will not object to it?" "No," she replied; but the tone in which she said it was not encouraging. When we arose from the breakfast-table, it seemed the children had never been so noisy before, and it required an effort to request them to keep silence and be seated. They did so; but I felt that their eyes were fixed wonderingly on me. I took the large Bible from the shelf, and sat down. I wished to preface the service with some remarks, but I could not trust my voice, and I opened the book, and read the first chapter which presented itself. I then knelt, and with faltering voice began to address the Creator. But my hesitation soon passed off. I knew not why it was, but during the performance of this service my soul was so filled with the thoughts of God's great goodness in permitting me to approach Him, and place myself and those dear to me under the shelter of His protecting love, that I forgot the presence of others, and poured out my heart in supplication for His blessing with as much fervour and freedom as I had ever done in secret. When I arose, I perceived my wife's eyes were moistened with tears. The conflict was over, the duty was entered on, and the peace which follows the consciousness of having done right came into my heart. Prayer with my beloved ones was no longer a burden, but a delightful privilege; and ere long I had the satisfaction of knowing that the heart of my companion ascended in full unison with my own to the throne of grace. I can now speak freely in my family of the value and sweetness of this service, and to many of them I believe the hour of prayer has become one of the most highly prized of all the day brings us.

THE WIDOW'S PROFLIGATE SON.

A MINISTER from England happening some time since to be at Edinburgh was accosted by a young man in the street who, making an apology for the liberty he was taking said, "I think, Sir, I have heard you at —— chapel?" "You may, probably, Sir," returned the minister, "for I have sometimes ministered there." "Do you remember," rejoined the young man, "a note put up by an afflicted widow, begging the prayers of the congregation for the conversion of an ungodly son?" "I do very well remember such a circumstance," was the reply. "Sir," said the stranger, "I am the very person; and, wonderful to tell, the prayer was effectual. Going with some other abandoned young men one Sunday through ——, and passing by the chapel, I was struck with its appearance, and we agreed to go in and mingle with the crowd, and stop for a few minutes to laugh and mock at the preacher and the people. We had just entered, when you, Sir, read the note requesting the prayers of the congregation for an afflicted widow's profligate son. I was struck to the heart; and, though I had no idea I was the very individual meant, I felt that it expressed the bitterness of a widow's heart who had a child so wicked as I felt myself to be. My mind was instantly solemnized. I could not laugh; my attention was rivetted on the preacher; I heard his prayer and sermon with an impression very different from that which had carried me into the place. From that moment the truths of the Gospel penetrated my heart; I joined the congregation, cried to God in Christ for mercy, and found peace in believing. I became my mother's comfort as I had been her heavy cross, and, through grace, have ever since continued in the ways of the Lord."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CULTIVATE THE MIND.

PERSONAL attractions may for a time fascinate and dazzle the eye. Beauty may please, but beauty alone can never captivate. The lily droops, the rose withers, and beauty sooner or later must

decay; but the charms of the mind are imperishable; they bud and bloom in youth, and continue to flourish as long as life remains. These, and these alone, are the charms that must and will for ever enchant.

BE CONTENT.

THOSE who wish for what they have not, forfeit the enjoyment of what they have. Set a just term to your wishes, and when you have touched it make a stand; happiness only begins where wishes end, and he that hankers after more enjoys nothing.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to say of you what they please.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Junior Clerk: a Tale of City Life. By EDWIN HODDER. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

An interesting and well-written little volume. An admirable present for young men.

The Pilgrim's Progress. London: Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

A very cheap edition of this well-known and useful volume, which now places it within the reach of all.

When I was a Boy; or, She touched the right chord. By Miss MAULEY. London: W. Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

A little book which will give great pleasure and instruction to our young friends.

The Alexandra Magazine. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. Paternoster Row.

We have before us the first and second numbers of this new magazine for ladies, which seems to combine talent with entertainment.

Thoughts on Christian Childhood. By SAMUEL G. GREEN, B.A. London: Stock, Paternoster Row.

A little tract, republished by desire of some who have found it useful.

The Child's Commentator. No. 10. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This valuable little commentary is almost complete. Those who wish to possess an easy help to the reading of the Scriptures cannot do better than secure it.

The Chamois; a Swiss Tale. By VIOLET. London: Stock, Paternoster Row.

A pretty little book, which will especially please the little ones, because it is a true tale.

. A few books not noticed here shall be reviewed next month.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

THE ELDER CHILDREN.—NO. IV.

MOTHERS! have you in your dwellings no portraits which resemble these we have already shown to you? See to it that you are not heaping up days of anguish for yourselves by the bad training of your *first-born*, on whom so much family happiness depends. The influence of companions is proverbial: it often prevails over that of wiser friends; consequently, in comparative trifles, a sister's opinion is often more regarded than a mother's; and this may be the case without in the least detracting from the authority and respect due to the parents in a well-regulated family. At the close of a Sabbath-day one sister said to another, "I fear all we have said and done has not corresponded with the sanctity of the day." "Do you fear this?" replied the younger, with surprise. "I have not thought of it, for I always feel *safe to do as you do*." What an acknowledgment of a sister's influence! How magnified her responsibility! How very important is it to train the eldest aright if others will thus tread in her footsteps! The elder sister's influence, though unnoticed, cannot be unfelt. How much trouble and vexation and real labour does the mother spare herself who prepares her eldest child to aid her with the younger branches. Look at one such happy mother. There she sits, advanced to the sober years of life, but unwrinkled by care; two lovely children are seated on low stools by the side of a graceful girl of sixteen, the eldest daughter; each seems busily plying her needle, whilst the object of mutual interest is a doll, the common delight of young hearts. One is hemming a frock, the other a skirt, while sister Jane is bringing into form and symmetry the various parts necessary to complete the graceful figure. At the other end of the room the second daughter is assisting two other young sisters in the more difficult process of making needle-books and pincushions, while the two little boys of six and four are occupied near her with paper, pencil, and a paint-box. The conversation among the young group is animated, but not loud enough to disturb their mother. "Anna, will you be so kind as to see if this pattern is even?"

"Yes, dear, and let me cut you a pasteboard, for it is too hard for your little fingers." "Oh, thank you, I can do it nicely now." "Anna, I have been trying and trying to make the trunk of my tree straight, will you please to fix it a little?" says Willie, as the pencil and paper are put into the hands of the patient girl. It is soon "fixed," and directions given to the little artist. "Oh!" exclaims little Bessie, "I should like a bit of blue ribbon to put on my cap." "Here is plenty for you," replies Sarah, drawing the very thing that is wanted from the basket. How delightful to look upon such a picture of kindness and love, industry and benevolence! What magic has spread such a sunshine over these faces of peace and contentment? There sits the mother quietly working; she has no trouble in preserving order or promoting happiness. There is no fretting or vexation. She is reaping the fruit of her labours; she has trained her elder children to be a comfort and a help to her; and when this has been the case, the task of educating the others will generally be comparatively easy. In the moral education of your elder children let it be evident to them that you are anxious to prepare them for co-operating with you in rightly educating the younger branches. Impress upon them their obligations and responsibilities to aid you not only in preparing them for earth, but constantly remind them that when earth has passed away these young ones must live in happiness or woe through eternity;—and above all let your example be the constant rule for them to imitate. If you would allure to brighter worlds YOU MUST LEAD THE WAY, or your young charge will certainly miss the right path. Keep constantly before your own mind and before theirs that meeting-place where all the families of the earth shall be seen receiving from the judge of quick and dead their reward, according to the deeds done in the body. If you desire to assemble a whole family in heaven, you must begin early to train your beloved children for a crown of immortality.

CHARLIE'S REVENGE.

"O PAPA, papa, how I hate Nat Selby!" cried Charlie Melville, running into the house one bright summer evening,

with a face crimson with anger. "I hate him more than anyone else in the world, and if I had a knife, I should like to kill him; and—and——." "Stop, Charlie, stop," said Mr. Melville, rising from his seat and drawing towards him the enraged child, "don't say one word more till you can control yourself, and are able to tell the whole story quietly." Charles's face grew redder than ever with the effort of suppressing his wrath; but soon, as he stood by his father, who held one of his hands firmly in his own, the flush of anger gave place to one of shame; he hung his head, and at last said, gently enough, "Papa, I can tell you now, I think." "Then, my boy, say on," replied Mr. Melville kindly, "and tell me how it is that poor Nat has incurred your displeasure; but mind, Charlie," continued the watchful parent, as he marked the angry light again springing to the eye of the child, "command yourself, as a Christian child should, and do not again permit temper to get the better of your sense of right." Thus exhorted, Charlie began:—"You know, papa, this is a half-holiday, so as soon as school was over, we thought we should like to go and fish in the little stream that runs down near the forest. Well, we went, not altogether, but by twos and threes, and Nat came with me." "So far, so good," said Mr. Melville, smiling, as Charlie stopped to take breath. "O, wait a bit, papa," cried the child eagerly, "I haven't told you half yet; you know what a beautiful new fishing-rod you gave me last New Year's-day?" "Yes, my boy, I remember." "Well," continued Charlie, "when we came to the river, Nat showed me his fishing-rod, which was a stupid, shabby, old thing, and said, 'I say, Melville, can't you let me fish with your rod whilst you take mine? Yours is too good for a little chap like you; you are not old enough for such a beauty, but it is just the thing for me;'" and so I said—"You said, I suppose," interrupted Mr. Melville, "that you would be happy to have him use it, and that you hoped he would take care of it; this was what you said, was it not, Charlie?" "No, papa, you know it was not," replied the child, once more reddening with shame, "I said the rod was mine, you had given it me for my own; you did not think it was too good for me, nor I didn't either. I told him, too, that he should not have my rod one minute, and that his own was quite

good enough for such a fellow. So then he got into a rage, and said he would have my rod, and I declared he should not; so he took hold of it to pull it away, and it broke. Now, isn't Nat Selby a horrid fellow?" "At present, I shall not give you my opinion of Nat," replied Mr. Melville quietly; "but I will ask you a question instead. Tell me, my boy, what do you think of Charlie Melville?" Charlie made no reply, and his father continued, "My child, you forgot to make allowance for poor Nat, who is an orphan, and has no one to teach or tell him what is right; but, Charlie, you do not appear to blame yourself, though you have sinned against clearer light and greater knowledge. Was it not unkind of you to refuse to Nat what he asked? Would it not have been better at once to have yielded: and is it not your own naughty temper which has been the means of spoiling your rod? If only you had lent it to him as he wished, all would have been well. Nat would have been pleased and grateful, and your own conscience would have commended you." So saying, Mr. Melville laid his hand kindly on the shoulder of the child, and drawing him towards him, whispered in his ear, "Go to your room, Charlie, and ask God to help you to overcome your wicked heart, and to make you feel kindly towards poor Nat."

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

WE deeply and tenderly sympathize with the bereaved mother: but let none weep as if her case were harder than the rest, as if she were the only one whose heart is thus wounded. Doubtless there are at this moment, even in this land, hundreds of tender, affectionate mothers, who have just been bereft of sweet little ones, whose smiling looks or engaging prattle have wound many a silken cord round her heart, and made it doubly hard to part with her darling. To the poor bereaved one, who has not the consolations of religion, the stroke must fall with a tenfold weight. Should any such read these pages, we would most affectionately urge them at once to fly to God for refuge, to implore Him, for Christ's sake, to grant them forgiveness of their sins and the supporting influences of His friendship and favour. But there

are, we feel sure, large numbers of these mourners who, though possessed of real religion; yet feel it a hard task to lay their little ones in the cold, dark tomb, and there to leave them. All our maternal feelings revolt against this, and Satan, who is cruel as well as wily in his suggestions, will be doubly busy in harrassing us in every season of sorrow and distress. Let us be aware of this fact, and not suffer him to gain any advantage over us. Let us remember that God, our Heavenly Father, is our *Creator*; that we and our children, too, are His sole property; "we are not our own," and He has a right to do with us what He will. Let us duly consider, too, that He has revealed Himself in His blessed word as a Being of infinite wisdom, infinite goodness, and infinite love; therefore He cannot err, cannot make a mistake, neither can He, nor will He, do anything that is unkind or contrary to His boundless benevolence and love. We should remember that God *only* sees the end from the beginning. That little, lovely one, who is taken in early infancy, before its mental powers are sufficiently developed for it to distinguish right from wrong, and so to become accountable to God, is, through the merits of the Saviour, safe in heaven—safe from all the evil influences which would assuredly have bestrewed its path. Let loving, Christian parents fully realize this idea, and will they not see cause to rejoice in the certain and eternal happiness of those they love so tenderly? None of us would be so madly foolish as to allow our little ones to eat poisonous berries because they look bright and pretty, and the child cries for them! nor to run into the sleeping tiger's cage, because its handsome, soft fur was attractive to the ignorant little creature! Is it right, then, that we should manifest a rebellious spirit when our Heavenly Father takes away from us those who might, perhaps, have led us to forget Him, and to place our affections too much on them? We well remember a case, told us by the lady herself, some years ago. Her child, a handsome, noble-looking boy, such as is rarely seen, was taken dangerously ill; her sympathizing minister called, and was importuned to pray with all the earnestness of which he was capable, for the child's recovery, the mother joining, as she herself related, in beseeching the Lord to spare the life of her darling, whatever else she might suffer. The

prayer was heard, the child recovered from that hour ; he grew up to manhood ; but, alas ! he went astray from God, was a constant grief, trouble, and expense to his godly parents, who saw and felt, when too late, how sadly they had erred in interfering with the order of God. " Oh," said his aged mother, as she was fast descending the hill of life, " Oh that I had not been so self-willed ! God knew better than I did. Oh that I had but said, ' Not my will but Thine be done ; ' but, alas, I was too much like the Israelites of old, of whom it is said, ' God gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul.' "

THE TENDER PLANT REMOVED TO A MORE GENIAL CLIME.

THE gardener brought me once a lovely flower,
So sweet and fair, it was the florist's pride ;
But as I looked and loved, in one short hour,
The east wind blew, my treasure drooped and died.

Alas ! I might have known it would be so,
It was a plant of rare exotic grace ;
It needed warmth and shelter thus to blow,
And I had hoped my garden was the place !

The gardener came. He used his pruning-knife,
" This flower," said he, " won't flourish in this soil ;
I'll take it to my care ; restore its life,
And give it tenfold beauty in a while."

I silent stood. He took it from my sight,
And bade me patiently endure my doom ;
And in due time, in realms of glorious light,
I should behold it in perennial bloom.

Struck dumb, confounded, I sincerely tried
To be resigned ; but still I mourned and wept.
" Why did He give it me ? " I sadly cried,
" And then so soon take back His precious gift ? "

He spoke again. " Forbear to sigh and groan ;
Patient submission would thee best befit.
That plant was not a gift ; 'twas but a loan,
And thou dost lack the skill to culture it."

A ray of heavenly light illumed my heart ;
I saw that it was *wrong* to doubt His skill ;
That 'twas my wisdom to endure the smart,
And bow with sweet submission to His will.

H. E.

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.—No. 5.

"WELL Tom, I have not seen you for a long time, where have you been?" "Ah, Joe, I didn't expect to meet you, or I would not have come along here, it is two months since we parted." "Have you been ill, Tom?" "No, but,—I've been in prison." "In prison! Tom, how was that?" "Oh, I got into trouble all through drink; I did not know what I did, I was set on by others, and I assaulted the police." "I hope, Tom, you have had a lesson which you will never forget, and as it seems that you cannot refrain from drinking too much when you once begin, if I were you I would leave it off altogether." "I don't think I should take too much Joe, if I was left to myself, it is when I get along with others, who lead me on from little to more." "Cannot you keep away from those men then? come, you know how I should like to see more of you; when you want company come to me, and I will promise you I will not tempt you too much; and if you do not dislike my company, I think we shall get on. I don't say so because I think, or want you to think, I am so much better than others, but God has in mercy given me a taste for other and for better things, so that I do not care for what the world calls pleasure. Mind, I am as fond of real pleasure as any one—as you shall see if you come to visit me. The pleasure I like is that which I know God likes, and the way to enjoy life, is, I think, to do just what will bring glory to God, instead of glory to oneself, and *that* 'makes the difference.' When you are thinking of doing something, just say to yourself, 'Now will that please God? can I bring glory and honour to His name? if not I will not do it, if it will, I *will* do it.'" "Joe, I *did* try; oh! I *did* try. After I left you last, do you remember that night? *I do*—and as I walked away from your house, I tried to pray, and just as I was trying, I met my old mates, who got me with them, and I forgot all about it. Oh! if I had but gone straight home! I felt so strong when I left you." "Tom, there was your mistake, or rather there was Satan's temptation; if you feel strong what need is there of help? Aye! it is when we feel weak and helpless that we go to some one for aid; you thought

you could stand by yourself, and God let you try; now never do that, always remember that you are a poor, weak, helpless being, but that God is strong, rich, and helpful, and will give you strength just as you *feel* you are weak; you are only truly strong when you know your utter weakness. And now let me tell you that since I saw you, I have been raised to be a foreman, I have moved from the little house where you came, and have got a better one but you must not mind that, come in when ever you like. And now, if you will come with me, I will give you some work, as I daresay you have not got anything to do yet, and your wife must want a little, I am sure, to go on with, so I'll advance you a week's wages. Go home and make things comfortable, and above all, Tom, make God your friend. I shall, I hope, see you on the works to-morrow morning at five o'clock." "Thank you, Joe,—may I call you Joe, still?" "Yes, my lad, certainly." HORACE.

THE DYING MOTHER'S PRAYER, AND HOW IT WAS ANSWERED.

"MAY the great and merciful God bless and preserve you, my darling children, and send you help when your mother lies in the silent grave!" Thus spoke the dying woman to her two little ones, whom she was so soon to leave orphans in the friendless world. It was a wretched bed on which she lay, and a scantily-furnished room in which it stood. She had once known better days, but that time was long since passed, and Mary and Carrie would be penniless orphans when their mother was gone. It was a great trial to that mother's faith to leave those dearly-loved ones, without a friend to help them, with all the world's temptations around them, and no kind hand to stay their steps from taking the evil path; and in view of all this it was hard to believe that her leaving them was for the best. How she prayed and wrestled with her Father in heaven to protect these helpless lambs, no one but that God who listens to each petition knew. Now the time to die had come, and "Thy will be done" seemed as yet hard to say when she took a glance at the two little ones by her side. "Mary, Carrie, I could die so happy, if only I knew

what will become of you." "Mother," said Mary, softly, "I believe God will protect us, don't you?" That child's simple faith, how it rebuked the dying Christian! "Oh, Mary, my faith is weak indeed, but I do trust in God; I do believe, dear, my earnest prayers will be answered. I am thankful to say I can leave you now. God will provide; trust in Him always, children, He will never forsake you. Meet me in heaven, Mary, Carrie both. Good-bye, my children." The last breath was drawn, the last sigh heaved, the happy spirit had fled. Mary and Carrie were motherless.

The funeral had taken place, and for the first time, as they stood by their mother's grave, the children felt their desolate position. The landlady where they lodged had given them shelter until the funeral was over, but she was poor, and could not afford to keep them any longer. "What shall we do, sister?" said Carrie; "where shall we sleep to-night?" "I do not know, Carrie," and Mary's tears flowed freely. "I wonder if mother can see us; do you think she can, Mary?" "I scarcely know, but I should think she could, Carrie." "Well, if she can, surely she will tell God about us, and ask Him to help us; wouldn't I, if I were so near to Him." "She did ask Him, Carrie, before she left us." "Then why does He not help us?" "I don't know, only mother said we were always to trust, and I mean to try." "How sorry mother must be to see us now, so cold and hungry, with no home." "No, Carrie, there is no sorrow in heaven, mother told me so." "Then she will never be cold nor hungry again?" "Oh, no, Carrie." "How nice! don't you wish God would be quick and take us to heaven?" "We must wait and trust, darling." "Yes, but I should so like to go." "Suppose we ask Him to come and fetch us." "Oh! yes, do Mary;" and the little orphans knelt by their mother's grave and poured forth an earnest petition that God would take them very soon to Himself. They asked in simple faith, doubting not, and their prayer was heard in heaven. The darkness came on, the clouds gathered, and soon the snow began to fall. The little orphans crept closely together, and laid their heads on the damp grave, their only pillow, but not long after the biting cold and falling flakes were forgotten, for they slept. The morning broke; the

snowstorm was over, and soon the cold air was softened by the sun's bright rays. It shone down on the gloomy churchyard, on the carved tombstones and the simple stoneless grave, on the church, so still and solemn, and the leafless trees which surrounded it, and on a newly-made pauper's grave, where it beheld a new sight. Two children lay there, their heads resting on the raised turf, their small fair arms twined closely around each other, their pale faces turned upwards to the skies. The frozen tears were resting on their bloodless cheeks, the snow was lodging in their golden hair, whilst the bleak wind tossed their long curls with its breath. Two little frozen corpses! but what did it matter now? Mary and Carrie were not there. An angel had come during the night and borne their spirits away; above the damp churchyard and cold falling snow, above! to heaven and home. The mother's prayer had been heard; they were lodged safe from every snare in their Father's house. The orphans' cry had been listened to; Mary and Carrie had been "fetched" to that home they had so longed to enter, where they would never hunger nor thirst any more. Yes, One above had seen how rough and dangerous His young lambs' path appeared, and, in the gentlest manner possible, He had taken them away to be with Himself. How good and merciful our God is! Why are we so slow and faithless in believing? Trust Him at all times. "Rest in Him, and wait patiently for Him," believing that in His own good time "He will bring it to pass."

A. W.

THE MOTHER'S TRIALS.—No. 4.

WHILE speaking of the mother's trials, may we be permitted to say a word to fathers as well? With all the failings, the incorrect outline, the incorrect filling up which you see in your wives, bear in mind that they too have their trials; they are not all on your side, as you are so apt to suppose. The world affords enough for you both to groan under; endeavour to "bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Remember that they are "the weaker vessels," and so need consideration and kindness; they have many physical sources of trial and suffering which you cannot share, and which may render their already over-

taxed sensibilities particularly acute. For your family's sake, try to merge your stronger views. With your children, endeavour to come down to them as a friend, as companion. In explanation of what we mean, we quote from a letter of a son to his mother during her absence from home:—"Since you have been gone I have felt oppressed with a load which I could not shake off. As children, we find in papa nothing but the austere and the stern, except in those momentary flashes of exuberance of spirits; and I feel the want of some one to whom I could go with the assurance of sympathy and cordiality about anything that is on my mind. I have especially felt this lately; there is a want of mingling of spirit, a sort of restraint and distance far from agreeable." Learn, too, to distinguish between *faults* and *sins*; between *thoughtlessness* or *abruptness* and *intentional rudeness* or *insult*; or you may command them, but you will never have the *command* of them. Above all, it is needful for *parents*, fathers and mothers, to give themselves to prayer, that "the Holy Spirit may help their infirmities." They, in a peculiar manner, need much of "the wisdom that cometh from above, which is pure, peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." It is only from the earnest desire "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth," with no moral deformities or stunted growth; "that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace," that we have been led to refer to these failures in home-training which mar otherwise beautiful characters, and render our highest efforts for success unavailing. We have preferred letting individuals speak for themselves, that it may be the more convincing, and do away with the idea that they are supposed cases. May the Author of all good direct these remarks, and give them His blessing, then will thankfulness spring up in the heart of

AUNT MARTHA.

Rest in the Lord; and on Him wait,
He holds the balance of your fate,
And neither doubt nor fear.

Remember, whereso'er you go,
Whate'er your trial, trouble, woe,
His power and love are near.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

THE glorious light of the setting sun
 Was fading fast away,
 And the dark, deep shadows of eventide
 Proclaimed the close of day.

A mother's heart was praying
 For blessings on her son,
 That God's converting grace might rest
 On him, her only one.

Youthful and strong, his heart rejoiced,
 He gloried in his youth ;
 Yet was an alien—far from God,
 A stranger to the truth.

And the mother's heart was heavy,
 Her face a sadness wore,
 For she felt that soon with her
 Life's warfare would be o'er.

But oh ! how could she die and leave
 Her boy in Satan's hold ?
 How earnestly she prayed that Christ
 Would guide him to the fold.

That fold where Christ is Shepherd,
 Where weary ones may rest
 Within the pastures of His love,
 And be for ever blest.

The twilight deepened into night,
 As God looked down in love,
 And the mother's prayer was registered
 In the record book above.

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Far off in a distant city,
 A young man knelt in prayer ;
 His heart was full, his voice was choked,
 For Christ had found him there,

And filled his soul with quiet joy,
 And breathed a holy peace
 Upon the heart where sin had reigned,
 And bade its tumult cease.

Now a new creature he arose—
 New in his hopes and aims,
 And in his Master's strength went forth
 To fulfil that Master's claims.

To live for the cause of Christ on earth,
To wage a war with sin,
And into the fold he had entered now,
Some wandering lambs to win.

The mother's prayers are answered,
Her boy is gathered in
To the family of ransomed ones,
From the dark byways of sin.

L. ST. C.

A MOMENT'S ANGER, A LIFE'S SORROW.

It is important that parents should have faith in their children, and try to understand that they may feel very deeply, though young and afraid to show it. Oh! how often are children treated unjustly, simply because parents will not have patience to hear what they have to say, and to carefully find out whether it is true before punishing them. I read some time ago, of a mother who in punishing a little boy for telling a lie, as she thought, although it was afterwards proved he did not, hit him with a little switch over the side of his forehead and killed him instantly—a mere accident of course, but yet a dreadful one, which drove the unhappy mother mad. A father writes a fact on this subject; he says, "My little boy, a dark-eyed, ingenuous, frank-hearted child, had been playing about my table; I left for a moment, and on my return, found that my long penholder was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it? He answered at once that he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him in the face of his declaration with having taken and mislaid, or lost it. He looked me earnestly in the face and said, "No, I didn't take it, father." I then took him upon my lap, enlarged upon the wickedness of telling an untruth, told him that I did not care so much about the pen, and in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered him a reward for a confession—the reward, be it understood, and a dear one to him, of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears came into his eyes and he seemed about to tell the whole truth, as I should have thought it to be, when my eye caught the end of the

pen protruding from a portfolio where I myself had placed it. All this may seem a mere trifle, and perhaps it is, yet I shall remember it for a long time."

We will give you another true example, which occurred in a family some time since. One evening, the father came home wearied with a long day's labour, and vexed at some little disappointments which had soured his naturally gentle disposition and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood, his wife entered the room and said, "Henry is just come in, and he is a perfect fright! he is covered from head to foot with dock-mud, and is as wet as possible." "Where is he?" asked the father sternly. "He is shivering before the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come up here when the girl told him you were come home." "Tell Jane to bid him come up here instantly!" was the brief reply to this information. Presently the poor boy entered, half-perished with fright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly for his disobedience, spoke of the punishment he would get in the morning as the penalty for his offence, and in a harsh voice concluded with "Now, Sir, go to bed!" "But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you—" "Not a word, Sir, go to bed!" "I only wanted to say, father, that—" with a peremptory stamp, an angry wave of his hand towards the door, and the frown upon his brow, did that father without other speech, again close the door of explanation and expostulation. When his boy had gone supperless and sad to bed, the father sat restless and uneasy, and at tea ate but little. His wife saw the real cause of his additional emotion, and interposed the remark, "I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him, when he turned away with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy after all, if he does sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was." After tea the evening paper was taken up, but there was no news of interest for the father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bedroom where his little boy slept, he thought he would look

in upon him before retiring to rest. He crept to his low bed and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek and rested upon it, but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son; he felt also the sense of duty, yet at night, talking over the matter with the lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning, for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence. But that morning never came to the poor child in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever on his brain, and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bedside. Waiting, watching, for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up those dying eyes, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear and been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death. Two days after, the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased, came with him. "I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water; we were playing down at the long wharf, Henry, and Charles Mumford and I, and the tide was out. There was a beam ran out from the wharf, and Charles got on it to get a fish-line that hung over where the water was deep; and the next thing we saw, he had slipped off and was struggling in the water! Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and after a great deal of hard work got Charles out, and they waded up through the mud, to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery, and then I helped them to climb up the side. Henry was very sorry, and all the way going home he kept on saying, "What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf." "Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the father, "and this was the explanation which I so cruelly refused to hear!" and hot, bitter tears rolled down

his cheeks. Yes; that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another! Let me close this account in the very words of that father, and may the lesson sink deep into the heart of every parent who shall read it. "Everything that I now see that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday, I found some rude pencil sketches, which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them; and every morning and evening I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his playmates. All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot, though I have often tried—I cannot recall any other expression of the dear boy's face, than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh." Oh! how careful should we all be, that in our daily conduct towards those little beings sent us by kind providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear.

"I AM GOING TO BE AN ANGEL."

THE last rays of the setting sun stole through the dancing leaves, and shed a golden radiance over a lovely garden, imparting an additional beauty to every bud and blossom. But the fairest flower upon which the sunbeams shone was a pale child, who stood inhaling the perfumed air and surveying with apparent delight the many-hued flowers. As she looked and admired, her blue eyes sparkled, and a faint colour just tinged her fair cheek as if reflected from the roses. Presently her attention was withdrawn from the flowers and directed to the sky, which the sun's departing rays had dyed with gorgeous hues. As the child stood enraptured with the beauty of the sky, light fingers strayed through her sunny tresses, fond eyes were bent upon her, and a voice sweet and gentle said, "Of what are you thinking, Lillie?" The child pointed upward with her slender finger, saying, "Oh,

mamma, how beautiful! How I should like to be away up there with the angels!" The mother looked up and answered, "Yes, darling, the clouds are very beautiful to-night." "But, mamma, do you know what makes them so beautiful? I do; it is because the angels are in them, and I was just thinking that when I died, may be I would look right down here, sometimes, upon you, mamma. Say, don't you think I will?" The mother made no reply, for tears were in her eyes and a shadow upon her brow, and tenderly embracing the fragile little creature and kissing her white forehead, she tried to divert her thoughts. But the child continued, "Mamma, I want to be an angel; but I don't want to die as little Bessie did, and be put in the cold ground. You won't let me die and be buried up, will you, mamma?" "When the Saviour calls my little lamb I shall have to give her up. You would be willing to go to Jesus and never be ill any more, wouldn't you, darling?" "Yes, mamma, if He would take me right up to the beautiful sky; but, oh, mamma, I don't want to be put in the ground." The mother kissed the tearful eyes, and caressing the trembling form said, "Don't you remember, darling, the little dark root you saw me plant here in the spring?" "Oh! yes, mamma, I remember you dug a little hole in the ground and put it in and then you covered it all up." "Do you know what became of that little root, Lillie?" "Oh, yes, mamma, I do," replied the child, with brightened eyes, "It came up with two lovely green leaves, and it grew into this tall shrub which has so many lovely flowers upon it." "If I had not planted the root in the cold, dark ground should we have had these sweet flowers which you love so well, Lillie?" "No, mamma, we should not." "Listen to me, darling. We must die and be buried in the cold ground that our spirits may rise up—as these flowers do above the earth—in beauty and purity to heaven. If we do not die, my child, we can never go to heaven to live with Christ and the angels." The child looked for an instant upon the flowers, then exclaimed, with her fair face and blue eyes radiant with hope, "Oh, mamma, I do not feel afraid now to die and be buried in the ground, because I shall not stay there, but I shall rise up far more beautiful than I am now to live away up in the blue sky with Christ and the angels." Little Lillie never thought again

of being afraid to die; but when at length she lay upon her little bed, and could not walk or be carried out into the garden to look at the flowers and the sunset clouds she thought of that beautiful home whither she was going, and as her blue eyes closed in death she murmured, "Mamma, I am not afraid to be put into the ground for I am going to be an angel,"

THE DEAD NEVER GROW OLD.

THE dead never grow old. Your little brother or sister, who died long years ago, remains in death and in remembrance the same young thing for ever. It is fourteen years since my loved sister left this world. She was fifteen years old then; she is fifteen years old yet. I have grown older by fourteen years, but she has never changed as they advanced; and if God spares me to fourscore, I shall never think of her as other than the youthful creature she faded. The other day I listened as a poor woman told of the death of her first-born child. He was two years old. She had a small washing-green, across which was stretched a rope that came in the middle close to the ground. The boy was leaning on the rope swinging backwards and forwards, and shouting with delight. The mother went into her cottage, and lost sight of him for a moment, and when she returned, he was lying across the rope, dead. It had got under his chin, he had not sense to push it away, and he was suffocated. The mother told me, and I believe truly, that she had never been the same since; but the thing which mainly struck me was that, though it is eighteen years since then, she thought of her child as an infant of two years yet; it is a little child she looks for to meet her at the gate of the Golden City. Had her child lived, he would have been twenty years old now; he died, and he is only two. The little rosy face of that morning, and the little half-articulate voice would have been faintly remembered by the mother had they gradually died into boyhood and manhood; but that day stereotyped them; they remain unchanged. Have you seen the face that had grown old in life grow young after death; the expression of many years ago, lost for long, come out startling

in the features fixed and cold? Most people have seen it; and it is sometimes strange how rapidly the change takes place. The marks of pain fade out, and with them the marks of age. I once saw an aged lady die. She had borne sharp pain for many days; she had to bear it to the very last. The features were tense and rigid with suffering; they remained so while life remained. It was a beautiful sight to see the change that took place in the very instant of dissolution. The features, sharp for many days with pain, in that instant recovered the old aspect of quietude which they bore in health—the tense, tight look was gone. You saw the signs of pain go out; you felt that all suffering was over. It was no more, of course, than the working of physical law; but in that case it seemed as if there was a further meaning conveyed. And so it seems to me, when the young look comes back on the departed Christian's face. Gone, it seems to say, where the progress of time shall no longer bring age and decay; gone where there are beings whose life may be reckoned by centuries, but in whom life is fresh and young, and always will be so. Close the aged eyes! Fold the aged hands in rest! Their owner is no longer old!

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's nod of approbation or sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with birds' nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants and almost imperceptible animals; with humming bees and glass beehives; with pleasant walks and shady lanes; and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good, to God himself.

ONLY ONE GOD.

A LITTLE boy was once asked by his mother how many gods

there were? A younger brother who stood by heard the question, and instantly replied, "Why, one to be sure." "But how do you know?" inquired the other. "Because," answered the little fellow with promptness, "God fills every place, so there is no room for any more."

THE saint is greater than the sage; and discipleship to Christ is the pinnacle of human dignity.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Book for Young Women. A Book for Wives and Mothers. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

Two little books containing good advice and useful hints to the class: they are specially intended for.

The Book of Prayer for the House of Prayer. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

The First Step of a Close Walk with God. By C. H. DE BOGATSKY. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

The name of the writer of this work will ensure its being well worth studying.

Does the Cap Fit? London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

A small book, calculated to teach some useful lessons.

The Alexandra Magazine. No. 3. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The third number of this new magazine contains some interesting and instructive papers.

The Child's Commentator. By ILLIAM COBBIN, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The Orphans. By FRANZ HOFFMAN. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt. Paternoster Row.

A very affecting tale of the cruel treatment of two orphans by their uncle, and his punishment, translated from the German.

Guiseppe, the Italian Boy. The Cottage by the Lake; or, the Wilmer Family. London: Wertheim and Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

Two well got up and interestingly written little volumes for our young friends.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

A MOTHER'S IMPORTANCE.

NEXT to the minister of religion, in extent of moral influence, is the *mother*. The character of children is almost at a mother's option what it shall be. Everything she does, all the answers she gives to the never-ending questions of her little ones, even the very toys she puts into their hands, and her looks, as well as her words and actions, are all forming the character of the young immortals now playing at her feet. Tastes are often acquired, and habits formed which exist through life, that may be distinctly traced to apparently trivial circumstances. This fact cannot be too indelibly impressed upon our minds. The first plaything ever given to Napoleon Buonaparte was the model of a BRASS CANNON; and who can tell the influence that warlike toy excited on the whole life of that celebrated chieftain? Who will say that the little brass cannon was not the indirect cause of the butchery of millions of our fellow-creatures; of the groans and tears of widows and orphans that filled the land; and, more than all, of the *eternal* loss of myriads of immortal souls. But for that toy, and instead of a hero wading through the blood of his countrymen to the attainment of his ambitious purposes, we might have seen, for aught we know, a powerful minister of Christ, a second Paul, one who, by the superiority of his mind in the hands of God, might have created a new era in the civil and religious history of the world. What great effects result from little things! It is impossible to look at a mother, surrounded by a group of earnest-looking boys, without following them into the future. We think, as we gaze on them, of their lot in future life, and of the mighty influence that mother, *through them*, will exercise on society down to the end of time. They, if they live, must fill important stations in our world. If we might read prophecies going before upon them, we should see each in his sphere; and if prayers be heard, each adorning and honouring it. There, in that young group, you behold the future *merchant*, upright and benevolent, with other God than mammon, and other godlings than gain; his ships harbingers of good to the farthest shore-

There is the *jurist*, meditating the principles of his science, holding forth law as the shield of defence, true to the high principles his mother taught him. Among them may be the *pleader*, asserting the cause of the poor and oppressed; and in that fearless boy's face you behold the *navigator*, launching forth in quest of unknown lands, redeeming some noble adventure from undeserved opprobrium, converting the future of the seas to their destined use, and not only in seamanship, but in religion, guiding his voyage by heaven. In one we see the *skilful healer*, by the side of the sick and dying bed, plying the secrets of nature which he has gathered up into his art, adding graceful tenderness to inevitable severity of treatment—lifting up from sickness and bringing back from death, and pointing the sufferer to that place of rest where sickness and death are excluded. The hand of that thinking, imaginative boy creates the *painting* and the *sculpture* which ennoble a country and mark an age. The noble voice of that reciting lad may one day be heard in the *senate*; and that more gentle one may delight in being the teacher of the young, and cause his mother to live again by the lessons he will remember and give from his own storehouse, well filled by that mother's mind in early infancy. And there, in that interesting little company we behold the future pastors of our churches, men of light and love—men of knowledge and zeal—men of power and earnestness. There, too, we see the young missionary, the ambassador to the heathen, possessing a spirit that shall surpass all that discoverers have known of ardour, or philanthropists have known of disinterestedness. That young soldier of the cross, as he enters the battle plain, unfurling the blood-stained banner, counts not his life dear unto him as he follows his mighty captain. Mothers! sisters! women! can you look unmoved on a family of children? If you can, we pity you.

CHARLIE'S REVENGE.—No. 2

It was nearly Charlie's bed time when he returned to the room where his father was still sitting. Mr. Melville looked up and attentively studied the child's face as he walked towards him.

His cheeks were pale now, for the flush of anger and shame had gone, and his lips were firmly set as though with some inward conflict past, but his full dark eyes shone brightly and happily from under their wet lashes. Mr. Melville extended his hand to the boy, who laid his own quietly in it. Well, Charlie, have you from your heart forgiven Nat?" asked the father quietly. "Papa," replied Charlie, in a low but steady voice, "Nat has broken my rod, and I have made up my mind to have my revenge." Mr. Melville started, and again scanned his child's face attentively. There was no malice in the clear truthful eyes, no angry glow on the cheek, no tremulousness in the soft little hand. There was no revenge in the child's face, whatever there may have been in his heart. "Explain yourself, my boy," said Mr. Melville, "you surely should not make Nat a greater enemy by acting unfor-
givingly towards him!" "No, dear Papa," answered Charlie earnestly, "you don't understand me, I mean to take the Testament revenge, I am going to heap coals of fire on his head. I want to give him a fishing rod just like the one that has been broken." Mr. Melville was touched as well as relieved. Grasping Charlie by both hands, while his eyes glistened through great tears, he said, "God bless you, dear boy, you have determined wisely and well; but how shall you carry out this intention of yours?" "You know, Papa," answered the child, "I have some money with which I intended, when I could add some more, to buy a watch; besides this, it is my birthday in a few days, and I thought, if you would be so kind as to give me money instead of a present, I should be very glad." "Have you considered the self-denial all this will involve?" asked Mr. Melville. "Yes Papa, I have thought it all over, and have quite made up my mind," replied Charlie. "Very well, then, my boy, so be it," was the rejoinder; and there the conversation ended.

Charlie's birthday came, and he received a present of money, which, with what he already possessed, was sufficient to make up the amount required. The fishing-rod was procured, and how the boy's eyes glistened as he marched away one pleasant evening with the new treasure safely in his grasp, to the house where Nat Selby lived with his cross old uncle. Nat looked surprised when Charlie asked him to come and fish with him; he complied.

however, and the two boys went down to the stream, Nat with his old rod as before. While they were baiting their hooks Charlie said, "Nat, I should like to try that fishing-rod of yours; let us change." Nat was amazed, but said nothing, merely finished baiting his hook, and passed his old shabby rod over to his companion and took Charlie's in return. While he did so, he caught sight of a little strip of paper stuck into the handle, and which had hitherto been hidden in Charlie's hand; on it was written, in childish writing, these words, "This is for your own, dear Nat, and I am sorry I was unkind to you the other day." Nat stared vacantly around him for a moment or two, then, with a great sob, he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands. When, at last, he was able to speak, he said, "O! Charlie, Charlie, it was all my fault your rod was broken; I'm so very sorry, please forgive me." "Never mind, Nat," replied the little fellow, himself nearly overcome, "don't cry, I was very wrong too; but now you've got another rod, I want you to give me your old one for my own, and that will make me think of all that has passed between us, and will say when I want to get angry, 'Charlie, remember.'" Nat and Charlie parted firm friends, and, as far as I know, never again quarrelled. On Charlie's return home, his papa presented him with a beautiful new fishing-rod, as a proof of his love and approval. Dear young friends, there would be very little malice and anger in the world if people would only confine themselves to the Testament revenge, doing good to their enemies, and in heaping coals of warming melting fire upon their heads. There is a real, heartfelt satisfaction in such a retaliation as this. Take for your maxim and rule of conduct this text, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," and when you feel inclined to resent injury, remember what success attended Charlie's revenge.

M. E. R.

"NOT NOW."

THE beautiful autumn day was fast closing in, and the evening shadows were falling darkly around, as two girls, about the ages of seventeen and eighteen, stood by the window of the sitting

room belonging to the home of Emily Arnold, the elder of them. They were gazing out into the deepening twilight in silence until Emily asked gently, "Are you not well, dear Marion? you seem unusually low-spirited to-night." "Yes, I am very well thank you," was the reply, "but I am awfully dull; that sermon of Mr. Clyde's last night, keeps haunting me, and as for the text that has been ringing in my ears all day, I cannot get rid of it." "Why should you wish to?" asked Emily, "It is a solemn subject I know, but if we look to Christ, and trust entirely in his precious atoning blood, we need not be afraid of Him as a judge dear." Marion looked discontented and unhappy, as she answered, "It is all very well for you to talk so, you do love and serve God but I do not, that makes all the difference; I cannot bear even to *think* about death, and when Mr. Clyde read out those words "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," and went on to show the solemnity of the subject, I felt utterly miserable, and have done so ever since. I wish ministers would not choose such texts," she added pettishly. "What would you have them choose?" enquired Emily in a tone of deep sadness, for Marion's words had sunk deeply into her heart, "would you have them preach only from such texts as would suit our self-righteousness and pride? Would you have God's own servants cry, "Peace, peace where there is no peace?" Oh! Marion you cannot mean what you said, you must know that death will come to us all, and that out of Christ we are not safe for an hour. God's Holy Spirit is striving with you now, dear, do not refuse His overtures; but go to Christ as a little child for forgiveness, and then live for Him and for His cause, then you will not fear death, but will be able to say, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." "I do mean to be a Christian some day," replied Marion, "When I am older and wiser, but I intend to enjoy life first; I have no notion of a gloomy girlhood, there's time enough yet." "Religion would not make you gloomy," answered Emily with a sweet smile, "On the contrary, you will never find so much happiness in the world as in the service of Christ and when you are older, Marion, your heart will not be so open to impression as it is now, every year you will grow colder and more indifferent, remember who it is that says, "He that is not

with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad," and think that He is to be your judge; besides, you may not live to be much older, the great Reaper has smitten down many as young and younger than you and I, and why should not we be among the next?" In spite of herself Marion was touched by her friend's faithful earnestness, and her heart acknowledged the truth of all she said, but the love of the world was strong in that heart, and choked the better feelings as she answered, "Do not put such thoughts into my mind Emily, there is no likelihood of my dying yet, see how strong, I am, you need not look so sad Emily, indeed, I mean to be a Christian some time, perhaps soon, but not yet." Emily's eyes filled with tears as she looked tenderly at her, saying, "Marion you put me so forcibly in mind of some lines which Mr. Clyde repeated last summer, you seem to be saying, 'I will enjoy myself while I am able, while I have the relish for pleasure, and after that, I can serve Christ,' do you know what lines I mean dear?" "I don't think I do. I do not recollect Mr. Clyde ever repeating any poetry.—Was it one of his sermons?" "Yes he was speaking to the young on the danger of procrastination, and he repeated these verses, saying, he feared they were the language of many a heart:—

"I am too young, the stirring voice of morning
 Calls me to wander gaily while I may:
 My heart leaps up, restraint and taskwork scorning,
 Not, now; the hard-worn steep, the narrow way,
 When it is right, and in the world's wide meadow,
 The pleasant paths I can no longer see,
 I will sit down and rest in the deep shadow
 Of Him who died for me.

"I am too happy. Love and Hope hath bound me
 A willing captive with a chain of flowers;
 Music and mirth are floating all around me—
 I cannot give to God the sunny hours
 When Time shall bring my treasures' desolation,
 When no more sweetness in life's cup shall be
 The bitter dregs will do for a libation
 To Him who died for me.

Emily looked at her friend sadly as she repeated the last lines and said gently, "Marion, surely we owe something better than

the dregs of life to the Lord of Life and Glory who has loved us with such an all-surpassing love. I think, to say nothing more, it is so ungrateful, so mean, to determine to serve Christ when we are no longer able to serve Satan. Forgive me, dear, if I speak too warmly, but the very best of our days should be given to Christ, while we have health and strength to labour for Him. His cause needs earnest workers, and we cannot do too much for Him who has done so very much for us." "I wish I were like you," Marion said, as a tear started to her eye, "I want to walk on the road to heaven, but there are so many things I cannot give up yet; I must enjoy pleasure a little longer, and I am only seventeen you know, Emily, and when I mention anything about religion at home mamma says I am too young to think about such subjects, and she ought to know best; but Emily, don't look so unhappy, I will be good some day. But see how late it is getting I positively must go. Good-bye, dear!" and kissing her friend affectionately she ran down the garden walk, while Emily stood at the window watching her retreating figure with a mournful tenderness. "Poor Marion," she sighed, as she turned away, "if she had been trained aright, if she had but such a mother as mine, what an ornament she might have been to the Church of Christ, so amiable, so gifted and loving as she is, but home influence is all against Christ, and how can I wonder that she loves the world so much. Oh, how thankful I must be to God for my own dear mother, whose prayers and example have led me to Christ, in whom I have found rest and peace."

Emily's eyes filled with tears as she bent her head in humble gratefulness to her Heavenly Father and then besought a blessing on the erring one.

BEYOND THE CLOUD.

DARK clouds were spread across the sky
The low wind moaned, and rain-drops fell
With hissing noise on hill-tops high,
But softly on the dell.

The thunder pealed forth long and loud,
The lightning flashed a pale blue gleam,
And stately trees their proud heads bowed
Beside the swollen stream.

An eagle from his eyrie grim
 Looked down upon the troubled sky,
 Shook off the rain-drops from his wing,
 Then mounted up on high.
 Far up into the sunshine warm,
 There basked he in the pleasant light,
Beneath him was the raging storm,
 Above 'twas calm and bright.

Oh! when across thy sunny sky,
 Dark clouds of care and sorrow roll,
 Without one gleam to cheer thine eye,
 Or animate thy soul;
 When "adverse fortune" makes thee sad,
 Or loved friends fail and cause thee grief,
 When nought below can make thee glad,
 Or bring thee sweet relief;

Then, then upon faith's eagle wing,
 Beyond these clouds of trouble soar,
 Up to where voices sweetly sing,
 "Rejoice ye evermore!"

O yes, rejoice, for far on high,
 There is a realm of cloudless light,
 Where sorrow never dims the eye,
 And all is calm and bright!

NESSIE BROOK.

FIRMNESS.

"What a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

WE are inclined to believe this maxim to be of universal application both in temporal as well as in spiritual things; and from many years' observation we can but come to the conclusion that want of *firmness* is the one great error in family training. "O, parents are too indulgent!" you hear some exclaim; others will sneer at the tender and affectionate manner in which some address their children. "It is sure to spoil them," they say. We differ in opinion, we think children should from their earliest infancy be accustomed to gentle sounds and loving words, and all indulgences that are not harmful. They will tread the rough paths of life early enough. Let the way be made as smooth as may be for the tender feet. Let the law of kindness regulate the household. But if these things, in themselves so lovely, are not sustained and regulated by firmness there will be little happiness in that dwelling. Children are sagacious and quick-sighted, and if your

own conduct be not transparent and beyond suspicion you will have little influence with your children. You must never be heard to say in public what you do not act out in private. Never be known to make a profession which you do not carry out in practice.

“Let all your actions be sincere,
Your conduct as the noon-day clear.”

Never allow warmth of temper to get the master over you. You can never hope to conquer your children till you can conquer yourself. Sow seeds of patient self-control to establish early confidence; we would advise young mothers to be very cautious in giving promises, and very punctual in attending to those they do give. Firm in defending what is wrong, firm in giving what is promised, be it *reward* or *punishment*. This course of conduct will save much trouble both to parent and child, and is sure to secure the respect, esteem, and confidence of the child as it grows up in life. I often mourn as I see the inconsistencies of parents on this point. A thing is forbidden—the child asks, worries, and whines, till the mother impatiently gives what is wanted, with, “There, I suppose you must have it or there will be no peace”—and many similar expressions varying in form; the glance of arch triumph with which the child looks up makes one’s heart ache. Oh! mother, you little think what seed you sow! When the harvest springs up will you blame yourself or the child? I heard a short time ago of a mother who used to lay out halfpence in dainties for the children, and give it them by stealth, with, “There, now, run away, don’t let your father see; if you do—” Is it wonderful that now they grow up they cheat her when they can, and taunt her with not providing food half good enough; and as they go out into service they take a little from the larder or the till? What harm is it? Mother always did so when she had the chance. Mothers, take heed what seed you sow! A young lady, not long since, seemed broken-hearted; she had been endeavouring to train an untrained family in right principles, but the mother’s ill-timed indulgences seemed to undo all her efforts. Instead of assisting to overcome bad habits, she would coax them or give them sweets or fruits, &c., until the young lady became discouraged and gave it up. As these grow to womanhood will they be comforts to the

mother and devoted to each other? or wayward, selfish, and undisciplined? A mother once told me she overheard her children at play near the house. They were speaking of something forbidden. "If you do that," said one, "you will be punished." "Who said so?" asked the other; 'cause if it was Ma she'll do it." "It was a lesson I never forgot," the mother said. This was the cause of it; my husband was a man of studious habits, and the children would often ask him questions, to which he would respond almost mechanically, sometimes saying, 'No,' when it should have been 'Yes,' and sometimes a 'Yes,' that should have been 'No.' They sometimes got into disgrace for doing wrong things when it was discovered that Papa had given them permission; they could not understand this, and their confidence was shaken." Sow seeds of steady self-denial. To ensure the confidence of your children, take opportunities of showing them that you rely upon their honour; that *you* place confidence in *them*, and expect them to be faithful to their trust. It must be more than an ordinary amount of human depravity that will not have its fidelity heightened and strengthened by this course of conduct, when it is not a mere occasional outburst of generous feeling, but is seen to be a steady practice. Avoid suspicion. Never allow children to suppose you suspect them of wrong. If you have proof, deal plainly with them; if not, rather give them credit for practising some virtue that you know to be weak. The love of approval in young children is very strong; and when the affection of a parent is made valuable, the desire to win and secure that affection will often put them on their guard when tempted to do wrong, and encourage them to perseverance in doing right. "Oh! don't dear; you should not do that," said a friend to a young lad who was attempting to open a private desk. "I shall," he said; "there is not one thing that is bad that my father does not think me capable of doing, and shall search anywhere for anything I want. What's the use of being mistrusted for nothing?" Sow seeds of confiding confidence and true-hearted trust. Sow with prayer. Sow with faith, nothing doubting, so shall he that soweth and he that reapeth rejoice together.

AUNT MARTHA.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

TENDER, TRUSTY, AND TRUE.

Two gentlemen were standing at the door of an hotel in Edinburgh, one very cold day, when a little boy with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, "Please, Sir, buy some matches." "No, don't want any;" the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the little fellow pleaded. "Yes, but you see we do not want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last. "And so, to get rid of him," the gentleman who tells the story says, "I bought a box, but then I found I had no change; so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh! do buy them the nicht, if you please,' the boy urged again, 'I will rin and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry.' So at last, to try him, I gave him a shilling, and he started away; and I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think badly of him. Well, late in the evening, a servant came and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I saw it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags, as if seeking for something, and then said, 'Are ye the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o' yer shillin'. Sandie canna come, he's no weel. A cart ran owre him and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet, and his matches, and your sevenpence; and both his legs are broken, and he's no weel at a', and the doctor says he'll dee, and that's a' he can gie ye the now,' putting fourpence down on the table; and then the poor child broke out into loud sobs. So I fed the little man," the gentleman goes on to say, "and then I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived with a wretched drunken stepmother; their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings; he knew me as soon as I came in, and

said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and then the horse knocked me doon, and both my legs are broken. And O, Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am dee'in! and who will tak' care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gone? What will ye do, Reuby?' Then I took the little sufferer's hand, and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me; then the light went out of his blue eyes, and in a moment

"He lay within the sight of God,
Like a babe upon the breast;
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

This poor little fellow, lying on a bundle of shavings, dying and starving, was tender, trusty, and true, and so God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuben, and be a friend to him. And Sandie heard him say he would do it—just the last thing he ever did hear; and then, before I can tell you, the dark room, the bad stepmother, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken little limbs, all faded away, and Sandie was among the angels..

MAKING CHILDREN HAPPY.

ANY one who considers children as only to be tolerated as a sort of disagreeable necessity, should try the experiment of making the next child he meets happy, and see if he does not change his opinion. It is strange with how little pains one can do this. Wealth, honours, and every contrivance which ingenuity can invent, often fail in giving happiness to the man; but a few moments thought of a mother or friend will suffice to give happiness to a child, so simple are his pleasures and so few his wants! See that little fellow lying upon the floor in restless discontent. It is a stormy day, and he cannot take his usual walk with his nurse. He has played with the rocking-horse till he is tired of that, and his balls and marbles and blocks have failed to give him amusement, for he thinks they are stupid things, and cannot play with him. He wishes he had a little brother or sister, and then they would have nice times. Poor little fellow!

His mother is on the sofa reading the last novel, and cannot spend time to amuse him, and he feels so unhappy that the tears are beginning already to start. Just at this moment the door opens, and a bright face appears. Willie starts up, and throws his arms around the neck of his cousin Lizzie, who, in the midst of the snow-storm, had come to spend the day with his mamma. "I am really glad to see you, Lizzie," rather languidly, said Willie's mamma. "That boy has been fretting all the morning, so that I cannot read with any comfort. He has a room full of playthings, and ought to be happy, I am sure. Take off your things and sit down, and I will finish my book." Greatly relieved is the mother to be able to read undisturbed, and greatly delighted is Willie. Lizzie takes her work from her pocket, and begins to sew; but she talks to Willie about his picture-books, while he holds them open to the pictures, and looks perfectly delighted. Then Lizzie shows him how to build a farm-house with his blocks, and takes the animals out of Noah's ark, she distributes them in the farmyard. Now the boy claps his hands with delight, and the mother looks up from her book and says, "Lizzie, what a wonderful faculty you have for entertaining children." "Oh! Willie is very easily pleased," Lizzie replies, "if one only knows how." We would advise every one to learn how to make children happy.

LITTLE KATY'S MUTE REQUEST.

SPRING had garlanded the earth with flowers, and autumn had withered them with his frosty breath. Many a summer's sun, and many a winter's snows had now rested on little Daisy's grave. At the window of a large hotel, in one of those seaport towns, the resort alike of the invalid and pleasure-seeker, sat Ruth, the fresh sea breeze lifting her hair from temples thinner and paler than of yore, but stamped with a holier beauty. From the window might be seen the blue waters of the bay leaping to the bright sunlight, while many a vessel, outward and inward bound, spread its sails like some joyous white-winged sea-bird. But Ruth was not thinking of the sapphire sky, though that were passing fair, nor of the blue sea, decked with its snowy sails, for

in her lap lay a little half-worn shoe, with the impress of a tiny foot, upon which her tears were falling fast. *A little half-worn shoe!* And yet no magician could conjure up such blissful visions, no artist could trace such vivid pictures, no harp of sweetest sounds could so fill the air with music. Eight years since the little Daisy withered! And yet, to the mother's eye, she still bloomed fair as paradise. The soft golden hair still waved over the blue-veined temples—the sweet earnest eyes still beamed with their loving light—the little fragile hand was still outstretched for maternal guidance, and in the wood by the stream they still lingered. Still the little hymn was chanted at dawn, the little prayer lisped at dew-fall; still that gentle breathing mingled with the mother's star-light dreams. A little bright-eyed creature crept to Ruth's side, and, lifting a long wavy golden ringlet from a box on the table near her, laid it beside her own brown curls. "Daisy's in heaven," said little Katy musingly. "Why do you cry, mamma? Don't you like to have God keep her for you?" A tear was the only answer. "I should like to die, and have you love *my* curls as you do Daisy's mother." Ruth started and looked at the child, the rosy flush had faded away from little Katy's cheek, and a tear stole slowly down from beneath her long lashes. Taking her upon her lap, she severed one tress of her brown hair, and laid it beside little Daisy's golden ringlet. A bright, glad smile lit up little Katy's face, and she was just throwing her arms about her mother's neck, when, stopping suddenly, she drew from her dimpled foot one little shoe, and laid it in her mother's palm. 'Mid smiles and tears, Ruth complied with the mute request, and the little sister shoes lay with the twin ringlets lovingly side by side. Blessed childhood! the pupil and yet the teacher, half infant, half sage, and whole angel! What a desert were earth without thee!

FANNY FERN.

WHO ARE THESE?

THESE are they who once loved us, but whose fondly-beaming eyes return the glances of ours no more. These are they who walked joyously and with firm steps beside us through the glory and beauty of life's morning; and, perchance, until the sun of

noon shone hot and high above us, and then they vanished from our way. They whose warm hearts failed us not while we walked together, though they beat for us and yearn over us no more. These are they whose sweet voice had entrancing power—whose smiles shed light over our darkest hours, but whose voices no longer make our music—whose words beguile our hearts of no present sorrow, and whose smiles may not cheer us again. How could the ties that seemed so deathless be at once sundered ? One moment our slightest word is heard and answered—our smallest expression of love noticed and returned. The next we call with tears and groans and bitter cries—they answer not. We stretch our arms and break our hearts in vain, and then we think “the dead remember not—they have gone hence, and we are nought to them.” Oh ! do the dead forget ? There are fairer realms, “far hence, far hence,” and there are white-robed dwellers there who think of us still. It must be so, else life were mockery and death, destruction. And who are they in white raiment, whose bright feet press the golden streets of heaven ? Who are they whose glad voices join the songs that the redeemed ones sing ? Who are they whose affections, now made pure are living still and will increase for ever, for no true love can die, but like the immortal soul of which it is a part, will brighten and deepen and grow still more strong through all the countless ages of its life. They are our parents, our children, our brethren, and our friends, and they await our coming. Have we no ties to bind our hearts to heaven ? A mother—earth’s best friend—is dwelling there and she forgets us not—she cannot. A father honoured and dear is there. Brothers beloved are there and sisters too, and friends are there—the friends best loved of all, whose name we cannot speak except with tears. Husbands await their wives, and wives their husbands yonder o’er the flood. Have we no ties to bind us to our home ? The Man of Calvary is there with the death-wounds yet upon his hands and side, and it may be with the tears caused by the thorny crown still upon his brow. And all the day and all the night He leads us and guides us, and His love, which is infinite, is striving to draw us upward to His home.

Have we no ties in heaven ?

FAMILY WORSHIP.

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed
 Soft through a quiet room,
 That hushed, but not forsaken, seemed—
 Still but with nought of gloom.
 For there secure in happy age,
 Whose hope is from above,
 A father communed with the page
 Of Heaven's recorded love.
 Pure fell the beam and meekly bright
 On his grey holy hair,
 And touched the book with tenderest light
 As if its shrine were there.
 But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
 With something lovelier far,
 A radiance all the spirits own,
 Caught not from sun or star.
 Some word of life e'en then had met
 His calm benignant eye;
 Some ancient promise breathing yet
 Of immortality.
 Some heart's deep language when the glow
 Of quenchless faith survives,
 For every feature said—"I know
 That my Redeemer lives."
 And silent sat his children by,
 Hushing their very breath
 Before the solemn sanctity
 Of thought o'er sweeping death.
 Silent—yet did not each young breast
 With love and reverence melt?
 Oh! blest be those fair girls—and blest
 That home where God is felt.

HEMANS.

"NOTHING BUT MERCIES."

So said a friend to me as I sat by her side in a sick chamber,
 which will, no doubt, soon be a chamber of death. Pale and
 emaciated, her life fast wasting away with consumption, and able
 only to speak in the faintest whispers she could say with radiant
 countenance as I took her hand, "I have nothing but mercies."
 Again and again she repeated it, her soul seemed so overflowing
 with gratitude to her heavenly Father. He has recently brought
 her from the very verge of death, from whence she could see
 beyond the river, and His grace enabled her to look forward with

unclouded vision to the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," to "read her title clear," to those heavenly mansions her Saviour had gone to prepare for her. Now a little breathing space had been granted her in which she might rest upon her pilgrim's staff before the short stage of her journey was undertaken. She was thankful for her little longer stay with her beloved home-circle, and thankful for all the comforts God had given her. They were not so apparent to a mere observer. The home was a humble one, though the room she occupied was large and airy. Her pillows were snowy white, her armchair easy, a kind friend ministered to her want. "I am so comfortable for a sick person," she said, though every paroxysm of coughing seemed as if it would be her last. Oh! the wonders of grace! What a different colouring it gives to every event of our lives. The presence of the Saviour in that room of suffering made it only the ante-chamber of heaven to her soul. So cheerful and glowing was her emaciated face one could scarcely realize that she suffered at all, and I left her with a glow of real happiness in my breast, instead of the depressing sadness I had expected to experience on seeing a friend so near the borders of the grave. At another home where all were enjoying perfect health and comfort, I heard only complaints of the oppressive heat, the dirty streets, and the distressing drought. One would imagine that every well-spring of happiness had dried up, though even then the gathering clouds overhead proclaimed a speedy relief from the cause of discomfort complained of. Both were professing Christians, but one was being "made perfect through suffering," while the other had never experienced its blessed tuition. It is only great faith that thus enables one to rejoice even in great tribulation. Yet it is a measure of faith that even the humblest believer may attain to.

THREE BABES IN HEAVEN.

A CHRISTIAN woman said the other day, "I have three babes in heaven." It was hard, O! so hard to give them up! When she saw the vacant place at the table, and heard the pattering of tiny feet no more, it seemed as if her heart *must* break. She listened in vain to hear their sweet innocent prattle, she looked in vain to

see their little forms pass in at the open door. One by one, they passed away as the dew-drop exhales from the heart of the rose in the light of the morning sun. She saw one after another draped in the habiliments of death, laid in its little coffin, and lowered into the cold damp grave. She mourned *then*, but *now* she rejoices, when she remembers that they have escaped from all the temptations of this life. She believes that her lambs have entered the heavenly fold. That mother rejoices she has "three babes in heaven." She is not fearful that their characters will receive any stain, for they have for companions, the prophets, martyrs, and all who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. She has no fears that any accident will befall them, that sickness will waste their frames, nor that death will hush their cherubic songs. No funeral processions sweep through the golden streets of the New Jerusalem! The flowers of heaven bloom over no graveyards! Had those babes grown up and gone out into this cold world of ours they might have known want, but the mother has no such fears now. They shall never hunger nor thirst so long as golden clusters ripen on life's fair tree, so long as the streams of the river of life make glad the city of our God. Their mother hopes to meet with her long-lost treasures beyond the dark river to be separated from them no more, and it rejoices her to remember that when the resurrection trump shall sound—

" These new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline."

A COTTAGER'S LAMENT.

A LABOURER, whose child was suddenly killed by the falling of a beam, wrote the following lines suggested by the melancholy event. They are touchingly beautiful :—

" Sweet, laughing child !—the cottage door
Stands free and open now,
But oh ! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow ;
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

"Thy mother by the fireside sits,
 And listens for thy call;
 And slowly—slowly as she knits,
 Her quiet tears down fall;
 Her *little hindering thing* is gone;
 And undisturbed she may work on.

HE TOUCHED THE RIGHT CHORD.

A PRESBYTERIAN minister was requested to visit an old Scottish soldier, who had been attacked by the yellow fever and was conveyed to the hospital in a dying state. On announcing his errand, the sick soldier told him, in a surly tone, that he desired none of his visits, that he knew how to die without a priest. The minister replied that he was not a priest, but a Presbyterian clergyman come to read to him the Word of God, and to speak of that eternity to which he seemed drawing near. The Scot doggedly refused all conversation, and, after lingering a few minutes, the minister was reluctantly compelled to take his leave. Next day, however, he called again, thinking the reflection of the man on his own rudeness might secure a better reception on a second visit. But the soldier's tone and manner were equally rude and repulsive. He turned himself in bed with his face towards the wall, as if determined to hear nothing and relent nothing. As a last effort to gain attention, he bethought himself of the hymn, well known in Scotland, beginning

"Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem!
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?"

This hymn his mother had taught him to sing, when a child, to the tune of "Dundee." He began to hum his mother's hymn to his mother's tune. The soldier listened for a few minutes in silence, but gradually turning himself round, his countenance relaxed, and, with a tear in his eye, he enquired, "Who learned you that?" "My mother," said the minister. "And so did mine," said the now softened and relenting soldier, whose heart was melted by the recollections of infancy, and who was now prepared to lend a willing ear to the man who had found a key to his Scottish heart.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CONTENTMENT.

THE industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on its road, but buzzes on, selecting his honey where he can find it and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

THE MOTHER.

AGE may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, senses and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun when he goes forth in his might; for it is always in the meridian and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yea, winter with the woman, but with the mother—as mother—it is always spring.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Order and Disorder; or, Charles the Thoughtless. London: Hamilton and Adams.

A little volume for the young, teaching some useful lessons in an interesting manner.

The Child's Commentator. No. 12. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This is the last part of this valuable little commentary. It has been brought out in its present cheap form, in order to place it within the reach of those who cannot afford a more expensive volume.

Occasional Pamphlets. Nos. 1—4. London: Tresidder.

No. 1 of these little tracts, "The Ravages of a Carpet," by Mrs. Stowe, is particularly amusing, and true to life.

Short Sermons for the People. By CHRISTMAS EVANS. London: Tresidder.

We should imagine the name of the preacher would be sufficient to gain this little book a large sale.

The Alexandra Magazine. No. 4. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

A MOTHER'S IMPORTANCE.—No.2.

Not a few now occupying stations of respectability, usefulness, and honour have to trace the first germ of their moral excellence to a thought or prayer which fell from a mother's lips, or—*awful thought!*—it may be that some inconsistency or series of inconsistencies observed in the mother, strengthened the natural enmity of the heart, and that heart continues far from God by wicked works. But our conjectures are vain—all will be known at the great meeting place; only the disclosures of *eternity*, with its miseries and joys can fully make known what has been the extent of the influence of *one* mother's mind in forming the characters of her children. Christian families have ever been and must always be the very spring-head of benevolent and holy influences. *Here* it is that the dews of heaven fall with their fertilizing power, *here* the refreshing waters commence their earliest flow. *Here* are those germs and seedlings which are to fill the earth with fruitfulness and to clothe the Church with beauty. *Here* those infant graces receive discipline and mature strength, which are to go forth afterwards to the encounter of every error and pollution; those holy purposes are *here* nurtured and confirmed which will soon reveal themselves under the commanding forms of enterprise and patience and heroic self-denial. If to the parent is committed the formation of the common-wealth, to the *Christian* parent is assigned the arduous but honourable task of replenishing the *Church*—not on earth alone but in *heaven*—of training up for glory that philanthropy which looks not to the body but the soul—that benevolence which embraces not an empire but a *world*—that unquenchable ambition which shall pursue its conquests and gather its rewards beyond the boundaries of *time* and *death*—and that emanation of Divine benignity which shall shine like its parent beam to guide the wanderer, to cheer the exile, and to gladden the homeward path of spirits once far off but now returning to the habitation of their Father. The missionary, the pastor, the visitor of the forgotten poor, the pious instructor of unborn generations, the future *champion* of holiness and truth

and the *witness* for God against the scoffs and infidelity of a coming age—these and others like them are to be meetened for their employments and girded for the hardships and honours which await them by a *mother's instruction*, a *mother's prayers*, a *mother's wisdom*, a *mother's example*. The testimony of experience on this point is not less uniform than encouraging. Whoever has cultivated an acquaintance with the details of religious biography must have been struck to observe in examples most frequent and impressive the power of the instruction which has been administered by a mother. A minister tells us, that when he listens to the narratives of the religious experience of candidates for ordination or Church membership, he almost instinctively expects to hear them acknowledging their unspeakable obligations to the care and watchfulness of a Christian mother.

"NOW DAVID IS IN HEAVEN."

THESE words, uttered with much earnestness, yet mingled with the plaintive tones of fond recollection, were to me inexpressibly touching. The speaker, a gentleman, was enforcing the duty and privilege of laying by a portion of the money God has given us as a sacred deposit to be used in His service, and with special reference to Him. He was recommending the interesting method of a box being appropriated to that purpose, into which offerings were to be put every Sabbath morning—"the first day of the week"—and telling us how this was conducted in his own family. After the apportioned money had been divided among the children for that purpose, the youngest child is deputed to carry round the box to each, beginning with the father, who, as he put in his offering, repeats a portion of Scripture, such as "Of thine own have we given thee, O Lord, for all things come of Thee"—each member of the family doing the same as their turn comes. All this occupies but a short time, before the morning hymn is sung, the chapter read, and the prayer offered, forming the hallowed home devotions of a Christian family on the sacred morning of the Lord's-day. The box has two keys, so as to be accessible to either father or mother, so that demands connected with the

worship and service of God or the wants of the poor may be promptly met. The gentleman was speaking of this box as a family treasure that would be prized by the children in after years as an heirloom. He said that in their own family they had thought of leaving it to their eldest daughter, the eldest son being too delicate to allow them to hope for prolonged life; and she being in Germany, they thought what a treasure she would esteem it. But the son pleaded for himself: "Father, I am your eldest son." "You are, David, darling, and it shall be yours." "But," adds the father, "now David is in heaven, still we are going on with the work, doing what he would have so loved to do, and the children have an additional charm connected with this box." Oh! how many of us have our Davids in heaven. But sweet is the memory of their names and of their many endearments; we look upon the things they loved, and they awakened mournful recollections; we miss the merry laugh, the gladsome step, the joyous look of greeting, the words of affection from their warm and confiding hearts; for there is no love so pure, so high, so holy, so unselfish, as that between the parent and child. We mourn, but not as those who have no hope if we can assuredly say, "My darling is in heaven!" The words that fell upon my ear had in them no misgiving, no supposition, no mere hope, they told of a great fact—"David is in heaven!" Now we know of our *little ones* that "they sleep in Jesus and are blest!" Are we as certain as they grow older? Let us be very anxious to set before them a good example; be earnest with them, be prayerful for them, aye, and *with* them too. My precious sainted mother used to take me up-stairs with her into her room always after tea, and there, with the lovely landscape before us, she would talk to me of nature and of nature's God; and then, bowing before His footstool, commend me to His care, and ask for blessings on my path. Though I loved these times of retirement with my mother, yet, such is the depravity of the human heart, that sometimes they were a weariness. Once, I well remember, I shrugged, and shivered, and tried to look very cold, thinking she would be sure to let me go down, for I knew her quick eye would notice it; but her kind heart, with equal judgment, suggested a remedy; she said, "You are cold, m-

love, you shall have Ma's warm woollen shawl round you." I was thoroughly caught in my own devices. Oh, how often I bless her memory, and think how many blessings I now enjoy may be in answer to her prayers. Mothers! be encouraged, though you see not the growth of the seed you sow, yet—

"Nurtured by God's Almighty hand,
That seed shall surely grow."

Have you not been captivated with the bird's-eye peep we have taken into the home of a pious family? You may not be able to do just as they do—you may be a toiling, burdened mother—your home may be in a cottage. We have like burdens with you, for although the trials of some are more on the surface than those of others and more visible to other eyes, yet "all have their portion of allotted care," and "every heart knoweth its own bitterness." We should like to help you to make your homes more attractive and your little ones more winning; to show you how to take off the rough edges of the flints in your pathway—and how can you do it? By learning to "cast *all* your care on Him who careth for you." God permits His children to do this; are you His child? If you are, learn to—

"Praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

Sing, it will make your heart lighter and your home brighter; the children will learn your little anthems, and your husband will be cheered and soothed by the happy smile which must follow a song of praise. Pray, for God "giveth more grace," and "He will supply all your need," temporally as well as spiritually. Read God's precious Word, and pray over it. Ask for light, for spiritual understanding; this will help you to show a good example, for "your light will shine." Teach your little ones early that all they have and are, they owe to their Father in heaven; let them early be accustomed to say and feel from your teaching and example—

"For my health and clothes and food,
And all my blessings here—
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere."

And then let the practical lessons be given:—teach them the *duty*, the *privilege*, the *happiness* of giving back to God a portion of what He so liberally bestows. God does not *need* our help to do His work—is it not great condescension that He permits us to be co-workers with Him? We cannot give health, but we may give what will lighten sickness—a kind enquiry, a cheerful look, and a little help, perhaps. We can teach the children to sweep up the hearth, to smooth the bed-clothes, to gather fresh flowers for the table; and little hearts grow larger in benevolence while rendering such tiny services. We may not be able to give of wealth, but we can give as God has prospered us. Who, at the end of the year, would be the loser if they would put by one penny out of every shilling for God, His service, and the poor? Put it sacredly by, and ask His blessing upon it and upon you, and touch it not for any other purposes. I knew a poor widow who was what most people would call destitute, but I knew her afterwards, when God had so blessed her honest endeavours and her honest recognition of Him that she was able to build herself a commodious cottage. This she attributed entirely to the way in which God honoured her simple trust and service. But think not to have a like reward, unless you have the same purity of motive and action. God looks at the heart. That God may help, prosper, and bless you, sincerely prays your friend.

AUNT MARTHA.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

NED PETERS, THE NEWS-BOY.

THE night was dark and cold, and the rain came down in a steady, determined way, as if it intended to do so for some time to come. Now and then a gust of wind blew the rain into people's faces, blew off their cloaks, and carried off their hats into the dark. All who could do so kept indoors on this stormy night, but there were many busy people who had to be out. From the multitude of wet, weary feet which moved along the slippery pavements of one of the principal thoroughfares, a pair of feet—quite small feet—turned away, and went down a black,

dismal-looking street. The feet belong to a boy of eleven or twelve years of age, and he moves them in a way which shows he is used to walking on slippery paving-stones. Umbrellas, he knew, were of little use in storms like this, and therefore he carries none. On his head he wore a tarpaulin hat, with a deep brim behind, which kept out the rain from his neck. A large, old waterproof cape, reached nearly to his heels, and thus equipped, he braved well the storm. Away he went, with long strides, whistling as he went a merry tune. But where is he marching to at this hour, on a stormy night? It is but a little news-boy, going home after carrying papers all day. The clock struck ten; he started, and hurried on at a more rapid rate. He is going too fast now to whistle loud, but he keeps up a low whistle to himself. Corner after corner the boy turns, and the streets get narrower and narrower; blacker and blacker. Now he reaches an alley—the houses are wretched and dismal; window-panes broken out, all sorts of horrid sounds coming out into the stormy night; cries of drunken revels, screams, yells, groans, loud coarse laughter; on goes the little fellow, as if he were used to the scenes. Just as he had reached a very dark part of the alley, he heard close to him, a queer little noise. He stopped, listened; what is it? "Somebody or something breathing," he said. He could not see anything, but could only hear the breathing, and could not imagine who or what it was. "Who's there?" said he: no answer, only a low moaning. The boy drew closer to the sound, and in so doing, ran against a barrel lying on its side. "Anybody here?" asked he. Then came a sob and a feeble cry. "Yes, I'm here—in the barrel." He fearlessly reached his hand into the barrel, and it came in contact with the soft hair of a little head. "What's the matter?" asked our friend. "How came you here?" "I've broken my leg, I believe, on these old slippery stones, and I managed to crawl in here, and thought I'd stop till daylight." "No, no," said the other, "you must not stay here; come, I'll carry you home." "Home!" said the boy, "I haven't got any home; I'm a news-boy; a good many of us haven't got any home." "A news-boy! so am I, and my name is Ned Peters; what is yours?" "Billy Bowling; but I don't know you." "Neither do I know you; but no matter. If I can get you out of this

barrel, I'll carry you into our house, for I live close by." So saying, he got him out quite carefully, and finding him much smaller than himself, he took him on his back, and walked off with him. He soon entered a low door, and into a damp cellar; walked on through it to a pair of stairs, went up very slowly, for he was getting tired with the weight he was carrying. "It is too bad Ned, that you have to carry me; I wish I could walk," said little Billy. "Never you mind, Billy; we will soon be up," and so they were. "Now, Billy, you be quiet, and don't you make a noise," said Ned. At the top of the stairs was a door on the right, which Ned softly opened. He put Billy as quietly as he could into a chair, and taking some matches from his pocket, he struck a light. It was a poor room enough that the light showed; but to the poor, forsaken lad, who knew but the lowest lodging-houses, and often had some cold archway for his resting-place, it seemed fine and grand. Ned opened a door, and looked into another room. "My dear Ned, I am so glad you have come; I was getting very anxious about you," said the faint but sweet voice of his mother, as she lay in a comfortable little bed, with a sleeping child of five or six years nestled close beside her. "Well, I'm sorry, mother, that I couldn't come before, but I had hard work selling off my large stock of papers, for trade is very dull on nights like these; and besides, I fell in with one of our poor news-boys, who has got hurt, and brought him home." "Poor child! I hope he is not badly hurt," said Ned's mother. "I am glad you have brought him here, my dear child, we will be kind to all God's children.

We will see how Billy got on in his new abode next month.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

THE evening sun sank to the west,
Tinging each cloud with golden fire,
The gentle zephyrs lull'd to rest
The feathery choir.

An infant-boy lay on his bed
Staring wildly! shrieking loud!
A youthful mother rests his head;
Twas her *first* cloud.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

The surgeon came, his thoughts he gave,
The anxious mother watched his eye;
He said in solemn accents grave,
"Your son will die."

The mother's heart with grief was rent;
Her anguish great! her sorrow wild!
In earnest prayer to God she went,
"O! spare my child."

The child *was* spared, and soon it grew
To gain by talent wide-spread fame;
But, looming in the distance, too,
A change soon came.

Sickness again a visit paid,
Not to the "child"—the full-grown man;—
In the same chamber there he laid,
Bowed to God's plan.

Midst shrieking! startings of despair!
The spirit heard its solemn call;
The body changed for prospects fair
The tomb and pall.

In hollow tones—with leaden eye—
His last words on their ears now toll:—
"The demons come! they rage! they fly!
To grasp my soul!"

* * * *

A Christian mother also kneels
Beside her boy—the household pet;
His aching pain *she* keenly feels—
His sun must set.

No hope for life;—she looks above,
And, gazing on her dying son,
Breathes fervently the prayer of love,
"*Thy* will be done."

The pain soon ceased—the death-dew came—
From earth his spirit went to roam—
Heavenly breezes fanned the flame—
God took him home.

W. H. N.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"I have long felt that until the fathers and mothers are better men and better women, our schools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any improvement that could be brought to bear on the *mothers* more especially would effect a greater amount of good than anything that has yet been done."

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

It is the *earliest* of all human influences. No one can tell when the influence of a mother begins. It is coeval almost with our birth, certainly with the first and faintest dawn of intellectual consciousness. Long before the days of fatherly correction, of scholastic discipline, or of pastoral care, a silent, gentle, but powerful influence is already passing from the face and voice of the mother to the heart of her child. From the first it looks up into that face with instinctive trust and love; and what we trust and love we naturally copy. What an advantage does this give the mother above all those other influences and agencies which may affect the future career of her child! *She has*, as it were, *the first word*; she has the early spring of the soul all to herself, to sow the precious seed. Long before the deceiver and betrayer can approach with their flattering lies, she may be, through the grace of God, laying the foundations of holy principle deep within the heart. The earliest lessons are the deepest; the earliest memories are the most abiding. The mother's influence is of all others the *most constant*. From day to day, for several years of life, it goes on incessantly. No other agency can, in this point of view, be brought into comparison with it. The father takes the little one on his knee for an hour on the Saturday or the Sabbath evening; the minister steps in now and then on his domiciliary rounds, gently to pat his head and ask him a question or two; by-and-by the schoolmaster comes, with his wholesome discipline and iron laws, and claims a part of each day for serious work; but the influence of the mother is unceasing. It surrounds the little ones like an atmosphere. Finally, a mother's influence is the *most lasting*. The life and the joy of home, its gentle sway, does not terminate on our leaving the

parental roof. Like a guardian angel it still follows us through all the future scenes of life. A poor slave-boy in the United States was separated from his mother while yet but a child and settled under a hard master, at a plantation thirty miles away. Though thus at no great distance they were scarcely ever permitted to meet each other; but the heart of the child was still in the home of the mother; her smile cheered him in his toils, and her image visited him in his dreams. "My mother," he says "occasionally found an opportunity to send me some token of remembrance and affection—a sugar-plum or an apple—but *I scarcely ever eat them; they were laid up, and handled and wept over, till they wasted away in my hands.*" Touching words! So there, too, among those hapless children of oppression, the sanctity of home is felt, nor can long and weary absence, nor all the power of a tyrant law, rend asunder those hearts whom God, by His own blessed bond, has united together. Nor is it the youth alone who feels this influence. Even in after years, and when his own children have grown up around him, his musing thoughts will sometimes recur to the days and scenes that are blended with the thought of his mother; that dear sacred image still lives within him and will still rise up before him in his daily and nightly dreams. Yes, there she is, living, life-like, just as he saw her thirty or forty years ago, sitting by the cradle-side rocking and singing her little one to rest, or in her own arm-chair by the winter fireside, with her happy group around her. Other friends may be forgotten and all other names may lose their charms, but the name and memory of his mother are still as precious as ever, and wield over his heart the power of a sacred spell that terminates only with the grave! How mighty, then, in every view in which we can regard it, is a mother's influence! How solemn the responsibility of her with whom this power is entrusted! What a mighty instrument does she wield either for evil or good! How terrible the guilt of her who either buries this talent in the earth or abuses it to the ruin, instead of improving it to the salvation of her children. We fear there are vast multitudes, even in this Christian land, and among the professors of religion, who must be ranked under one or other of these classes; some on the one hand, who, by early neglect, have lost all influence over

their children, others, who still retain that influence but in whose hands, it is bad and mischievous—all on the side of vanity and worldliness and forgetfulness of God. What a fearful account must such render in the great day! Oh! how shall they answer the Judge of all when He asks an account of the precious charge committed to their hands? Shall they dare then to look their injured offspring in the face and give the Cain-like reply, “Am I my brother’s keeper?”

Mother! to thy hands are given,
Rich and precious gifts from heaven;
Not to be thine own for ever,
Not to save thee hard endeavour;
Souls for thee to guide and cherish—
Teach, that so they may not perish.

“NOT NOW.”—No. 2.

FIVE years passed away, and again we find the two friends together, this time in the home of Marion, now Mrs. Clifton. They were seated in the little room she called her own, where they were free from interruption. The glorious autumn tints were again deepening on the trees, and the setting sun gilding them with his own peculiar splendour ere he sank to rest. Transcendently beautiful was the whole landscape, the grand old hills in the distance forming a background, while nearer were the fertile plains and the valleys watered by the streamlet which flowed on to the wood, where the tall fir blended with the mournful gracefulness of the willow. All looked beautiful, and as Emily gazed out, in the fulness of her grateful heart she said softly, “He hath made everything beautiful in its season; is it not so, Marion?” “Yes, I daresay it looks very beautiful to you, but I am so used to it,” was the reply; “things lose much of their beauty when they become common, everyday things. I used to admire the view when I first came here, but I do not care for it now; I suppose it is because I see it so often that it ceases to interest me.” “And yet one of our poets says:—

‘A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,’

replied Emily, "and if that be true, as I think it is, it cannot be that you lose your love for the beautiful by being constantly associated with it, so on that point we differ, dear Marion," she added playfully. "I think we do on most points," replied Marion, almost sadly. "Emily, what is it makes you so happy? one would think you never had any trouble, or anything to make you sad. Your face is as bright now as if there were no such thing as sorrow in the world." A shadow of pain rested for a moment on Emily's countenance as she thought how little the onlooker could see into the depths of the heart and how sometimes when the exterior is calm and composed the heart, may be writhing in pain or crushed beneath a weight of sorrow, even while the countenance wears a smile. After a moment's pause she said, "Sorrow is sanctified to the Christian, dear Marion, and often proves his greatest blessing; it weans him from the world to rest more entirely on God; it turns him from the streams of earth to drink at the fountains of bliss; it ennobles his spirit and his affections; and you know, dear, we have that glorious promise, "all things shall work together for good to them that love God." Marion dear, I was wretched and unhappy until I found Christ, but He has turned my sorrow into peace, and I am willing to wait for joy till He sees fit to send it, for I know that whatever is best for me I shall have." Suddenly a shower of rose-leaves blew in at the window, and rested on the coverlid of the cradle in which lay Marion's greatest treasure,—her first-born boy. Emily stooped down and removed the intruding leaves, looking up smilingly at the young mother, but she met no answering smile, the old unhappy look settled on Marion's face—she looked weary and dissatisfied, and well she might. She was now entirely engrossed by the world, seeking her whole happiness in its empty pleasures, and united to one who, as the world would say, was a noble, upright man, but on whom Christ would look with pity and say, "yet one thing thou lackest." Ernest Clifton was too proud to bow to the doctrine of the cross, he looked with complacency on himself as the Pharisee of old did, comparing his upright life with that of some of his friends, and his pride was gratified by the comparison; he was building up a righteousness of his own, which would one day fall and leave him without a support. Emily could see that Marion

was farther from the kingdom of God than ever, that daily she became more fascinated by the flowery paths of worldly pleasure. Balls, parties, and gay society were all she seemed to delight in ; but amidst it all she was not happy, the excitement of it all over, she felt miserable ; her husband's love could not fill the void of her heart, her baby could not satisfy its restless yearnings. No wonder ; she had chosen the world as her portion, and she found, as all its votaries do, that it is a hard master, and her eyes were blinded. She could not see the beauty of religion, she thought it gloomy, though for Emily's peaceful faith she often longed, and Emily went on praying for her, though at times her heart sank within her, for she feared that Marion would leave her soul's salvation until she came to a dying bed, and she knew that if even at the eleventh hour she found mercy, how the thought that had wasted her life would embitter her last moments. With a mournful tenderness Emily bade her friend farewell and returned to her home. We will follow Marion's history a step farther.

HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

HOME's not merely four square walls,
 Though with pictures hung and gilded ;
 Home is where affection calls,
 Filled with shrines the heart has builded.
 Home ! go watch the faithful dove,
 Smiling 'neath the heaven above us ;
 Home is where there's one to love !
 Home is where there's one to love us !
 Home's not merely roof and room,
 It needs something to endear it ;
 Home is where the heart can bloom,
 Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
 What is home with none to meet ?
 None to welcome, none to greet us ?
 Home is sweet, and only sweet,
 Where there's one we love to meet us.

THE DEAD WIFE.

IN comparison with the loss of a wife all other earthly bereavements are trifling. The wife—she who fills so large a space in the

domestic heaven—she who is so busied, so unwearied in labouring for the precious ones around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin, and think of the past. Fain would the soul linger there; no thorns are remembered above that dear clay save those your hands have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, now bend above her, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful. Many a husband may read this in the silence of a broken home. There is no white arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up into the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur, “O, it is so sad!” The little one whose nest death has rifled, gazes in wonder at your solemn face, puts up his tiny hand to stay the tears, and then nestles back to his father’s breast, half conscious that the wing that sheltered it most fondly is broken. There is so strange a hush in every room! no light footstep passing around; no smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and strikes and ticks—it was such music when *she* could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face. It strikes one! the fatal time when the death-warrant rang out “There is no hope!” Two! she lies placidly still, sometimes smiling faintly, sometimes grieving a little, for she is young to tread the dark valley. Three! The babe is brought in, its little face laid on her bosom for the last time. Four! her breath comes shorter, but a heavenly joy irradiates her brow. Five! there is a slight change! O, that she might live! Father, spare her!—“Thy will be done!” It was her soft broken accents. Yes, Heavenly Friend, who gavest her to bless me, Thy will be done! Six! there are footsteps near—weeping friends around. She bids them farewell as she murmurs, “Meet me in heaven!” The damp

drops gather on her pallid features at the seventh hour. She lies very still ; sometimes she hears sweet music ! Right ! passing away so gently. But her hands still cling to yours, and so she lies while that old house-clock of yours tolls forth nine ! ten ! eleven ! twelve !—solemn strokes ! You spring to your feet ! The lips are still !—cold to your lips ! The hand has fallen back—its touch grown icy. She is gone !—she will never speak to you again on earth. You *must* bear that cold gaze that love so lately kindled ; and you fall weeping by her side. And every day the clock repeats that *old* story. Many another tale it telleth, too, of joys past, of sorrows shared, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above ! You feel, how often, that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is in a happier world ; you look at your innocent babe, and think that perhaps a seraph is guarding it ! In all new and pleasant connexions give her spirit a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory ; so may you meet her with soul unstained, a bright and beautiful spirit-bride, where no one shall say any more for ever, "She is dead !"

"OUR WILLIE."

We tried not to make an idol of him, for we remembered the divine command : but, like the Israelites, we were not wise-hearted, and one by one we gathered our jewels and our gems of silver and of gold, and we wrapped the child in them and made of him an idol before we awoke from the dream and found that he was not all our own. It is four bright years since Willie came into our home, and we all promised in our hearts to love and guard him, not as our child, but as a gift from heaven. The months went by, and the eyes of the baby gazed at us, asking in their mute depths questions that made our hearts tremble, and that our lips never thought of answering. "I don't think that child will live," said some friend, one day. "Why not ? do you think he is ill ?" asked Willie's mother, a sudden fear seizing her. "No, but he looks as if he were looking past us straight on into heaven." The mother seized the baby in her arms and said beseechingly, "Willie, Willie dear, don't you see mamma ?" "Mamma !" lisped

the baby, and he hid his loving little face away from the stranger in his mother's safe embrace, and the mother was comforted. Three years passed on, and every one made Willie dearer and dearer; the little fibres by which humanity takes root in human soil grew rapidly, they clung, O! so closely, and no thought came into our hearts that Willie must leave us, not even when he came and laid his darling head close to the heart that loved him best, and said, "Mamma, does God have medicine up in heaven? is He a doctor? 'cause I want to go up there and ask Him to take my bad head away, it hurts me so." Willie said the words in the sweet lisping language that makes every child speak a new tongue to the ears that listen. Earthly skill could not avail for Willie. He rightly divined that the Divine Physician alone could heal his hurt, and he died in the early morning, with the sun just risen on the earth, and Willie's sister said, "Aren't you glad, mamma, that its morning, for Willie will have time to get to heaven before it gets dark." Yes, Willie had all the light, and in our deep darkness we saw the "Great Mount" burning with fire, and heard the thunder of the Lord saying, "Thou shalt have no other god before Me," and we cried in contrition of heart, "Our Willie is Thine," and day by day we say, "Willie is *safe* in heaven."

THE VOICE OF THE ROD.

God speaks in many voices. In the fulness of His compassion he tries every possible method to ruin men from [sin. If the persuasive words of the Gospel fail He adds the hoarse voice of afflictive providence. A lady, who was the wife of one who mingled much in the gaieties of the world, was powerfully awakened during a revival of religion in the town where she lived. Yielding to the influence of the Spirit, as His subduing energy filled her heart, she became an enquirer after salvation; but soon the question of losing the approbation of her husband came before her. To embrace Christ heartily and truly implied the sacrifice of those pleasures in which her husband delighted; it would of course give him very serious offence—they could no longer walk together in the same path. She must therefore choose between the smile of Christ and the approval of her

husband. This view of religious duty staggered her. She hesitated, reasoned, feared, concluded she could not displease her companion, lost conviction and fell back to her former life of idle pleasure. But God in His love, did not abandon her to destruction; she had not heeded the milder voice of mercy and he spoke to her through the rod of correction. She had a beautiful little daughter, not more than nine summers old. Upon this child God now laid His afflicting hand; she fell sick and pined away. As she lay, pale and lovely in her death-hour, her mild eye beaming with the light of Christian hope—a hope which had been produced through Sabbath-school instrumentality—she moved her thin lips as if to speak. The mother leaned fondly over to catch her gentle tones, and the dying girl whispered “Mother!” “What is it, my child?” “Mother! promise me that you will seek Jesus.” The stricken woman was silent, powerful emotion choked her utterance, and the little one spoke again. “Mother! promise me before I die that you will seek Jesus.” “I will, I will, my child!” the mother sobbed, and a sweet smile played around the lips of the dying child. The tears of the mother fell upon her cheek as she stooped to kiss those speaking lips, but when she rose up her little one was dead—her pure soul had soared to its home in an ecstasy of joy. From that hour the mother thought the loss of a gay husband’s approval was not too great a price to pay for the smile of Christ. The rod of affliction had done its work. Henceforth she was a Christian.

TEACH BY EXAMPLE.

PARENTS should regard their children prayerfully and anxiously. The child is not merely a boon from heaven, to be loved and caressed, it is a talent entrusted to a parent’s care, and for which he will one day have to give an account. Within the delicate little form nestles an immortal soul, that will soon begin to think and will, to speak and act, in this world of sin and wickedness. What is the future of this soul to be? The Divine book answers the question in the words so often quoted, but so seldom laid to heart, “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” The birth of a child is a tender and touching appeal from God to the heart of a parent.

it is as if the Divine Being audibly said, "Take this child and educate him for me!" Let not his life be sad and desolate, let not his disposition be spoiled and hardened by worldly and irreligious influences, but early in life bring him in contact with that system of means which, if blessed of God, is all powerful to remodel, to renew, and to sanctify his fallen nature. Let him be trained to think correctly, to feel devoutly, to act religiously, that when the time comes for him to step forth into the world, his body, soul, and spirit may be presented to his Maker as his reasonable service. This is God's tender appeal to parents; and if it were but faithfully responded to, a great change for the better would silently take place in the condition of society and the world at large. Now, it is quite evident, that if parents are to influence their children for good, they must be possessed of true religion themselves. The teacher who can merely quote a few trite precepts on set occasions, and does not live the lessons he gives out, will have but a poor influence over others. The doer of the word is the true preacher of it, and the lessons which are embodied in character and example, are those which have most weight with men young and old. It is perfectly in vain that a parent utters commandments to his children which he is not prepared to keep himself, and which he does not so keep as to make them authoritative and binding. If he warns his children against falsehood or bad temper, against deceit and dishonesty of every kind, he must be studiously careful lest in the slightest word or deed he should belie his teaching. Nothing is so hard to regain as the respect and confidence of those we have once deceived, and nothing will so soon rob a parent or teacher of his influence as insincerity and inconsistency. The parent who inveighs loudly against falsehood, and yet tells his servant to say he is not at home when he does not want to be disturbed, and who teaches the importance of calmness of temper, and has his own ruffled several times in the course of the day, ought not to expect that much heed will be paid to his verbal instructions, however authoritative. The parent who teaches lessons of honesty and candour, and yet speaks unkindly or disrespectfully of his visitors the moment they are gone, will inculcate more deceit and untruth by his example, than his best spoken

harangues will ever eradicate. No persons so readily as the young will apply the proverb, "Physician, heal thyself." Neither will it avail the parent to keep up a show of honesty and religion in the presence of his children. True religion he must have, or it will be known that he does not possess it. It is next to impossible for parents to veil their real character from their children, all counterfeits and masks, however specious, will be seen through by the watchful eyes of the young? And what spectacle can be alone more sad and humiliating than a parent detected in falsehood and inconsistency by his own child. The possession of true religion will preserve the mind and heart and life, that general truthfulness of character and equanimity of temper, that holy connexion between doctrine and practice which are so powerful in influencing the young for good.

A THOUGHT.

OH ! fair is the light of a sweet summer morn,
 When the sunshine is risen above ;
 But fairer than this is the light of a smile,
 On the lips of a being we love.
 And sweet is the breath of the flow'rets in spring,
 When their fragrance is wafted on high ;
 But sweeter by far are the accents that breathe
 Of affection that never can die.

This earth would be comfortless, dreary, and cold,
 If love were not here to make bright ;
 Our homes would be desolate, wanting the charm
 That gives them their warmth and their light.
 Then fairer than morning and sweeter than flowers,
 Is the love of a home or a friend ;
 'Twill comfort our hearts in the trials of life,
 And sweeten our lot to the end.

M. E. R.

A MECHANIC'S WIFE.

"I NOTICED," says a gentleman, "a mechanic among a number of others at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humour, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met ; let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance.

Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of

his constant flow of spirits: "No, secret, Sir," he replied, "I have one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home, she meets me with a smile, and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody." What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then—a happy and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and goes far towards making a home happy and peaceful.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A MOTHER'S LOSS.

ALAS! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone, what cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in misfortune; then it is that we think of the mother we have lost!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THERE is a love which neglect cannot weaken, which injury cannot destroy, and which even jealousy cannot extinguish,—it is the pure, the holy, the enduring love of a mother. It is as gentle as the breeze of evening, firm as oak, and ceases only when life's last gleam goes out in death.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Alexandra Magazine and Englishwoman's Journal. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

These two magazines have merged into one this month. Each number contains papers specially referring to the employments of women. Many useful hints may be gathered from them.

Old Jonathán. London: Collingridge.

The numbers of this little paper for September and October are as interesting as any we have seen.

A HAPPY MEETING.

DURING the present month, how many such meetings there will be; with what delight are many looking forward to Christmas as a season of relaxation, and pleasure, and familiar intercourse. The school boy with a merry heart and a quick step will hasten to meet the fond kiss of his loving parent. What hopes fill his youthful heart as he anticipates that meeting with all its attendant circumstances. How many a young man, glad for a while to turn his back on the desk, the counter, or the workshop, will wend his way to the home of his youth for the purpose of enjoying the society of relatives and friends. Who is there that would seek to check the glee which will resound through many a home during the approaching festal season? We hope no cloud may arise to darken your joy or cast a gloom over you; alas! there is enough of sorrow in this world of sin; its chilling blasts too many are acquainted with, and if for a while the heart can be released from its sorrow, and the mind from its cares, such a release will prove beneficial; may all festive gatherings be loaded with plenty, graced with peace and crowned with happiness. Alas! all will not spend a merry Christmas, for their eyes will be filled with tears and their hearts will be full of pain for those happy Christmas days which they once enjoyed will never come again. Those festive gatherings once possessed a charm which has now disappeared, a loved one is now absent; the chair they once occupied is now vacant; the familiar voice which awakened thrills of delight is now hushed; a spirit of loneliness pervades the scene and stillness reigns there, for King Death has bidden that loved one to depart. It may be you are mourning the loss of a kind husband, a loving wife, or an only child, or you may be grieving at the removal of a dear parent, a fond sister, or an affectionate brother, or it may be you are sorrowing for a much valued and highly esteemed friend. You may have had bitter losses before, you think, but never such a terrible one as this; hope seems to have entirely deserted you; life seems to have lost its brightest joys, and your future pathway seems dark and dreary. But in the midst of all thy sorrow, remember there is another happy meeting, another festive gather-

ing, not on this earth. Oh! no; but in a more blissful region, and where there are more abiding homes; where parted relatives shall be re-united, and separated friends shall recognize each other. Oh! to meet in such a home, where the happiness of such reunions will be augmented by the fact that there can be no future separations, that those unions will be unbroken and eternal. The pleasures of earth how few and fleeting! Our hopes how often are they blighted, when we are on the eve of realizing them; how often are they quenched in disappointment. Our meetings here are generally quickly ended; the school boy with tearful eyes has soon to sob out the "good-bye;" the young man has soon to return to his duties, and to bid adieu to his parents; the friend has soon to grasp the hand of his friend and say farewell. The joys of these earthly gatherings are sometimes marred, for anxious thoughts may be awakened on beholding the tottering step and faded cheek, which the ravages of time, or the power of disease have effected on those we love; then, too, the infirmity of age will produce a dull ear, feeble sight, and failing strength, which tend to detract from our joys and lessen the pleasures of life. Then, too, how often are hearts estranged from each other. Time may have much to do in quenching friendship, or circumstances may arise to throw a cloud over it; then, death, that cruel and greedy tyrant, who is no respecter of affections, and no sympathizer with the weak and friendless comes and tears from our embrace our dearest relatives and kindest friends.

In that future meeting, which shall take place in yon bright sinless world above, there will be no farewells uttered; no anxious thoughts will fill the mind with gloom; the bloom of youth will never be succeeded by the faded powers and blunted feelings of age; no circumstances will arise that can separate us from our loved ones, or lessen our affection for them. Death can never enter that glorified home, producing anguish and poverty, widowhood and orphanage. It follows then that these meetings will be far happier than any that can take place here; the joys, too, will be pure, unmixed with sin and free from all the painful effects which may at times attend the meetings here below. Oh, mourning one! if your departed friend is now possessing a home in that celestial world; and if you are a lover of Jesus, why do you

grieve so bitterly? you cannot help lamenting, it is natural you should; but the assurance that your dear one is an inhabitant of that celestial world, coupled with the conviction that you shall one day join him there, should lessen your sorrow and diminish your grief. Your grief will neither benefit your friend, nor yourself; neither will it prepare you to perform life's duties more faithfully or earnestly. Your sorrow cannot bring him back, and would you really do so if you could? When you remember his exalted and happy condition, would you desire him to return for your gratification? No, we think not; such selfish feelings cannot reside in intelligent and loving souls. In the hour of your dissolution, when death shall be chilling your blood, and stiffening your limbs, the prospect of shortly beholding your loved one, will help you to meet the last enemy unfearingly; it may produce a stronger peace, a more unwavering faith, and a more entire resignation. In holy triumph and intense joy, thou may'st bid adieu to earth and time; to sin and pain; and soar with the angelic spirit of thy redeemed friend to the mansions of bliss, and there with the glorified and innumerable assembly, experience all the unending joys of a happy meeting.

"NOT NOW."—No. 3.

TIME passed rapidly away, when one morning in the early spring of the following year, Emily received a note from Mrs. Leigh, Marion's mother, asking her to come without delay to Wardcliffe, as her friend was sinking fast and had expressed an earnest wish to see her; she had been very, very ill; Mrs. Leigh wrote, and though the intense suffering was over, and she was now comparatively free from pain, there was not the slightest hope of recovery. Emily read the letter with an aching heart. Marion dying! and she not to know it; passing away from earth, and whither? ah, whither? What had she to lean on now, she had followed shadows all her life and they had eluded her grasp, she had rejected the strong arm proffered to help her; would she find the Saviour now? Most earnestly she prayed, and agonizingly she pleaded with God for her friend, that even now she

might find Christ, she could not endure the possibility of not meeting her in the home of the blest above. Then she prayed for strength and guidance for herself, and as she arose a quiet peace stole over her; she felt that she and her dear Marion were both in His hands "who doeth all things well." The rays of the afternoon sun were slanting across the trees as Emily entered Wardcliffe, and passed over the threshold where, six months before, she had parted with Marion in health. She was met by Mrs. Leigh, who welcomed her with pleasure, gay woman of the world as she was, she felt glad that Emily had come, though she had refrained from sending for her or informing her of her child's illness, because she feared she would infect her with gloomy notions. Mrs. Leigh had no doubt but that Marion was safe. "She had never done any harm," she said to herself, "she had been dutiful and affectionate; to be sure she was not perfect, but then, God was merciful;" and so she reasoned; but Marion could not be satisfied, she knew she was dying, and she had no hope. She was too weak to talk very much, but as she lay growing every day paler and weaker, conflicts and thoughts of agony, known only to herself and God, went on in her mind. At last, with an earnestness which surprised her mother, she begged her to send for Emily. "She is asleep now, I think," Mrs. Leigh said, as she conducted Emily up stairs, "but we will tread softly and we shall not awake her. You will see a sad alteration, my dear." They entered the room and Emily started, so great was the change which the ravages of suffering had made on poor Marion. Her thin wasted hands were clasped together as she had fallen asleep, and her face so sadly altered, bore an anxious yearning expression which it pained Emily's heart to look upon. She gazed silently, and as Mrs. Leigh left the room to give some necessary order, she knelt down by the couch and lifted up her heart in prayer to God. Looking up, she met Marion's eyes fixed upon her, and a slender arm was passed round her as she said, "Oh! Emily, dear, you *are* kind to come so quickly. I am dying; they do not deny it. What *shall* I do, Emily? I have no hope." "Come to Christ, dear, just as you are, and tell Him you want to become His child; He will not turn you away, I am certain. He says, "Come unto me *all* ye that labour and

are heavy-laden and I will give you rest." Marion dear, will you not trust Him? do not doubt His love, it is so rich, so unbounded, and overflowing towards us, His erring children." "But I am not His child," she said so sadly and in such a tone of pain that it went to Emily's heart; "in my days of health, when I might have been working for Him, I turned from Him and said in my heart, if not by words, 'I will not have Jesus to reign over me.' Oh! if I could only go to Him, if He would only receive me. Do you really think there is any hope for me? do not deceive me, Emily: speak to me, and remember I am on the brink of the grave, and dying without Christ;" and she burst into an agony of tears. Emily could not answer for a moment, she supported the fragile form in her arms and said gently, "Hush, dear, do not excite yourself so much, you will make yourself worse again. Think of that verse we used to sing on Sunday evenings under the old walnut-tree at home:—

‘The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may sinners, vile as he,
Wash all their sins away.’

"It is through Christ's death and sacrifice we must be saved, not through anything we have done; the thief had rejected Christ all his life, but he found Him at the eleventh hour. Think of this, dear, but you must not talk any more now, I will read to you," and taking out her little Bible, Emily read the third chapter of John. Marion lay perfectly quiet, and when she had finished, she opened her eyes and said, "Thank you, dear, now I will try and go to sleep." Soon after, Mr. Clifton came into the room and stayed with the young wife he loved so well; and who was passing away from him, while Emily went to change her travelling dress and take some refreshment. When she returned she found Marion still awake, and her husband reading over again to her the same chapter.

Poor Ernest! this was a bitter trial to him, and no Saviour to sustain him under it, now in her prayers for Marion, Emily coupled the name of her husband that this sorrow might be the means of leading him to Christ. A week passed by, Marion grew weaker and weaker, the end would soon come to her now,

very soon she would be called to cross the dark river of death and to appear before the judgment seat of Christ. But she could not find peace, sometimes it seemed as if she could lay hold on the promises and then again she sank into the deepest despair. It was sometimes quite painful to be with her so great was the agony she endured. One evening she was more than usually downcast, she felt she was dying and that she had missed the way to heaven. Emily had been pointing her to Christ but her eyes seemed to be dim, she had no faith to look upon Him. Mrs. Leigh came in and sitting down began to talk to her, trying to comfort her by telling her she need not fear, God would not be hard upon her but Marion fixed her dark, mournful eyes upon her and with startling earnestness said "Oh! mamma, don't, don't talk so, God is just, as well as merciful, and it is only through Christ we can be saved. If I could only trust to Him, but I cannot, I cannot find Him, I have wasted my life! Oh! that I had listened years ago to the still, small voice that spoke to me, now it is too late. Mamma you *never* told me of Christ, you *never* taught me how to die."

"IT'S ONLY A BABY."

THE following lines were suggested by hearing the words, "It's only a baby," as a funeral passed.

A coach, but no hearse, and white ribbons declare
That "'tis only a baby" is shrouded there;
Then driver! the whip, why creep along so?
Their burden is light, then make the steeds go!

Haste to the churchyard, and clergyman! read
Quickly the service, while parents' hearts bleed;
For 'tis "only a baby," then quick with the cord
To lower the coffin, and no tears afford!

Grave-digger! hasten, toss in the cold clay,
Other and larger graves need thee to-day;
'Tis "only a baby," why care for the sound,
As on the small coffin falls fast the damp ground?

Why pity the mourners, e'en though they should weep?
Why should your blood chill and scalding tears creep
Silently down your pale cheek? for, you know,
'Tis "only a baby," then do not fret so!

True 'twas "only a baby," but that little life
Bound with tightened embrace the husband and wife;
'Twas a streamlet of joy they prayed to possess,
A summer sky streak in this waste wilderness.

No more shall they hear its cheerful voice sound,
No more shall its little feet patter the ground,
No more shall its rosy lips coaxingly say,
"Just one kiss, mamma, I'll be good all the day."

Its soft tiny arms, no more shall be thrown
Around parents it trusted, to whom only is known
The cruel pang felt as they list to the sound,
"Tis *only a baby* they've laid 'neath the ground."

'Twas "only a baby," but when the pulse ceased
From pain and from sorrow the babe was released;
While white-winged seraphs the little one bore
To the breast of its Saviour, safe there evermore.

'Twas "only a baby," but now 'tis a saint;
'Twas a short time ago 'mid sounds of complaint;
But now, list to the music! as its tiny hands
Sweep its harp-strings of gold, while the bright angel bands

Tune afresh to its sound their sweet song of praise,
Israel's Shepherd adoring, who shortened its days
In a clime uncongenial, and placed it above,
Safe, happy for ever in Christ's home of love.

E. S.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

A. MOTHER'S IMPORTANCE.—No. 3.

WE have met with a striking proof of a pious mother's usefulness, it is from the life of a minister. We are told that when he was nine years of age his convictions were very deep and powerful. On one Sabbath, soon after he had had new clothes his good mother perceived that his knees appeared much soiled, and questioned him on the subject. The little boy's tears rendered it utterly impossible for him to give the proper account to his mother. On the following Sabbath the appearance of his knees was much the same, and to the questionings of his pious mother he replied with great seriousness that he had been praying in the garden. His mother asked "Is it only on Sundays that you pray, my son?" "Oh, no, my dear mother"

he replied, "I pray in my every-day clothes as well as in my Sunday clothes." He then asked his mother if she thought he would be allowed to join the Church. She answered, "Yes, if you are a good boy." His father, however, did not consider he had thought sufficiently on the subject, and discouraged the application of this young candidate for Church fellowship. The mother reasoned the case with her husband and said "Shall we not fan the little spark that burns in his heart till we behold it a shining flame in his life." By this kind of appeal the father's heart was softened, and she added, "Oh, that I could see all my children seeking a place in the house of God." On the following Tuesday the little fellow met the people of God, and the pastor asked him "When did you begin to feel concern for your soul?" The boy replied, "*Ever*, as far as I know." One of the friends asked him what he meant by the word "*ever*"? The child answered, "Before I have any recollection,—the first remembrance I have is concern about my soul; this was occasioned by hearing my father read a chapter every night, putting out the candle, and then talking with some one in the dark. I could not understand with whom my father was talking, for after the candle was re-lighted there was no one there but the family. This made me wonder very much, but as my father continued to do it, I thought I would do the same, and I began. I had much pleasure in this but I was still asking myself, 'On whom do I call? With whom do I talk?' The only answer I could give to myself was that I talked with him with whom my father talked when he put out the candle." The pastor then asked, "Do you mean to persevere in this good way?" "Oh, yes," said the boy, "the God that my father had when putting out the candle shall be a God to me for ever." (It is the prevailing custom of the Welch peasantry when having family prayer by candle-light, to put out the candle during the time). Little David was fully admitted to the Church, he was only a child, but his gentle and pious mother watched over his youthful piety. After some few years he became introduced to a kind rich lady, who aided in sending him to a college in Caermarthen; but his stay there was very short, illness prevented him from pursuing his studies, he was nigh unto death. While in his sick bed he dreamed that he saw a chamber full of light,

that he beheld a coffin, and a corpse shrouded in it. He approached and saw that it was himself. He examined the lid and found on the plate his own name written, with the date of the year and month. He awoke in great distress, he expected he had only three weeks to live from the date, and that he should die of that illness. Medical men recommended that he should leave Caermarthen and be taken home. His friends perceived that he had something pressing heavily on his mind, and he told them his dream. All but his mother gave him up for dead. The day that he thought he was to die, dawned, eleven o'clock that night arrived, and for the next hour death seemed to be doing his work on him, his breath became more and more short, the pulse more and more languishing until the clock struck *twelve*. He then opened his eyes as if he had escaped from the holds of the grave and from that moment he began to improve until he was fully restored to his usual health. He resumed the work of preaching and was after a time ordained over a Church where his character was adorned with the beauty of holiness, and where his labours were crowned with abundant success. About six years after he was called to his reward, his last words were "All is well, I am more than conqueror," he then calmly fell asleep in Jesus. Doubtless the prayers and instructions of these parents will redound to the glory of God through all eternity. His brother who writes his memoir is also a minister of the Gospel, and the best and holiest wishes of that Welsh mother's heart are fulfilled. She has heard her children ask for a place in the house of her God.

"I LOVE YOU ALL THE MORE FOR IT MAMMA."

A LOVELY, intelligent child, between three and four years of age, the youngest pet of a large household, was taken by her mother to the house of prayer, one bright Sabbath morning. The little creature behaved very well until near the close of the service, when she began to talk. Her mamma endeavoured to quiet her, and gently placing her hand over her mouth said, "You must not talk, my dear." To the mother's consternation the child began to cry very much, and her mamma could not stop her

Fortunately the service was nearly over; and at the conclusion, on being asked why she cried, she said, "I wanted to go to Papa in the pulpit." On reaching home, she was quietly undressed and put to bed, her little voice raised in earnest tones to be forgiven "this once." Her dinner was sent to her, and *her* trouble did not impair her appetite. After a considerable time had elapsed, her mother went into the room, almost fearing her child would love her less for the painful, but necessary discipline to which she had been subjected. Little Florence was sitting up with a picture-book in her hands, and singing, "I want to be an angel," &c. On approaching the bed, the mother said, "Are you sorry for having been so naughty in God's house this morning?" The child, with the energetic way so natural to her, exclaimed, "I *was* a naughty girl; 'twas *quite right* to punish me, and I love you all the more for it, mamma;" and she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her repeatedly and most fondly. The mother stood astonished, and the words of Jesus came to her mind: "Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this *little child*, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

When mothers are obliged to correct their little ones, it should be done gently and lovingly, like their Father in heaven, who does not willingly grieve the children of men; and their reward in this world and the next shall be great.

L. P. C.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

NED PETERS, THE NEWS-BOY.—NO. II.

LITTLE BILLY was kindly taken care of in this humble home. His leg was not broken, but badly strained, and for a long time he was unable to use it. There he lay week after week in the little bed, where Ned, squeezing up to the side, found room for him. He bore his pain pretty well, but he didn't like to be "dependent," he said. "You needn't worry about that Billy," said Ned one day. "I've got a home, and I've got a mother, and she has made me what I am. She used to do everything for me, and now she is sick, and I do everything for her and Lillie. I have got a good business in the newspaper line, and if I am not

so rich, I am pretty well off, and can make a comfortable living for my family." Saying this he walked across the floor in quite an independent way; took a little turn, and came back saying, "So don't you worry, Billy; you live here with us, and when you are able to get out, I'll take you into business with me, and we will do well. I feel like a man who wrote some verses that I saw in one of my papers. He said he had—

'More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat his friends.'

So when Billy got well again, Ned and he went into partnership, as Ned called it, with their little stock of papers. Poor Ned! the advantage was all on Billy's side, for he was a poor, weak, little lad, and could not make as much as Ned could; but Ned felt all the happier and better for caring for his little partner, and I dare say was none the poorer in the end.

Henceforth Billy lived with Ned and his mother, and when poor Mrs. Peters was worse than usual, he was left at home to take care of her. It was a humble beginning enough for any lad to make, but Ned had a pushing, busy way with him, and gradually got on. Now and then he managed to save up an odd shilling, and put it into the savings' bank. It was a great day when he went there with his first shilling! He hesitated at the door, wondering whether they would attend to a poor-news lad; but at last he mustered up courage and went in, and found that they took his shilling as kindly as they took five pounds from a man who went in at the same time. So afterwards he went whenever he could spare a shilling; and by the time he was a man, his little store had mounted up to pounds.

In one of the streets of the city of —, you may see a news-vendor's shop; it is one of the busiest in the place. Over the door is painted the name of the firm, "Peters and Bowling." Behind the counter stands a pale thin man, who walks a little lame. He serves the little news-boys who come there for their papers, and they like to be served by him, for he speaks kindly to them, and sometimes when any of them are in trouble, he tells them how he began life as a poor news-lad, and how Ned Peters took him in and made a man of him.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S EVENING SONG.

EVENING shadows are descending
 On the city and the plain ;
 Close thine eyes in peace, my darling,
 Quiet night is come again ;
 Rest thee now in tranquil sleep,
 Angels round thee watch shall keep.

Fear not as the darkness deepens,
 God is with His children still ;
 He doth guide, protect, and bless them
 If they strive to do His will ;
 Rest thee, then, in tranquil sleep,
 Angels round thee watch shall keep.

Slumber till the morning breaking
 Fills the waking world with light ;
 Slumber till the quick'ning sunshine
 Makes all earth and heaven bright ;
 Rest thee, then, in tranquil sleep,
 Angels round thee watch shall keep.

M. E. R.

THE TRACK IN THE SNOW.

MANY years since, during one of the severe winters, in North America, several deep snows fell consecutively, until all the usual way marks of fences were hidden underneath their levelling masses. Then as is not uncommon, a freezing rain succeeded and a crust was formed of sufficient strength and thickness to bear upon its surface both traveller and conveyance. This state of things was followed by a season of the most intense cold ever known in that part of the country, during which a farmer was returning home from a distant market town. The long night of midwinter closed in and he was still at some distance from the termination of his journey when he discovered that he had lost his way. Every moment the severity of the weather seemed to increase, while benumbed and wearied, the more he examined his surroundings, the more confused he became. At last he discovered the marks of some previous traveller on the crusted snow and heard in the distance the sound of other sleigh-bells ; " Now,"

he said to himself "I am in the track of some one who has preceded me, I will follow him and be safe." Watching closely, looking downwards, he soon perceived the number of tracks to increase, giving him the assurance that he was in a beaten road. Though the piercing wind seemed to reach his very heart, this thought gave a new impetus to his exertions. On, on he pushed his panting and chilled horses; but though their hoofs flew over the frozen surface there was still no vestige of his home. Where could he be? A sense of stupefaction was creeping over him, which he well knew was but the precursor of a deeper sleep. Again he rallied, why did he not near his journey's end? There were the numerous lines made by other sleighs. Still sounded the bells in advance. He must be in the right path while following so many others. And now surely his mind was wandering, was that a concomitant of freezing to death? All things about him seemed ever the same. His brain reeled. At length with the last effort of almost despair, he urged on his horses in agonizing terror, and approaching near enough to the traveller before him to call "Where are you going?" "I am following you, which way are you travelling?" "I have been following in your track." So, as keener and more piercing blew the fierce blasts of that night had these lost travellers been for hours riding round and round a large circle in each other's wake! Then all at once they recalled, that as their homes lay due northward, there was a bright star shining clear and steady in that direction, which, had they remembered before they might, hours ago, have been safe within their warm shelter. This thought inspired fresh life, and now, looking upward, they press on and soon see the welcome gleam of their firesides, where warmth and ease restore them. A little longer and it would have been too late. Never do they remember their narrow escape or look up in a winter night without saying, "Thank God for the north star!" This incident is an apt illustration of the folly and danger of making the conduct of others our guide and standard instead of the rules God has given us. "Do you visit your scholars?" asked a young teacher of another. "Why no," was the reply "I cannot find that any other teachers are in the habit of doing so." Thus many an opportunity is lost for making individual counsel more pertinent

and direct. "How is it that you do not maintain family prayer?" asked a faithful pastor of the head of a household. "There are a good many members of the Church who do not and who are more capable than myself," was the ready excuse; and so following in the frozen wake of others, the religious temperature, in a home filled with blessing, falls very low. "Have you opened your Bible to-day?" whispers conscience, and is stifled with the reminder that men of business are so hurried, and if a minute's leisure occurs, who ever saw a Bible in a counting-house? No wonder the ledger will not always bear the test of the golden rule. "But they, comparing themselves among themselves are not wise." "Thy word is a light unto my path."

"ALMOST AT HOME."

A FEW more moments to remain
 As pilgrims here below,
 To tread this world of grief and pain
 Before we yonder go.
 Within this "vale of tears" we have
 A little while to roam;
 But a bright hope before us lies,
 For we're "almost at home."

"Almost at home!" Ah! think of that,
 When wearied and depress'd;
 "Almost at home!" and in that home
 For evermore to rest.
 "Almost at home!" Oh! blessed words,
 They cheer us as we roam;
 Soon all our sorrows will be o'er,
 For we're "almost at home!"

E. H. S.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE END OF EDUCATION.

THE multitudes think that to educate a child is to crowd into its mind a given amount of knowledge; to teach the mechanism of reading and writing; to load the memory with words, to prepare for trade. No wonder, then, that they think everybody

fit to teach. The true end of education is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth powers of thought, affection, will, and outward action; power to gain and spread happiness. Reading is but an instrument, education is to teach its best use. The intellect was created not to receive passively a few words, dates, and facts, but to be active for the acquisition of truth. Accordingly education should inspire a profound love of truth, and teach the process of investigation.

THE MAINSPRING.

CONTINUED regard to the will of God should be the regulating principle of every Christian, and not the conduct of others. Of him who is regulated by any other principle than regard to the will of God, it may be said, "that man's religion is vain."

A GOOD HABIT.

ALWAYS have a book or paper within your reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day if it is but a sentence. If you can give fifteen minutes a-day it will be felt at the end of the year. Thoughts take up no room. When they are right they afford a portable pleasure, with which one may travel or labour without any trouble or encumbrance.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"She is not Dead, but Sleepeth." London: Nisbet & Co.

A very touching little account of a dear child who died very young.

The Child's Commentator. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This is a most attractive volume; it would be a handsome and valuable Christmas present for any who are fond of studying the Bible. We think many Sabbath-school teachers who find it difficult to simplify their explanations of God's Word will hail this as a treasure.

The Little Woodman and his dog Caesar. By MRS. SHERWOOD. London: Houlston & Wright, Paternoster-row; and Partridge, Paternoster-row.

This is a well-known tale, got up in a very nice form, and embellished with several engravings.

Old Jonathan's Almanack. London: Collingridge.

This is a well filled sheet, containing texts for every day, and much useful information.

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THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND.



"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED."

(VOLUME EIGHTEENTH.)

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P R E F A C E

TO THE

S I X T H V O L U M E .

NEW SERIES.

“THERE is no duty, however arduous, which God cannot give us ability to perform, if we are earnest in striving to do what is right.”

The truth that, “as thy day so shall thy strength be,” has been realized during the year that is now almost past ; and the pages of this little volume have winged their way month after month on their friendly mission into thousands of British homes. The responsibility of the work has been great, and the task of providing suitable food for so many has been sometimes a hard one, but by the assistance of kind friends, and above all, by the help of God, the work has been done. Now the winter is come again, telling us of the closing year ; and as the fallen leaves are being swept together, and the broken wood is being tied in bundles

PREFACE

and stored away for future use, these leaflets are gathered up and bound into a little book, to be sent out into the world, and to take its place with others in the great crowd of silent teachers, some as humble, some more noble, some with power for good and some evil. Their influence will never be known until the last great book shall be opened which shall reveal all things : may this volume find its way as a comforter and guide into the hearts as well as the homes of England's Mothers

December, 1865.

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

THE mountains and meadows are no longer decked in green, the flowers no longer adorn the way-side, and the birds no longer sing amid the bowers. Summer's beauty and melody have departed, and o'er the earth is cast a mantle white and cold, and from the hills comes sweeping o'er the plain the piercing breath of winter. But with the voice of the moaning wind there is mingled the merry chime of bells, and in the streets are heard glad voices and warm congratulations. Friends and neighbours have met and are exchanging greetings on this New Year's Morning. Yes, another New Year has dawned upon us, and we haste to greet it with joy and gladness! It is true we breathed a sigh as the Old Year lay dying, and a few sad thoughts occurred as we bade him farewell for ever; but scarce was his last moan hushed ere we turned to greet his successor, the New Year, with smiles and words of welcome. There is much that we can do to promote the comfort and happiness of our fellow-creatures, and now on this New Year's Morning let us begin our labours of love. How many there are, who at this moment need our sympathy and aid! How many who are mourning over shattered hopes and riches that have taken wings! How many who are pining in want and loneliness, suffering for the common necessities of life! How many who are homeless and friendless, wandering about

without a spot to lay their weary limbs and aching heads! How many who are groaning with pain and tossing upon beds of sickness! How many who are bewailing the loss of dear ones who have been snatched from them during the past year by accident or disease! Many a chair stands vacant by the fire-side that was filled one year ago by a beloved form. Many a voice is hushed that then, in the tones of affection, wished us a happy New Year. Many a hand is still that grasped ours in warm congratulations. Some of these loved ones passed peacefully away in our arms and are sleeping in the grave, while others, not less dear, went down full of life and health and vigour to the ocean's dark depths, where they will sleep with the billows surging above them till the Resurrection morn.

One, whom memory recalls to us, who was busily engaged in her Master's work, as a Sabbath-school teacher last New Year's Morning, has been gathered to the garden above, and is spending *this* New Year's Morning in hymning the praises of her Redeemer.

A pale and thoughtful man sat alone in his room on the last night of the year, counting the number of the months and revolving the scenes through which he had passed, when suddenly the church clock tolled the hour of midnight. He started at the sound, it was the knell of the departing year. With that stroke its lingering life was ended and a New Year begun. Sadly conscious that another portion of his life was gone, he again passed the year before him in solemn review. Much he found for gratitude and rejoicing—it had been a prosperous year. Many a time had his heart beat high with joy and pride at his advancing fortune. Yet it was not all sunshine, many days had been "dark and dreary." If the year had its triumphs, it had also its disappointments and humiliations; thus God had given him a mingled cup to drink. But sadder than the remembrance of petty humiliations, of wounded vanity, or mortified pride, was the desolateness caused by the loss of some whom he had loved and cherished. He thought of the country graveyard where they sleep, under the shadow of the village church, and hard by the paternal home. He stood again by the mound that swelled above the faithful breast of his "friend of other days," and wept over the treasure of his heart, hidden beneath that little bank of flowers. In that

midnight hour the forms of the dead rose up before him and seemed to stand in the moonlight, and to stretch out their hands and beckon. Eagerly he gazed upon their shining forms, and then they seemed to move away into the infinite distance, and he saw only afar off

“Pale faces growing dim in distant lands,
Departing feet and slowly severing hands.”

Some of these familiar countenances were turned upon him with a mournful look that seemed to reproach him for past unkindness or neglect. He recalled harsh words that he had spoken, and selfish deeds that he had done. He would give the world to be permitted to ask forgiveness now, but it was too late. These injured ones had passed for ever beyond the reach of any atonement which he could make, beyond his voice asking for pardon and reconciliation. From unkindness to men, the quickened conscience turned to the proofs of base ingratitude to God. The whole year was full of God's goodness and of his own ingratitude. He thought of his mis-spent time, of his neglected duties, of hours stolen from duty and from prayer to be wasted in folly and in sin—and mourned that time so precious could return no more. He sat silent with grief and reproach. What should he do? What *could* he do but fall on his knees before that Being against whom he had sinned, and implore that pardon which He alone could give? Humbled and penitent, he knelt down and poured out his heart to God in prayer; then, with a chastened spirit, saddened by past experience of weakness and sin, yet trustful in the grace of One above, he turned to the opening year, and humbly resolved in God's strength hereafter to lead a better life—to be more kind, more gentle in his family, more considerate for the comfort and welfare of his dependents, more strict in his private devotions, more conscientious in his public duties, and more faithful to his God. May the same resolutions be ours; that if we are spared to see the close of this year, we may be able to look back upon it with pleasure and not with remorse.

'Tis sweet to think upon the past,
Where days now long gone by
Shine as a halo round the breast,
Or star-lamps in the sky.

THE OLD YEAR'S FAREWELL.

Though thoughts perchance of early years
 Are mingled with regret,
 The emerald beauty of the past
 Deep in the heart is set.

At break of morn or dewy eve,
 Oft whisper in the ear
 The voices of departed ones
 That once we loved to hear.

Like guardian angels lingering near,
 Those voices seem to tell
 That we *should love*, but *should not love*
 The *things of earth* too well.

THE OLD YEAR'S FAREWELL.

BLEAK and cold was that winter's night,
 The moon gave not forth her silvery light,
 The earth with the fallen snow was white,
 The air was cold and chill.

The Old Year wept with mournful wail
 As through the churchyard swept the gale,
 And far and wide, o'er hill, through dale,
 It shrieked its last farewell.

"I'm numbered now with things that are past,
 For many I fear, I've gone too fast;
 Take care, take care; I'm not the last
 Old Year whose death you'll see.

"Through twelve long months I've held my way,
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, own'd my sway,—
 And Winter too, till New Year's day,
 Bowed to my sovereign will.

"But now, Old World, farewell, farewell!
 The New Year sings my funeral knell,
 Oh! use its precious moments well,
 The time is short—is short!"

Yes! ere the close of this New Year
 Jesus our Saviour may appear;
 Oh may we meet Him without fear!
 Wash'd in His blood.

tion for his future usefulness. "My mother said one day to me, 'Where do you expect to go at death, Willie?' I answered, 'To heaven, mother.' 'But how do you expect to get there?' I replied, 'I dinna ken, mother; but I am sure you will get into heaven, and I will hold a fast gripe of you and get in too, and I am sure God will not put me out when once I get in.' My mother, ceasing her work, told me with much feeling that although I got into the kirk by holding her, yet I could not get into heaven by such means; that I was now capable of looking to and receiving Christ for myself; that I could be saved in no other way than that in which my mother could be saved; that I must look to the Lord myself, and not depend on any other. That same night I tried to pray to Jesus as my only Saviour. I acted just as a child, and had, strictly speaking, no proper sense of prayer, but this I can say, that from that time forward I always considered myself an accountable being, and in all my prayers I considered I was going to God for myself. I remember well on one particular occasion my mother offering up special prayer for me. I heard her with fixed attention, the words never have been and never can be forgotten by me while memory holds her seat." Now observe, little William was at this time only seven years of age, yet the prayer of his mother was engraven on his young, tender heart as by the finger of God, and he never lost it again. Oh, mothers! what are your children treasuring up of *yours* to come forth in future years? Have they prayers earnest and fervent poured from a pious mother's heart, in memory's keeping? or shall it be that when in after years they hear others speak of a mother's prayers and instructions, your dear children will drop a tear and say, "I fear I have no prayers registered in heaven for *me*, for my dead mother was *not* pious?" This mother's prayer was heard and answered; her son was spared to be useful in the Church and in the world, and died to be for ever with the Lord.

"NOT NOW."—No. 4.

THE next day Marion appeared rather better, and on the following, as no unfavourable change had taken place, hope

revived in the hearts of her anxious friends. Vain hope! they little thought that ere the morrow's sun, all that would remain to them of their beautiful, much-loved treasure would be the frail tenement which now held the immortal soul. When Emily entered her friend's room in the early morning, she was surprised to find her sitting half-upright, searching for something in the little pocket Bible, which always lay near her; she took it from her, saying gently, "Let me read to you, dear, you are not strong enough; I will read anything you wish." The answer was almost inaudible, but Emily caught the words, "prodigal son," so she turned to that beautiful parable and read it to her. When she had finished Marion said, in a low voice, "Emily, I am like that prodigal son, I have been wandering in a far country, giving all my days to Satan, and I have been so fearful that God would not receive me as a child. I felt that I must do something to merit forgiveness, but as I lay awake with the pain last night, light seemed to break upon me, and I saw that I must go to Him just as I am, with all my neglect and sin, and say—

‘Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!’

And I do sincerely trust in His atoning blood, and I hope He has received me; but my faith is very weak, and I am like a bruised reed." "What a blessing," answered Emily, through her tears, "to know that 'He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax;' you are quite safe in His hands, dearest, whatever may come, life or death." "Death will soon come to me now," was Marion's reply, "a few more days, perhaps hours, and I shall be gone from amongst you; I trust to join in the song of the redeemed from all the parts of the earth. Only one thing weighs my spirit down and makes me unhappy." "What is that, dear?" Emily asked softly. "The thought that I have wasted the life that might have been spent in His service; it is this that comes like a cloud over me. O Emily, tell my boy as soon as he is old enough the story of my life; tell him that 'not now' was almost the ruin of his mother's eternal happiness, warn against procrastination, tell him his mother's dying prayer

for him was, that *early* he might become a servant of Christ; and, Emily, tell every one you may meet with, who are putting off their soul's best interests—tell them how it embittered my last moments to look back on my life, perhaps it may do good and save them from my sorrow." This was the last conversation the friends ever had together; an hour after Marion was raving in wild delirium, talking incoherently, and lamenting in a tone of the deepest anguish that she had wasted her life. Emily felt she could not be sufficiently thankful to God that in His tender mercy He had not snatched her away ere she left a testimony behind, so that they might hope to meet in the better land. All the afternoon they watched for a sign of returning consciousness, but none came; her husband, in speechless agony, supported the fragile form, while Mrs. Leigh seemed almost frantic. About sunset the fever abated, and, powerless as a little child, she fell back, her eyes closed, and her face so pale one might almost fancy the spirit had fled. Suddenly she opened her eyes and whispered, "Where am I?" then, as if comprehending, the words came, "my baby." They brought the fair child over whose sunny head only one fleeting twelve months had passed; the dying mother pressed a kiss on the fair white brow, and taking the tiny hand in her own, placed it in that of her husband, saying with as much earnestness as she could command, "Train him for God, dear Ernest and mother. All of you meet me there." The effort was too much; she sank back exhausted, but presently the lips moved and Ernest bent down to catch the whispered words—

"Just enough of strength to hold
The everlasting arm."

A short struggle and all was over, and as Emily gazed on the lovely features so soon to be shrouded from their sight in the cold embrace of the grave, she thanked again and again her heavenly Father, who had proved a prayer-answering God. She believed that Marion was safe, but she shuddered as she thought of the risk she had run by not seeking Christ till affliction came. Mrs. Leigh did not live long after Marion's death, but her last days were shrouded in impenetrable reserve and gloom, and no ray of hope beams from her grave. Ernest Clifton never forgot

the lesson he learned by the death-bed of his young wife; he laid down his pride at the foot of the cross and devoted himself to the service of the crucified One, until about ten years after he went to join her in the fatherland above. His boy is now a minister of Christ, rendering much service to His cause and winning many souls to His fold. Emily still lives, and in her memory is ever fresh the story of her friend's life; when she sees the young procrastinating, she longs to warn them ere it be too late to come to Christ. When she sees worldly mothers training their children for gaiety and dissipation, she trembles and thinks of Mrs. Leigh and her hopeless death, and longs to set before *them* what the end will be when the Angel of Death comes to summon them away.

L. St. C.

THE NEW YEAR.

A WORD OF COMFORT TO THOSE WHO HAVE DEAR ONES "NOT
LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."

WE have bid adieu to the Old Year, and we welcome the New. Eighteen hundred and sixty-four has passed, and its hours have seen the departure of many we loved; friends valued and prized, dear ones treasured, little ones round whose fair brow halos of hope brightly glittered, and only glittered to fade away. I knew one mother who had three precious gems lent her by her Lord, and one of them He has taken from its earthly casket to adorn His diadem above: Yes, little Edie is now singing the praises of her Redeemer in glory, and her precious clay is resting in its narrow bed awaiting its resurrection call. Her mother often visits the hallowed spot, and as she reads on the tiny stone "Is it well with the child? It is well," her heart can believe the words, and she says "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Son! daughter! art thou left to lament a parent's loss? Shall that fondly beaming eye never again cheer thee with its glance of truest affection and love? Is that countenance, on which thou didst delight to gaze, to which thou wert wont to look for approval or loving rebuke, grown pale

as it peacefully slumbers in "that sleep that knows no waking?" You touch those dear lips, but they are wan and cold; you feel that all but idolized being is gone—gone from earth for ever! You weep! wherefore? Would you wish her back to thee? No, for she rests in the bosom of her Jesus. Thou wouldst not take her thence! Then weep no more as one that hath no hope: rejoice, all her toils are over; now she abides

"With Christ eternally shut in."

Thus would I seek to comfort thee! Father! mother! hast thou too lost the dearest object of thy heart's affections? Dost thou mourn the being in whom all thine earthly hopes were centred, the treasure of thy life, the very idol of thy soul? Yes, perhaps that lost darling was worshipped instead of thy God—was adored instead of thy Creator. Was it so? Then bless the hand that hath borne him whence thou canst not behold him, and bestow the love lavished on the creature, upon thy loving Lord who maketh "all things" work together for thy good. But it may be thou hast in resignation submitted to the will and unerring counsel of Him "who doeth all things well." And yet, O mother! the tear of affection *will* roll down, and the sigh of maternal anguish burst from thy wounded heart. Thy manly breast, O bereaved father! may heave with a sorrow before unknown, as thine eye grows dim beholding that sweet face, bereft of the beauteous bloom it once had borne, as it lies paled in the ghastly hue of death. That dreaded visitant hath come, hath snatched thy beloved one from thy reluctant grasp. Yes, he is gone, no more on earth shalt thou see him! His soul hath fled, his redeemed spirit departed to the realms of love, joy, and peace. Then, Father, cease to mourn! Mother, do not weep! Rejoice! for he dwells in regions where sorrows never come, whence every trouble flees, where tears shall be wiped away from off all faces, and whilst thou musest on these things thy spirit will be calmed. True, those tiny arms shall be no more thrown around thy neck, as when in purest affection he kissed thy lips, pressed his soft cheek against thy brow, and returned thy approving smile in all the confiding innocence of childhood. Yet he is not dead, 'twas only death that "died;" he sweetly slumbers, has fallen asleep in Jesus. His

spirit *now* rests on the bosom of his Saviour, beholding His gracious countenance, filled with the love that angels breathe, and clothed in the spotless robe of a Saviour's righteousness. There does he bathe his

“weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble rolls
Across his peaceful breast.”

Come with us, sorrowing parent! let us go thitherward, let us approach the portals of the heavenly city; we will leave awhile the abode of mortal man, and soar away to the regions of blessedness! Look, seest thou that bright one yonder; let not thy sight grow dim with the wondrous glory that encircles him! See! he raises his jewelled lyre, and, as its burnished strings are glittering in light ineffable, utters forth his lay of praise and adoration from a heart burning with a heaven-born love. Now, in low and exquisite notes he breathes out the “music of the skies;” now, do the wondrously attuned strings quiver as his loud and deepening tones echo through the ethereal vault of glory. Hark! the hosts of Paradise take up the strain—they join in mighty chorus—fill the highest heaven with sounds of thrilling harmony. 'Tis surely not the melody of earth, 'tis heavenly thunder; yes, it rolls, it rises, dwells, re-echoes through the realms of light:—

“ Mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring.”

O parent! does not thy soul melt within thee? Canst thou longer bear the weight of joy? We must away; wert thou yet to linger, earth would seem to become a place of woe—thine heart would sicken as with hope deferred, while peace would quit its home within thy breast. Now, parent, dost thou hopelessly mourn thy departed one? Wouldst thou call him back to thee? Thy momentary loss is his everlasting gain; thy short-lived sorrow is his eternal rejoicing; separation from thee was unending glory to him. Yes, death was life to him: death brought *thee* affliction, it brought *him* happiness. Death swept a treasured jewel from thee, it added one more brilliant to the diadem of Immanuel, and the

lustre of that gem is not the less because it passed so soon away. Nay, it remained not in these abodes of sin, and sorrow, and sighing, where now thou dwellest, lest it might be dimmed or tarnished by the darkening things of earth; but it was borne to that land of rest, to that Paradise of fadeless beauty, to live, and dwell, and reign with Him who lovingly said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

S. O. M. C.

A CHRISTIAN AND INFIDEL IN A PERILOUS SITUATION.

A FEW years ago, in the winter, a large sleigh-stage started with twelve persons from Hoboken, opposite New York, for the city of Albany, on the Hudson River. Amongst the passengers was a most interesting young lady, deeply devoted to God, on her way to be married to a missionary in Persia. There were also an elderly gentleman from the State of Ohio, and a young man, but all strangers to each other. Sleigh-riding in that country is a very pleasant and animated method of travelling. All were in a cheerful mood, enjoying the scenery. Passing through several towns and small villages it was remarked, "What an aspect of comfort and respectability is evident in places which are graced by the spire of a church." The elderly man alluded to said that he had travelled and seen much in his time, but he would give it as a fruit of this observation, "Wherever there was a church and stated minister, the people five or six miles round were more orderly, sober, and circumspect than were those who did not enjoy such a privilege." This brought the young whiskered gentleman fully out. As the old friend had intruded religion he would give his opinion. "Priestcraft, witchcraft, and all the empty doctrines of Christianity," said he, "were only devised to scare the ignorant. The laws of Lycurgus are far superior to those of Moses. There is nothing to be feared from death; at the most it is nothing more than a leap in the dark." The weather set in very bad, with rain in abundance, during several hours. At every tavern while the

horses drank water the driver helped himself to rum. The winter road led them into the bosom of the Hudson, covered with ice, and when upon its surface they discovered their danger. Late rains had affected the ice, and the horses were up to their knees in snow and water. A deep and powerful river ran beneath them, with bold and craggy shores on either hand. A heavy snow storm came on, the risk of plunging into air-holes was evident to all. The heads of the horses could scarcely be seen through the storm, and the man of the whip drove on, declaring he neither feared death nor the devil. All felt, should the ice give way, and it was becoming worse and worse, destruction was inevitable. The distress of the young infidel was not to be concealed, he trembled from head to foot, but was silent. The young lady appeared pale and thoughtful, as she opened a small travelling basket and took out a little red book, opened it, turned over a few leaves, and fixed her eye upon a passage. After a few moments she closed the book and shut her eyes. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." The paleness disappeared from her cheek, and a glow of heavenly peace and confidence suffused her beautiful countenance. God was gracious to them, and as they proceeded up the river a way of escape from their peril opened. While changing horses at the hotel one of the party asked her, very politely, but with an interest she appreciated, what it was she found in the little book which seemed to have such a happy effect upon her mind. "The book, sir," said she, "is named 'Daily food for Christians,' being a text for every day in the year. The one which gave me so much comfort was the text for this day. 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth, even for ever.'"

"I CANNOT PRAY."

In a back street of one of our principal towns, on the afternoon of a glorious day, the last rays of the setting sun looked in through the little window of a tiny room upon the dying bed of a young girl. Their fading splendour illumined with a transient

glory her deep lustrous eyes, and tinged with a roseate hue the delicate paleness of her cheek. As you gazed upon her, you could well believe that the kingdom of God had come very nigh to that dwelling. One of her white hands was laid caressingly upon the head of her brother, a fine, manly youth, who, overcome with grief, had sunk on his knees by the bedside, and with his face buried in his hands, was striving to stifle the sobs, which notwithstanding his efforts, shook convulsively his well-knit frame. "Hush! Arthur, hush!" murmured the girl in a clear, loud voice, "don't grieve for me, I am going from this world of sin to a land of holiness; soon I shall see the King in His beauty, and the many mansions which Christ has prepared; I shall see our father and mother who have gone before us, and all will be joy, all will be light;" and as she spoke, her whole face was irradiated with triumphant happiness, her slight frame shook with emotion. Arthur raised his head as his sister spoke, and lifting his tearful eyes to her pale face, said, "Effie, Effie, it is not for you I grieve: you will be holy and happy, but oh! what will become of me, who am left behind! I am not like you, Effie; I have not loved God, and when you are gone there will be no one to keep me from doing wrong, and I shall never see you again, never come to the beautiful heaven where you are going. O, sister! live a little longer, and save me." Once more the poor boy buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. Effie's face was disturbed for a moment, her calm bright eyes filled with tears, but she controlled herself and replied, "You would not have me live longer than my Father wills, Arthur, dear; and even if I could live longer, I could not save you, my darling brother; there is but one name given under heaven, among men, by which we can obtain salvation. O, Arthur, fly to the Saviour; here, before I die, give yourself to Him in an everlasting covenant, ask Him to pardon and to receive you, for His mercy's sake."

"I cannot pray," sobbed Arthur, "my heart is hard, I cannot even forgive God for taking you away, when He knows I cannot be good without you; pray for me, sister dear, I cannot pray." Effie clasped her hands in earnest prayer, but suddenly a change came over her face, her breath became shorter, her hands dropped powerless. Arthur started up and stooped over her, the dying

girl's lips moved, then she whispered feebly, "I am going, Arthur, pray." The boy fell upon his knees in an agony of sorrow. "I cannot pray," but even as he spoke, his eyes rested upon his sister's supplicating countenance, already dark with the shadows of death. Looking up to heaven, while the great tears rolled down his cheeks, he cried, "Lord, I cannot pray, my heart is hard. Help Thou me! Save me! O Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." A softly breathed Amen echoed his agonized prayer; but when Arthur rose from his knees, Effie's trusting spirit had gone home. No heartfelt petition ever yet ascended to heaven and remained unanswered; and Arthur's cry, uttered in the bitterness of his spirit, was heard, like that of the publican of old. God softened his rebellious heart, shed abroad in it the love of Jesus, and now he lives in the fear and service of his Heavenly Father. Young friends! have you never yet given yourselves to the Saviour? Have you hitherto spurned all His offers of love and mercy? O refuse no longer to listen! Go to Him, with a confession of your sin, tell Him of the hardness of your heart, of your coldness, of your unbelief, and say "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." Then, if your desires are sincere and fervent, the All-merciful God will grant your request, and give you peace, happiness, and at last eternal life, through His Son.

M. E. R.

A MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

"Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

ONE with the saints in heaven's own light,
 My mother sings her song of praise;
 She waves her palm and walks in white,
 'Mid flowers, whose fragrance ne'er decays:
 The desert and the river pass'd,
 She wears her promised crown at last.

In parted links, behold the chain
 That bound her to the pilgrim state;
 But think, for aye the pulse of pain

In that mute form no more shall beat ;
 Joy, only joy, shall break its rest,
 When up it mounts to join the blest.

Glory to Him who gave her breath,
 And watched her well through changeful years ;
 Whose grace, vouchsafed in life and death,
 Beyond the wave of time appears.
 A blood-bought wreath of victory now,
 For ever shines upon her brow !

Mother ! thy troubles were not few,
 Thy Lord oft made the billows foam ;
 He loved thee, and His wisdom knew
 How best to bear thy spirit home.
 What if the wave were rough and dark,
 Thy God, thy Saviour, steered the ark !

HINTS BY THE WAY.

THERE is no reason why parents should not expect their prayer and efforts for the spiritual good of their children to result in their conversion to God, even while they are very young. Why should they not be under the influence of the Holy Spirit from their earliest years ? Why should they not, like John the Baptist, be filled with the Holy Ghost from life's first dawn ? Why should they not resemble Timothy, who from a child knew the Scriptures ? Are there not made to Christian parents in the Word of God, exceeding great and precious promises ? May they not hear God saying to them, regarding each little one committed to their care, "Take this child and nurse it for me ?" May they not regard the words which Jehovah once spoke to Abraham as addressed by Him also to themselves : "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee ?" Did not Jesus confirm this gracious promise, when He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven ?" Little children are reckoned as subjects of this kingdom, and unless they throw off its restraints and rebel against its authority, they shall not be excluded from its blessedness. Parents, therefore, should regard their little ones as subjects of the heavenly King. They should teach them from their earliest years to look up to Jesus, not only as their Saviour, but also as their Sovereign,

whom they are bound to love, honour, and obey. They should instruct them in the truths relating to His character and kingdom, and endeavour by every possible means to bring them under their influence. The Sabbath should be made a happy day to them—the best of all the seven. There are abundant means of accomplishing this, only let the minds of the children be occupied with what is fitted to instruct and interest them. Let them be led as soon as they are able to use their mental powers; when a chapter is read, let them be encouraged to ask questions regarding its contents. When a Scripture place or character is selected as an exercise, let them one after another mention any fact they may remember regarding it. Scripture prints and maps, Bible stories and biographies, religious anecdotes and brief memoirs of youthful Christians will afford valuable aid in causing the Sabbath to pass pleasantly away. But this work should be superintended by the parents themselves; in the spirit of love and patience and prayer they should persevere in it; their responsibility must be kept in view. Were parents more earnest and believing in prayer for their children, and more diligent and patient in effort to train them for God, they would be more successful.

What ! has God promised, and will He not perform ? Will He be unfaithful to His word ? He has said : “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” Put away every unbelieving thought, Christian parent; labour on in faith and hope, in the spirit of love and patience and fidelity. Let the love of Christ be your motive and the glory of God your end; in due season you shall reap, if you faint not. Do not be discouraged if the seed you sow does not immediately spring up: “Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain.” Your labour, meanwhile, is not overlooked. There is One who says, “I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience.” Yield not then to discouragement, give not way to despondency. “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand;” for “he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE LITTLE MOTHERLESS GIRL'S MYSTERY, AND HOW IT WAS SOLVED.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it." Slowly the little fingers traced the lines, and the holy words dropped one by one from the parted rosy lips. It was Ruth Edwards, who sat by the window curled up in her grandmother's arm-chair reading. It was the large family Bible she held in her lap, the one she liked to read in; the letters were so large, she could tell "in a minute," what they were. It was a very old Bible, full of pictures, which Ruth loved to look at, and she could tell you all about them.

In this old Bible, besides the pictures, Ruth could show you the leaves where all the family names were written, as far back as her great, great, grandfather,—so very great, she thought he must have been as large as Goliath, the giant that David slew. There was one page here on which Ruth's eyes would linger until the tears would gather; for among all the names of uncles, aunts and grandfathers, there was one short line—only one, but it meant so much to Ruth.

"Died, December 28th, Ruth, wife of George Edwards." It was little Ruth's *mother* that died that cold December day, and little Ruth, who had gone to sleep for the first time that cold December night without a mother's kiss, Ruth remembered the Sabbath afternoon when her father had taken down the old Bible and had written those words. He had read them to her as she stood by his side, and she thought his face grew happier as he repeated the words he had written underneath: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water." It was because Ruth now had a mother in heaven that she loved to read in Revelations, where we learn so much of heaven and the angels. When she had finished spelling out the

words of her verse, she rested her head on her hands, while she thought: "I wonder if mother has one of those white stones. I should like to know what her new name is. It can never be anything to me but mother," and the little lips kept on saying over, "Mother, mother," as though they loved it. By-and-bye the tears began to roll down the little cheeks, and then the face was hidden in the hands, while the dear name came through sobs from the quivering lips. Poor little girl! was there none to comfort her? Watch awhile. Behind the clouds the sun is hid; but one little ray of light creeps slowly through the open window and across the table; it rests for a moment on the leaves of the sacred book, and then finds its way softly between the little fingers. The clouds are breaking and the beautiful sunlight fills the room. Ruth watches the clouds as they grow golden in the light of the setting sun. Those great masses look like pillars to a golden gate, and behind them seem to glitter the spires and domes of a city. Ruth watches, till fainter and fainter grows the light, the sun sinks slowly behind the clouds, and she at last sits alone in the twilight. But the sunbeam has done its work, for in place of tears are smiles, in place of sad thoughts, happy ones. Ruth is thinking of her mother now to be sure; but instead of that longing for her, she is thinking of that beautiful heaven where she is gone, of the holy ones who walk and talk with her there, and of the white stones and new names which they bear.—*More about little Ruth next month.*

LINE'S WRITTEN FOR THE "MOTHERS' FRIEND,"

BY A LAD, AGED THIRTEEN YEARS.

The "Mothers' Friend," that name so dear,
As it softly strikes on the list'ner's ear,
Betokens a world of earnest love,
That draws its stream from the Fount above;
That Fount from which all goodness flows;
That Fount and Source which the Christian knows,
From which the Christian's strength is given—
Strength which will guide him on to heaven.
But the mother who knows and loves the Lord,
Who honours and reads His holy Word,
That mother will find, to her joy, in the end,
That Christ indeed is "The Mothers' Friend."

T. M. H. C

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

GOOD AND BETTER.

Good to be one of the angel choir,
 With never a shadow of shame and sin;
 No bitter remembrance of earthly guilt,
 To mar the untroubled peace within.

Better to be a human soul,
 Won by the love of Christ to heaven;
 Casting the crown and striking the harp,
 And singing the song of the much-forgiven.

ETERNITY.

Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but Time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Beauty and her Plain Sister. London: Hamilton and Adams.

A handsomely bound and attractively written volume for the young—very suitable for a New Year's gift.

The New Sunday-School Tune Book. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A valuable addition to the list of sacred music for the gratification of the young and the praises of God. It contains tunes to many beautiful hymns, which they have not been able to sing for lack of suitable tunes.

Family Walking Sticks. By OLD HUMPHREY. London: Partridge, Paternoster-row.

There are many useful lessons taught in a pleasing style in this little book.

The Alexandra Magazine and Englishwoman's Journal. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald. London: Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane.

This little periodical, neatly bound, forms a nice addition to a Sunday-School Library.

The Rod and its Uses. London: Partridge, Paternoster-row.

A little volume, containing many useful lessons for parents.

The New Sunday-School Hymn Book. By EDWIN HODDER. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We think this nice little book would become a general favourite in Sabbath Schools, if it were more widely known and used.

The Book and its Missions. Nov. 1864. London: Kent and Co., Paternoster-row.

The Merry, Merry Bells; Hymns for the Old and New Year; Be ye Holy, a Motto for 1865. London: Tresidder.

. A few Books must stand over until next month for lack of space.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

A MOTHER'S IMPORTANCE.—No. 5.

A GOOD man, in speaking on the subject of a mother's reward in seeing the blessing of heaven descend upon her sincere and constant effort to train her children for the skies, asks "Is it that infinite benevolence would requite in this form the humiliation and sorrow arising from the priority of *woman* in the first transgression;—even as in unutterable condescension it assigned to her the exclusive parentage of our great Deliverer? Or is it only the result of that peculiar combination of assiduity and mild forbearance by which the piety of a *Christian mother* is wont to be distinguished? Or does the heart yield itself with a less reluctant submission to one whose sex forbids the competition of physical force? Or is there in the first years of life an efficacy to win and to subdue, when every other influence would be tried without effect? Or what other cause may be assigned? I know not, but the fact is *certain*, that the instructions of *such* mothers are in innumerable instances, productive of more valuable and permanent results than *all other forms of instrumentality together.*" What a thought, mothers! and this is the testimony of one standing high among the ranks of *great men*, of *ministers*, whose work it had been to study the mind and ways of God as well as the human character under its many varied forms, and who was himself a living witness of all he was trying to prove. He was the son of a pious mother, and tenderly he loved her; he felt within his manly bosom a conviction that a *pious* mother's love was a mysterious, a magical, a divine thing. He felt how it nestles about the heart, and *goes*, and *lives*, and *speaks* to the man, and speaks pure words to him, and is like a guardian angel! His mother's *image*, his mother's *purity*, his mother's *piety*, his mother's *love*, had gone with him all along the rough path of life, and he felt anxious to impress on all mothers within his reach, the mighty influence put into their power by the God of heaven.

This great and good man possessed a warm heart, his attachment to *both* parents was exceedingly great, but in his affective-

for his MOTHER there was a peculiar tenderness, a feature of character common to him, with many other minds of superior mould and hearts of natively refined and delicate sensibility. His brother tells us that his attachment to his parents was so tender, that strangers would have mistaken it for a weakness. On one occasion his mother was visiting him where he was settled as a minister, and while there she accidentally left a thread hanging from the chimney-piece. After she was gone this slight memorial he preserved for a long time undisturbed. When intelligence reached him that his beloved mother was dead, he left home by the next coach, and on his arrival in town hastened to the room where the body lay. He buried his face within the coffin in an agony of affectionate grief, kissing the corpse and entirely covering the countenance with his tears, nor could he, without great difficulty, be induced to quit the chamber.

In one of his sermons, as he was referring to the tender relation of parents and children, the recollection of his *mother* and father so affected him, that he was completely overwhelmed, and was unable to proceed for a considerable time. I envy not the heart who calls this *weakness*. If we smile at the mantelpiece memorial, the smile should not be that of scorn. The smallness of the token was no proof of the littleness of the associating mind. Those who estimate the strength of the real bond by the slenderness of the *thread* that recalled it, would invert the proper process of inference, for in truth the slighter the memorial the greater must be the force of the affection it suggests. We can readily imagine how useful to this excellent man in after life were the instructions he had received at his mother's knee, and how prepared he was to preach to others of the *home* influences which he had experienced, and which accompanied him through life and helped to meeten him for rightly dividing the word of life, and giving to parent and child, to *mother* and *son*, their portion.

OUR GATHERED LILIES.

THE second month of another year rises to greet us, and memory recalls, oh, so vividly, the scenes of this time last year.

Looking back upon the past, it is sad to think how busy the great reaper has been : how many loved ones, who rejoiced with us at the advent of 1864, have, during its fleeting months, faded away from earth, and gone to join in the song of the redeemed ; hearts that beat in unison with our own, that seemed parts of our nature, have been torn from us ; forms that our eyes loved to linger upon, now rest beneath the greensward till the resurrection morning. It is sad to think how many homes have been made dreary—how many hearths desolate. To some of us, the opening of this year is fraught with saddest memories, and the tears come unbidden as we see other happy firesides, while we are written widow, and our children fatherless,—the dear one on whose arm we have leaned has gone, and left us to tread the path of life alone. The months have passed swiftly away, yet how much of joy and sorrow has marked the life history of each of us ! The little voices that made music in our household are now hushed in death, the Good Shepherd has gathered our lilies, transplanted them from earth to heaven. Oh ! that we could realize that our little ones who have crossed death's river are still ours, only removed from our homes to dwell in the Saviour's fold. We have been very much struck by a remark made by a mother in relation to an infant son who had gone to join in the song of the angels. Another baby was added to the household group, and the little brothers and sisters, as they gazed admiringly on the unconscious little stranger, said, "You will call him Willie, won't you, mamma ?" Never shall we forget the way in which that mother replied, "Oh no, dear, we will not have two of the same name, we have one Willie in heaven, you know." Yes, we have them still, and though our tears come thick and fast as we gaze on some little frock, or pinafore, or half-worn shoe, yet there are times when we are able from our hearts to thank our Heavenly Father that He has taken them from the evil to come. When our own hearts are bowed down with sorrow, when we are well-nigh crushed beneath some overwhelming weight of trouble, it is an unspeakable comfort to know that our little ones who are folded in the Saviour's arms can never suffer pain, can never feel sorrow, and best of all, can never sin. It is a sad trial to lay in the cold grave the flower of the flock, the household pet, but God knows best what is good for us, and

by-and-by, when the sun of our life is setting, and the brightness of the better land dawns upon our view, we shall see it has all been right—that all His paths are mercy and truth. Would you wish your darlings back again, mother, to tread this desert world? No, I am sure you would not, for you know how safe and blest they are, safe in the happy land. Soon we shall join them, for they are not lost to us, only gone before to welcome us to that glorious home.

“Where no bond is ever sundered;
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight watching,
Heavy noontide, all are done.
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds her child,
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild.”

L. St. C.

THE FATHER'S PAGE.

THE DOMESTIC ALTAR.

It is morning: sleep has invigorated the frame; the unknown day comes on apace; with all its cares and joys—be it a palace or a cottage, in the thickly tenanted city or the lonely dwelling of the travelled emigrant. The household is gathered, God's book is read, the manly voice rehearses with authority the words of peace and life, the prattle of the tiny listener is hushed, and solemnity clothes every brow. The hymn of praise breaks forth, not with the chorus of the great congregation, but with the subdued harmony of the few. They bow the knee and then pray, as parents only pray; the voice of love speaks before God the emotion of those hearts. Grateful acknowledgments are made, sorrows and wants made known, and each individual is presented to the universal Father for a suited blessing. Is there an afflicted one in the household? It is then the fervent importunity of the soul breaks forth. Is there an absent one? He is the least of all forgotten; and whatever circumstances may attach to that absence, either of joy or sorrow, parental solicitude strengthens with the distance, and pleads “the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lad.” They rise, and “man goeth forth to his

work and to his labour until the evening." The anxieties of life beset him, its trials and temptations crowd about his path, but ever through the scene he is pacified, restrained, strengthened by the hallowing influence of that domestic altar.

It is evening: once more there is a concentration of thought and affection upon all that is home. Shutting out the temptations of the world, domestic love hails its returning triumph and closes as it began the day. Again they read, again they pray. The energy of their early devotion may be subdued, but a new element is supplied in the experience of a day. Arguments mount heavenward on the facts of their private but to them eventful history. Humbly, but confidently, Divine protection is sought and felt, and through the darkness of the night they sleep as safely as they had escaped the dangers of the day. Such is the peaceful, happy, and profitable alternation of household worship. It has besides all these its times of darkness, its periods of jubilee, and its eventful epochs; but through them all it stands the witness of their faith, their testimony for God. New claimants come up on the scene and have their share of the ceaseless supplications.

Years roll on, and one after another those who in early infancy were always present at the daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, must now forsake them. Frequent and fervent are the prayers which anticipate, attend, and follow their departures. Happy is it for them when the recollections of the prayers at home are an ever-present influence for good. Death at length comes, and tears one and another from the united group, and as each pays the debt of nature it is felt by those who mourn that no such joys can be again experienced till all stand before the throne of God, and with the entire family worship,—“To go no more out for ever.” When these pages meet your eye, father, if no domestic altar has been reared in your home, begin now. God's best blessings rest on those families who pay their night and morning vows. Amidst all the purposes you form for the advancement of your interests, personal or relative, let this be foremost. Resolve, by the aid of God, “My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord, in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.” “Let my prayer be set forth

before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." Then the unseen blessings which await you coming in sweet communion with your prayers will have a new interest, will be doubly blessed; and the unknown trials you will meet, will find you prepared by confidence in God to rob them of their sting. You will henceforth encourage your family as Hezekiah did his disheartened troops, by saying, "With us is the Lord our God to help us and to fight our battles."

You will find that there is no comfort in prosperity, no solace in affliction that can so much bless as the domestic altar.

THE WIDOW TO HER DYING CHILD.

That sigh's for thee, my precious one,
 Life's pulse is ebbing fast;
 And o'er thy once all-joyous face
 Death's sickly hue is cast.
 The azure eye hath lost its ray,
 Thy voice its buoyant tone;
 And like a flower the storm has crushed,
 Thy beauty's past and gone.

Another pang and all is o'er,
 The beating heart is still;
 Meekly, though sad, thy mother bows
 To the Almighty's will.
 Grief presses heavy on my heart,
 My tears fall thick and fast;
 But thou, thou art in heaven, my child,
 Life's chequered dream is past.

The busy feet that gladly ran
 Thy mother's smile to greet;
 The prattling tongue that lisped her name
 In childhood's accents sweet;
 The glossy curl that beamed like gold
 Upon thy snowy brow;
 The lip, meet rival for the rose—
 O Death! where are they now?

Withered beneath thy icy touch,
 Locked in thy cold, dull sleep;
 Whilst all the joy a mother knows
 In silence is to weep;

Or start, as fancy's echo wakes
 Thy voice to mock her pain,
 Then turn to gaze upon thy corpse,
 And feel her grief is vain.

The grave, the dark, cold grave, full soon
 Will hide thee from my view,
 Whilst I my weary path through life
 In solitude pursue.
 My early and my only love
 Is numbered with the dead;
 And thou, my last sole joy on earth,
 My boy, thou too art fled!

K. D. W.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE LITTLE MOTHERLESS GIRL'S MYSTERY, AND HOW IT WAS SOLVED.—NO. II.

SILENCE and darkness. Still little Ruth sits alone with her happy thoughts—when crash, bang! What is the matter? Don't you know? There's a boy in the house. But some boys don't make a noise. No, but Harry Edwards was not one of that "some." Bang on the table went his books, with the leathern strap round them, and "Hallo, Ruthy!" he said, "what are you sitting in the dark for?" "I like it, Harry." It makes me think of mother." It was dark, so Harry let his coat-sleeve wipe off the tear that glistened in his eye, but he muttered to himself, "just like a girl." Aloud he said, "Ain't you afraid of ghosts?" "You *know* there ain't any such things, Harry," Ruth said, very decidedly. "I know, do I? I should like to know how you know that." "Don't light the lamp yet, Harry; sit down by me, please." Harry sat down by Ruth with his head in her lap. He was very fond of his little sister, and would do almost anything to please her. Ruth's little hand played with the heavy brown curls that half covered the sun-burnt forehead. Harry lay still a few minutes till the tears began to gather. The touch of Ruth's hand was too much like his mother's. "I shall cry like a girl," he thought, "if I lie here any longer." Quick as a flash he was up and the light burning. But still he was humming, unconsciously to himself, "There is a

happy land." Ruth's quick ear caught the sound and it brought back the verse she had been reading. "Oh, Harry!" she said, "what does 'overcome' mean?" "'Overcome,' why it means when a fellow bullies you and you knock him down—like I did Jem Preston to-day. I guess he'll let me alone next time, if he is bigger than I." "O, Harry! you did not, did you?" "Yes, I did, and I'll do it again if he does not behave himself." "But, Harry, mother would not like to have you do such things." Harry was quite dumb. The hot flush died out of his cheek, the clenched hand fell, and in place of angry and bitter thoughts a small voice whispered, "Love! love!" Ruth watched till his face softened, and she thought she saw a tear glisten on the downcast lid, then she said again, "Please, Harry, tell me what 'overcome' means truly?" "I told you, Ruthy, it means beating somebody—getting the best of it." "That can't be, Harry, they don't fight in heaven. I mean, what does it mean there?" "I don't know what it means up there," said Harry, "but down here it means getting the best in a fight. I'll show you." Out of the strap came his dictionary, and Harry turned over the leaves very knowingly. "Here it is, 'overcome'—there now, didn't I tell you?—'to vanquish, to conquer, to beat.' I told you it was beating. So now, Miss Ruthy." Poor little Ruth; she was more puzzled than ever. What! get the stone with the new name in for fighting? Just what her mother would never let Harry do. It couldn't be! there must be some mistake. And then to happen in heaven, where she thought everything was so beautiful, and happy, and peaceful—where there was no more sorrow, no crying, nor any more pain. One thing was certain,—it could not be in heaven where these white stones were given. So Ruth gave a little sigh as her dream faded out, and she could no more think of her mother bearing the white stone, and being called by the new name which only the angels know.

MOTHER, DO YOU PRAY?

How sweet is prayer, especially in trouble or affliction; it is then indeed a source of comfort, for it is the fountain-head from

which flow the richest streams of love and mercy. Prayer is the Christian's stronghold, he cannot do without it; with prayer he commences his daily occupation and with prayer he closes it, and retires to rest in peace—sweet peace that passeth understanding, and which only those who love Jesus can taste of. Mother, perhaps you have not yet tasted of the joy there is in having sweet communion with your Saviour; if you have not, allow us to beg you to begin to pray *at once*. Parents! if you are not in the habit of calling upon God what a sad influence you are having upon your own children and those around; remember, as "*the twig is bent the tree's inclined*." If you have never prayed before, we entreat you to begin *now*. Perhaps you were accustomed to pray before you became parents, but when more duties claimed your time you left it entirely off. Oh! for the love you bear your dear little ones, begin afresh *at once*. Satan would tell you that by-and-by will do just as well, but he is a deceiver—delays are dangerous. Oh, mothers! be wise and seek Jesus, the sinner's friend, at the throne of love and mercy, where no petitions asked in spirit and in truth from the heart can ascend in vain, for

"Jesus waits to answer prayer."

You may, perhaps, say, "I don't know how to pray;" well, then, go just as you are—go like the publican and say "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner;" it is enough, Jesus understands your prayer, He knows your wants. If you wish to possess that peace and joy that passeth knowledge, if you wish to obtain that "pearl" which the merchant sought, you must seek for it, and that diligently—you must plead for it earnestly at the mercy-seat. We would say to all, young or old, If you have never prayed before, or only in a cold and formal manner, retire *at once* to your chamber, and kneeling there in meekness and simplicity, as when your infant lips repeated "Our Father, which art in heaven," pour out your broken petitions at the throne of grace. It may cost you some sparkling tear-drops, but it is after the refreshing shower that all looks green and beautiful; so it is after the heart is melted, after the door has been opened, that Christ enters in and all is peace.

A DREAM.

THE day's bustle and turmoil over, I sought the retirement of my own little room, and after writing down a few scattered thoughts, drinking a small refreshing draught from the pure stream of God's Holy Word, and committing myself and all I loved to His kind care and keeping, I stretched myself upon my bed. Very soon night's welcome visitor kissed gently down my drowsy lids, and sweet sleep stole from my mind youthful day-dreams of joyous futurity never to be realised, and filled it with another dream.

Methought, while distant far from home, sickness laid prostrate my, till then, healthy frame, disease fastened its poisonous fangs upon my vitals, and grim Death stood near, beckoning me away. Physicians ordered me home, and home I went, to die! Kind parents, loving brothers and sisters, affectionate friends, all, with sympathetic kindness, tried to alleviate my sufferings. Some fondly said, "You will be better soon." I felt their words were cruel, taunting! for something told me my Judge was summoning me to His awful presence, and I was not ready to appear. My body lay racked in excruciating agony, but that was bearable, pleasant, compared with the fiery billows of anguish in which my deathless soul was rolling. I felt the time my Maker had given me to improve and to spend in preparing for eternity had been frittered away worse than uselessly, sinfully, and the thought that in a few short moments all of time would be for ever gone, and my unclothed spirit would be ushered into His presence who would justly doom it to eternal despair, made me shriek with remorse, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." In a moment all the circumstances of my life flashed vividly into my mind, I saw myself kneeling at the family altar, heard afresh the prayer ascending from a father's lips for his wayward child, and felt it had been in vain. I thought how I had gone up with others to the house of God, remembered singing with them, "Life is the time to serve the Lord," and felt it would all soon rise up in judgment against me to condemn me. I remembered full well, too, spurning every overture of God's grace, grieving His Spirit, and refusing to listen to His voice. I

thought of the brilliant ball-room, and felt my dance had been the dance of death. The fascinating scenery of the stage whirled through my maddening brain, and pointed with menacing finger to the "pit," the bottomless pit down whose scorching sides I was soon to be ignominiously hurled. Sunday excursions laughingly told me their trains were the down-trains of hell, and I knew that thither I was fast speeding while gasping for a little more breath and clinging tenaciously to dear life. The voice of prayer afforded no comfort, but only told with choking sound that I had been "heaping up to myself wrath against the day of wrath." I could not say "Good-bye," and yet I knew that I was about to be eternally severed from all I loved; they had sought the Lord while He was to be found, were walking in wisdom's ways, and joyously anticipating a heaven of peace and love when they had done with all below, while I felt and knew that in less than a space of time my death-knell would sound. Again a piercing shriek tore through my gurgling throat, my limbs stiffened, my glassy eyes grew dark in death, my tongue refused to speak, and all was over. I awoke with the words uppermost in my thoughts, "Be diligent to make your calling and election sure." This was only a dream, but the death-bed of those who have no Saviour will be quite as awful in reality as this was in imagination. If you have no bosom on which you may hope to lean in the hour of death, lose no time in securing one, in seeking a Saviour who will be with you in the dark valley.

E. S.

A COMFORTABLE HOME.

I AM not going to fire a shot from a distance that may never reach you, I am not about to draw a bow at a venture where the arrow may miss its mark, but, on the contrary, to come to close quarters, to grapple with you at your own door, and to enter like a strong man armed into your habitation.

What sort of a home have you? You may think this an odd kind of a question, but I will repeat it: What sort of a home have you? If it be comfortable, may it ever remain so, and if it

otherwise, willingly would I tell you how to make it comfortable. A miserable thing it is to have a comfortless home. It is bad for the husband, bad for the wife, and bad for the children. Where the hasty temper, the angry eye, and the clamorous tongue wage war together, peace is banished from that habitation.

“Oh sweeter far in peace to live,
Each other's failings to forgive,
Each other's burdens bear;
For lasting love alone can bless,
Content alone give happiness
In this wide world of care.”

Oh! the misery of an unwashed, unswept, fireless house, with a drunken husband, and a dirty, untidy scold of a wife at the head of it. Fine bringing up of children in such a habitation! Homes there are of this kind in abundance, but what sort of a home have you? Is God acknowledged there? Is He feared, loved, obeyed, worshipped, and praised? for there is a peace and a glory around the poorest cottage where God is worshipped, not to be found in the palace where His name is not known. If God be in your habitation, in none of your wants will you be forgotten, and if He be not there, amid all your comforts you are far from happy. If your home be a wretched one, think not to mend it by merely scrubbing the floors and rubbing the chairs and tables; by mending your clothes, washing your children, and by keeping away from the pawn and gin-shops. These things must all be done, but something else must be done first. You must begin at the right end. The presence of God is first wanted among you. Seek it humbly, seek it heartily; and then you will go on improving, till the most wretched home becomes one of a far different description. You may, perhaps, be often puzzled and not know how to manage matters, but for all this, if you begin well, you need not despair. “Acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee.” “Trust the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.” “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.” If then you want a comfortable home, bend down on your knees at once, and pour forth your prayer to the Father of mercies in the all-prevailing name of His Son, that He may remove or sanctify

your troubles, making your crooked paths straight and your rough places plain. Where the presence of God is fully felt and enjoyed in a family, the wife will be ashamed of having a dirty, miserable, neglected habitation; the husband will be afraid to be found wasting his time and his wages in drunkenness and iniquity; and their children will be taught to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. Without the favour of God, you may work and slave like a negro; you may get up at sunrise and go to bed at midnight; you may weary your bodies in scraping together this world's good, but you will never have a comfortable home: fear and distraction, and discontent and disappointment, will continually await you. If, then, you desire to possess a peaceable, cheerful, and happy home, let God be worshipped there, that His presence and blessing may abide with you always.

"MY BABY."

WHAT a thrill of tender recollections do these words awaken in my heart! of the time when first I received my treasure as a gift from the Lord, of the few short months during which I was so fondly happy in my trust. They remind me of the bright blue eyes, and of the little head I so loved to stroke, and of all my motherly pride and delight in my beautiful boy. I never thought of death in connexion with "my baby," but it came suddenly; in one short hour after I began to fear for him, my sweet blossom was gathered, my precious lamb was safely sheltered in the bosom of the "Good Shepherd."

I remember the days that followed, when I felt *most* soothed and comforted by the side of that little cold and silent form. Then came the last parting, the last, long, passionate kiss, and "my baby" was indeed gone. None but those who have experienced a like bereavement can understand the depth of such a trial, but, thanks be to God, He did not leave me to bear it alone. His love sustained me, His faithfulness failed me not in the midst of all. I felt, "It is well with the child," yea, and it is well with me also; and now, after the lapse of nearly seven years, as the anniversary again comes round, what can be more consoli-

to my own mind than thus to testify to the love and faithfulness of God as a comfort to those whose hearts may even now be torn and bleeding through a like affliction. Most deeply do I sympathize with such ; I know the pang, and oh ! if there are any who are partakers of my sorrow, but who know not the sources of my consolation, let me entreat you to come to Jesus. Bring your poor broken hearts to Him, He will bind them up, and He will give you far more than He has taken from you. Our precious little ones are not lost ; by the eye of faith we may look upward and see them among the countless numbers of the redeemed, with their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and in each little hand a palm of victory which He has won for them. There are our darlings ; we have had the honour of being nursing mothers for Christ, can we bear the thought that we ourselves may be castaways ? This must not be, and it need not be ; Jesus says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and "him that cometh I will in nowise cast out." Have you thought that this great sorrow may be sent for the purpose of bringing you to Himself ? "Whom I love, I rebuke and chasten." He seeks to wean you from earth that He may draw you within the folds of His loving heart. This is His will towards you, do not frustrate it, but come to Jesus, and you shall find that "He is faithful who hath promised, who also will do it." May God bless this feeble effort for His glory. Should it be the means of leading one poor mourning mother to the only true source of consolation, "my baby" will not have lived and died in vain.

M. S. R.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

WILLIE T. was the son of pious parents, whose most earnest prayer was that their little one might be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. In his earliest years he manifested a waywardness of disposition which caused them much sorrow. The rest of their family, one son and three daughters, had in early life given their hearts to God, but Willie was not of them. Many a time when told of his folly would he promise amendment, but he kept not his good resolutions. Alas ! he looked not for help from on

high, and therefore failed. Sometimes his friends would hope he had reformed, but the hope was vain; when temptation came in his path Willie yielded to it. Whilst still young he lost his father, and soon after his brother, and now he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." He resolves again, for his mother's sake, he will give up his evil course of life, but no! he has taken to the intoxicating cup, and love for his mother is not strong enough to keep him from it. How that mother's heart fails her when she hears her Willie is a drunkard; she prays and weeps over him, he is moved by her tears, feels and declares how unworthy he is of her love, then leaves her, intending to do better. His companions smile at his seriousness, they tell him he is low-spirited, advise one glass, no more; he is persuaded, they go together, and that night Willie went to his home intoxicated. After a time Willie takes a wife, a fair young creature, who loves him so much that she feels sure for her sake he will give up all his bad habits and be a loving, sober husband. For a time all goes on well, and people begin to think he is indeed a different man, but in a few months the young wife finds he does not love his home as he used, his work is neglected, and soon her heart is well-nigh broken, for she finds she is a drunkard's wife. Still there is one ray of hope: God blesses them with a child, and she trusts love for his infant may check him in his mad career.

Alas! the glass has greater charms than his child, and the young wife and mother sinks under the blow and dies. His mother does not long survive her, and now Willie is indeed desolate. His infant is watched over by a stranger, and the wretched man sighs in vain for one loving word; all seem to turn from him, no friendly hand is stretched out to rescue him. Three years pass away in this manner, during which he makes many good resolutions, but only to break them; and now he thinks if he had but a comfortable home he would reform. Again he takes to his home a wife, if possible, more gentle and loving than the former. Alas! she little knows the home she goes to. Willie has neglected his business, which was a good one, and now he is deeply involved in debt, his goods must be sold to satisfy the demands of his creditors, but she suspects it not; at last the blow comes, she finds her husband is penniless, but she loves him still and believes his

promise of amendment. Their furniture is sold, their home is desolate, still she does not reproach him; her friends send them help, and the young wife toils hard that she may assist her husband. She is a mother to his motherless child, but he is still a drunkard, and when she ventures to remonstrate, he turns away to find forgetfulness in drink; thus he goes on year after year. They have given to their charge two more little ones, a boy and a girl, and the mother begs him for his children's sake to abstain from that curse to mankind—strong drink! but the poor drunkard still goes on from bad to worse, his children learn to dread his approach—he has never been a father to them except in name. How then can they love him? In vain their mother speaks to them of hope; they see with the quick instinct of childhood she does not feel what she says, and their young souls are full of anguish, for they feel their mother's heart is surely breaking and she is fading from their sight; and so it is, but the husband knows it not. Patiently has she borne all, looking to her Saviour for succour and support, and now she feels she shall soon leave her husband, and her beloved children will be motherless; but she can leave them in her heavenly Father's hands, feeling sure "He will never fail them nor forsake them." Day by day her step becomes more slow, her cheek has lost all its colour. At last the loving eyes are closed, the young wife sleeps in Jesus. When the wretched husband fully comprehended his loss, his sorrow for a time was almost too great to bear, still he humbled not himself under the afflicting hand of God, but plunged deeper into sin. When I last saw him he was an old man, tottering on the brink of the grave; I urged him even then to try and pray for grace and strength to overcome this dreadful habit, and the old man with tears in his eyes declared he could not do it. "At one time," he replied, "I might, but now 'tis too late; then I would not ask help of my God, but felt that my own arm could get me the victory, but now I cannot, dare not—I feel that I am lost, lost;" and thus I left him. Never shall I forget that poor drunkard with his face of hopeless woe, tired of life, and dreading death. Oh! that some may learn from this sad fact to look for help where help alone is to be found in Jesus—the sinner's friend!

W. W.

ONLY BELIEVE.

Only believe, and the clouds that are gathering
Swelling in tempest dark over thy head
Soon shall disperse, and like mists of the summer morn
Chas'd by the sunlight shall quickly have fled.

Only believe, and the heart that is sorrowing,
Breaking in grief o'er the tomb of its love,
Straight shall arise from the ashes of misery
Seeking its comfort and treasure above.

Only believe, and the weight of sin, burdening
Spirit and life with its cumbrous care,
Surely shall fall, and the lips that were quivering
Pleading in sighs, shall be joyful in prayer.

Only believe, and lo! all things are possible;
Sin need not burden, and care need not grieve:
All must be well, if but God is thy portion; yea,
All will be well if thou "only believe."

M. E. R.

A BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER.

THE writer stood beside an open grave; towards it were being borne the remains of a broken-hearted mother, followed by a weeping husband, sons and daughters. *Why* was she broken-hearted? why thus early cut off? Alas! she had lived to mourn the results of her own failure *in duty*, in the early loss, worse than by death, of her eldest, beautiful, darling daughter. That loss she felt had been brought about by a love of dress and display; to the end that her child might still be admired and praised, she had lent herself to this object too ardently, and by placing her out in the world where this was likely to be attained the dreadful sacrifice was made! The *long lost child* came to her father's house—now no longer a shelter for her—and wandered to the graveyard at the very time of the funeral. What a scene! who can describe it? but there was one there who by words of kind-

ness drew away the frantic mourning outcast from the spot, and taking her to her own dwelling, sheltered and prayed with her; told her of Him who healeth the broken in heart, and whose blood cleanseth from all sin. The Holy Spirit led the stricken wanderer to weep for sin, to see its exceeding wickedness, and then healed the heart that was broken: she laid hold on the precious Saviour as her only refuge from the wrath to come.

Oh! let *mothers be careful not to foster the love of dress and vanity!* but for this sin, this mother *had not thus died*. When she heard of her child's fall and disgrace, and felt that her own love of display had led to it, she broke her heart and died.

LITTLE CARRIE.

YES! I remember when little Carrie died, that pale, sickly child: she was bright, and healthy, and rosy once, till disease and sickness came and laid her low, and then death came and snapped the slender strings of her life, and little Carrie was no more. I saw her little icy form as she lay in her tiny coffin, but I trust her spirit is with the ransomed, and that she is singing in that "happy land" the song of the redeemed. I can see the small white cottage from my window where she lived and died, the cluster of trees before it, and beneath them the sparkling brook winding its way through the bright green fields, with the high hills beyond; but she was taken away from all, so you see, dear little friends, she was not too young to die, and death may come to you. Little Carrie was once as playful, and rosy, and healthy as you, now her still form rests beneath the green grass in the quiet churchyard, while her spirit is, we hope, with the Saviour. Dear children, take Jesus for your guide, make Him your friend, and then if you are called away, you will not be afraid to pass through the "valley of the shadow of death;" remember too that Jesus has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

ELLIE.

MY FIRST GRIEF.

I sat upon the mourners' seat,
 But wondered why they wept,
 My mother looked so kind and sweet,
 I thought she only slept.
 I wondered why dark drapery
 Was hung around her coffin—
 Why those I loved should gaze on me
 And say "God help the orphan."
 But when the choir's solemn strain
 Fell on the mournful air;
 When something whispered, "Ne'er again
 You'll know a mother's care,"
 Upon my mind a new light dawned
 In tears I found relief,
 I wondered not why others mourned
 My heart felt its first grief.
 As from a distance o'er the sea,
 We hear some mournful song
 Recalling back to memory
 Griefs thought forgotten long,
 So to my mind recurs again
 Still laden with its woe,
 The burden of that mournful strain
 I heard long time ago.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

DID SHE LOVE GOD?

LITTLE Martha B., a child of five years of age, was very fond of hearing "tales," as she called them, and one afternoon she said to the servant, "Sarah, tell me a tale, will you?" So Sarah began to tell her of a very wicked father who was very cruel to his children, and he put one of his little girls down in the cold, dark cellar, and gave her bread and water and kept her there day and night. Here little Martha stopped the servant and enquired, "Did the little girl love God, Sarah? because if she did that's all right. God would take care of her the same as He did of Daniel when the wicked king put him down along with the lions, wouldn't he, Sarah?" Here is encouragement for Christian parents to instruct their dear children in the word of God.

MODESTY.

THERE is nothing in the female sex more graceful or becoming than modesty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new softness to their sex. Without it, simplicity and innocence appear rude; reading and good sense, masculine; wit and humour, lasciviousness. This is so necessary a quality for pleasing that those who study to ensnare men's hearts, never fail to support the appearance of what they know is so essential to that end. How lovely, then, is the real modest woman!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Holy War. By JOHN BUNYAN. London: Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

This little volume is uniform with the cheap edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, we noticed a short time since.

"*I do love him.*" Birmingham: Caswell.

A remarkable little account of the conversion of a young man who was very hardened in sin.

Merry and Wise. By OLD MERRY. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This is a new periodical for the young. It gives us its title as a motto for the new year, "Be merry and wise;" and it seems to endeavour to carry it out by being itself replete with mirth and wisdom.

The Alexandra Magazine. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The two numbers of this periodical now before us contain much matter worth reading. Many useful hints on various subjects may be gathered from their pages.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

The High Way and Low Way. London: Tresidder.

This little book consists entirely of passages of Scripture, concerning the two ways, placed on opposite Pages.

Learn of Me. London: Tresidder, Ave Maria Lane.

Sandy Foundations. By JOHN METCALFE WHITE, B.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Secret Prayer. By Rev. CHARLES STANFORD. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

FAULT-FINDING.

"MOTHER, I've broken this plate." The speaker, a gentle, loving, ingenuous child, stood before her parent with the fragments in her hand. The mother looked up hastily, an angry flush mounting to her brow as she exclaimed loudly, "you are a naughty, careless child, and deserve to be whipped! There, go and stand in the corner till I tell you to come out!" The child did as she was bid, a sullen look coming into her face as she crossed the room and stood with dogged indifference in the corner indicated.

"John, what are you doing?" exclaimed the mother a few moments after, as looking up from her work she caught sight of her little son busily engaged in the garden. "Father said he wanted this bed weeded, and I thought I should like to do it to surprise him," replied the lad slowly, for the harsh tone had struck a chill into his frank open nature and brought a shadow into his bright face. "And you have pulled up all my mignonette, you naughty boy; how dare you interfere with what you don't understand! Not a bit of my mignonette to put in the windows all this year, you wicked, good-for-nothing child! Come in out of the garden, and if ever I see you here again, I will box your ears." The lad moved slowly off, softly muttering to himself, and the mother went back to her seat and her work with an eye and ear open to every little shortcoming among her household, and a tongue quite ready to pour forth a flood of angry words at any such discovery. Oh! if mothers did but think of the influence their angry words have upon their children and servants, they would more often try to control themselves. Is it possible, we ask, to benefit another by our words when we utter them angrily? Children sometimes need punishing and servants correcting, but why not do it gently and kindly; it has more real influence for good than any amount of scolding. Besides, a continual round of fault-finding, will, in the end, alienate the children's affection, and they will learn to regard their mother as a scold and the spoiler of their happiness.

Years rolled on, and John and Mary ceased to be children. We will look in on them again. Mary was at work, sewing, when her aunt looking up said, "Mary dear, you are doing that rather

clumisly, I think. Had you not better unpick it?" "No, it does not matter, if I did it ever so well, mother would be sure to find fault, and she cannot do more than that now," replied the girl, the old sullen look shading the bright face. "Mary dear?" "It is no use, Aunt, if my mother were only *just*, I should be satisfied, but to be scolded indiscriminately for bad and good is more than I can bear." "But your mother is very kind." "Yes, in her way, she feeds and clothes me and gives me presents, but oh! Aunt, if she gave me more kind words and less fault-finding I should love her more. I suppose I can't be so bad and so unlike other girls, yet in all my life I cannot remember my mother praising me for anything I did, but ever since I can recollect anything I can call to mind my mother's scoldings." "You do many kind things for your mother." "I know that, but they do not always spring from a kind motive. I often do things from fear of a lecture more than from love. I do so hate and dread those scoldings, they make me sullen and angry, and stir up all the very worst feelings of my heart. If my mother thinks they do me good she is mistaken, they make me worse." The aunt sighed and went on with her work, and Mary silently unpicked hers.

"I should ask you home to tea, only I dare say there would be a row if I did," remarked John to his companion as they walked home together, "for you know I promised to show you my toolbox." "Yes, I want to see it; but, I say, does your mother scold?" "Rather." "My mother never scolded me in my life." "Not when you have done wrong?" asked John in amazement. "No, she often kisses me *then* and I can tell you that kiss makes me feel sorry for any wrong I have done; I would do anything sooner than bring that sad look into her face." "I should love your mother," was the prompt remark. "I *do* love her, for she *never* scolds," was the reply. "I wish my mother were like that; she's always scolding, and I love ever so many people better than I do her. It's no use talking about duty, I can't love her if she will not make herself lovable, and I don't believe she loves me, or she would not be always finding fault with me." Mothers! if you would have your children's love and confidence, do not find fault with them unnecessarily, and especially when out of temper.

Children are easily moulded into right and wrong, they may be made pleasant, loving and happy, or disobedient, unlovable and ill-tempered according to the training they get, and this is principally the mother's work, therefore it is important that the mother should be wise and kind in her management of them.

INO.

A LITTLE CHAT WITH MOTHERS.

MOTHER! have you ever considered what a mighty influence you possess over the hearts of your children? Have you ever thought that the little fellow at your knee, who is so eloquent in his prattle, may one day, under your teaching, become either an ambassador for the Saviour or the devoted slave of the Prince of Darkness? Oh! how much depends on the mother's early teaching and training; great men have had good mothers, and most of those whose names, fragrant with blessing, have become as familiar as household words to us, can trace their usefulness, their piety and their zeal back to the influence of a gentle mother's answered prayers! Great destinies hang on the moulding of the infant mind to good or evil; yours, mother, is a noble work, a task which angels might delight to engage in, to rear and train a young, expansive mind to fill its place in this world, and to lead and guide the immortal soul into the narrow way that leads to heaven. A mother's love will do far more in forming character than years of mere teaching. Memory calls to mind an old tree in the garden of my childhood's home, which, knotted and gnarled, stood apart from the rest, a thing of strangeness. Why was it so? Simply because when a sapling it was not trained aright; no pains were taken to make it straight, and as a natural consequence it became crooked and uncomely, and so it will remain as long as it is suffered to stand. So it is with the mind; prejudices imbibed in childhood and early youth are seldom entirely erased in after-life, nay, they are often tenaciously held when the boy or girl who was the subject of them has grown into maturity, and very often the usefulness of that after-life is marred by them. Oh! be careful to bring the little ones to Jesus; give them to Him by earnest prayer, and by your teachings, and above all by your *example* less¹

them to Him. Children's eyes are very keen to notice deficiencies in Christian character, and in their own little minds they form very apt and truthful conclusions. Do not tell them to do as you *say* but as you *do*; so live that they may safely tread in your footsteps and follow you as you follow Christ. But perhaps your children are growing up into life, and you say "the trouble and anxiety was nothing when they were little compared to what it is now." Yes, it is a different kind of care which weighs down the mother's heart when her children reach the ages of fifteen, sixteen or seventeen to what it was when they were ten years younger, but the same God is your guide now as then, and though your faith may have diminished, His power and love ever remain the same. You may well tremble as you think of the temptations which are spread on every hand for the young, if you do not at the same time remember into whose hands you have committed your treasures to keep. It may be your heart is yearning for the salvation of a fondly-loved son; from childhood you have endeavoured to win him to Christ but you have not succeeded, and now he is in the full vigour of early manhood, working hard to win himself a name among men, sketching plans of the future when all his bright hopes will be realized, but taking no thought for the things which belong to his everlasting peace, no thought for life to come. You look at him sometimes and think "If he were but a Christian!" Patience, Christian mother, do not wear out your life by anxious care, pray earnestly for your erring one, and strive hard to influence him for Christ; more than this you cannot do, you must wait, and trust your Father's love. Do not doubt it, call forth all your faith, pray for more, and trust your boy in the hands of God, and you shall yet see his ambition laid at the feet of the Cross, his pride changed into humility, and himself a disciple of the Lord whom you serve.

A KIND DEED NEVER DIES.

BLEST be the hand that for a child prepares
A simple pleasure!
In after years it springs amid life's cares
A blooming treasure.

A poor lad stood, with tattered garments clothed
 And shoeless feet,
 Beside a wooden railing, that enclosed
 A garden neat,

With longing eyes he gazed upon the flowers
 Which blossomed there,
 In the still brightness of the Sabbath hours,
 And dewy air.

Forth from his humble cot the owner came—
 A wood-cutter was he;
 To deck his button-hole for church his aim
 With bright anemone.

He saw the boy, and from his blooming store
 He chose with care;
 A bright carnation to the child he bore,
 Of all most rare.

No word was said, but with a bounding step
 Home sped the boy,
 His bright eye glistened as he onward went
 With grateful joy,

* * * * *

Long years have passed, and o'er that youthful brow,
 So beauteous then,
 The frosts of age have graven, gently, now
 Threescore and ten.

The flower hath long since faded, but afresh
 Again it blooms,
 And casts, 'midst memories of grief and pain,
 Its sweet perfumes.

'Tis ever thus a kind deed never dies,
 Though undeserved;
 Within the casket of the heart it lies
 By God preserved!

POOR LITTLE ROSA.

A LITTLE girl, with beautiful soft hair curling all about her head, lay fast asleep upon a heap of rags in a damp basement. Her skin was very white, and the veins were plainly seen winding their

way over her forehead. One single gleam of sunshine stole even down into that dismal abode, and as it fell upon the upturned face of the little sleeper and glittered among her golden hair, it made her seem like a very lovely picture. A rough, coarse woman drew near the bed of rags! "Get out of your nest, you lazy sleepy-head," she said in a harsh voice, and shook the child by the shoulder. The poor little thing sprang up, and, rubbing her eyes, asked, "What is the matter?" "Matter, young lazybones? why here you are sleeping away the time you ought to be spending in the street, begging, or sweeping crossings or *finding* things. Hurry yourself now and be off, or I'll give you something you won't like so well as your breakfast." The horrid woman as she spoke gave the little child a blow upon the shoulders which started the tears from her eyes. Rosa was the little girl's name. She hurriedly threw over her the few ragged and dirty garments she possessed, and, without washing her face or waiting for anything to eat, ran up into the street. "What shall I do first?" thought she, "'Tis froze so I can't sweep crossings, and 'tis no use to begin to beg so early in the morning; I guess I'll hunt for rags, for I don't want to *find* things any^r more. I remember what my pretty, my good mamma used to tell me before she died; and I know I can never go to the happy place where she is now, if I steal and act as the bad woman where I stay tells me. *I wish I was in heaven now with dear mamma!*" The tears fell now until the cheeks of the desolate little one were wet. She bent over to pick up the dirty rags some one had thrown in the street, and among them was a piece of money. "Oh! how glad I am, I can have some breakfast now, I know," she cried; and forgetting her sorrows, she ran with a light step back to the basement. Mrs. Fox received her with a smiling face, for Rosa held the money in her open hand as she entered the room. "You may sit down and eat all this up to pay for that; you're quite a good girl this morning," said the woman, as she handed the child a large bit of bread and a slice of meat. When that was eaten Rosa went again to the street, where she ran about picking up rags and sticks till the sun had softened the mud in the streets, she then took her bundle to the basement and brought out her stiff broom to sweep the crossings. She swept and swept through the thick mud among the crowding

horses and carriages, and people ; she ran here and there, back and forth, to avoid being trodden upon or knocked down. She was smart and active, and her fair little features, her large blue eyes and curling hair caught the momentary attention of many an eye. But every one was in a hurry. The men were hastening to their business, the ladies had both hands in use holding up their dresses as they tip-toed over the stepping-stones that muddy day, and so it happened that Rosa received no money all that weary morning and noon. She had been to the pump and washed her face so that no one should call her "dirty face," as they had sometimes done, and as the people—men, women, and children—swept by her she held out her little hand to each one, saying continually, "Penny Sir, penny Madam, penny Miss, please give me a penny." But she received none.

"SO TIRED!"

He set his empty kettle upon the table, and threw himself on the homely lounge. He was a labouring man ; his face brown with exposure, his hands hugely spread with toil. All day long he had been out in the hot sun upon the top of the house slating the roof. Sometimes his head was giddy and his back was weak, but he strengthened himself with thoughts of home and the little treasure there. And now, at the sound of his feet and voice, dimples break over smooth red cheeks and cool hands play with his curls. He shuts his eyes to frame this picture in his heart, the picture of his wife getting supper and his baby prattling to him. He feels the coming cool of evening. His head grows less heated, the tired muscles relax, and he forgets to say again, "so tired!"

"So tired!" A woman worn and faint, mother of a large family, just sitting for a moment ; she can spare no more time, at the close of day. What has she been doing? Oh! the numberless tasks, who can count them? Those hands have been in motion since the early hour of five. Mind overladen, body overtasked, and brain full of care. Like the pendulum of a clock she must be going, going, going. Now, if she could only rest! But

no, the noisy boys, too heedless to mark the careworn brow, will want their supper, so will the husband; and then their purse is so small and so scanty, seldom can new be brought to replace the old, so the great pile of stockings and linen must be mended to-night and then to-morrow. But she does not want to think of that, so she presses the shadowy duties yet to be done, back, back for the moment as she lifts her weary hands to her eyes. "Mother! mother! ain't we going to have some supper?" The little rocking-chair is vacant now; she may not rest till a calm comes. She may not rest much this side of the grave.

"So tired!" A little child came panting in from play the other night and climbing into her lap, laid its head upon her bosom and uttered these two words. I saw the fond young mother brush the golden hair from the darling's moist forehead and press her lips again and again to the flushed cheeks. The shadows of evening were falling fast around us and the little birds had already sung themselves to sleep. Little shoes and stockings were drawn off and laid aside. A little night-dress took the place of the pretty blue frock and white pinafore, and the boy was quiet. With a sigh of satisfaction he nestled closer in her arms; his blue eyes closed, and her cradle-song grew lower and lower as his breath came longer and more regularly through his parted lips. Happy sleep of childhood! She rose, and went softly to her own room to lay him in his little crib, and I was left alone. What a memory of a time came over me, when I too was nestled to a loving breast, when the dead mother whose face I cannot remember, sang to me in the twilight!

"So tired!" A man of business. Why should he lean his head upon his hand and sigh as the words fall from his lips? Tired of his gay and busy life, his elegant home, his fair daughters, and his fashionable wife? Tired of all these, and longing for the little red farm-house up among the hills where he used to play, a bare-footed, light-hearted boy? Even so, strange as it may seem! Yet, not so much for the farm-house as for the happiness and innocence that dwelt in it, and which he can never hope to find in his dusty office or his splendid home.

"So tired!" She sinks upon the cold black boards, a wan, meagre child. Her basket has fallen at her side, and some bread,

fresh and mouldy, some bits of meat, start out of its rim. Poor little folded, pinched hands ; poor weary, stone-worn bleeding feet ! poor sad blue eyes, that have hardly known anything but tears for days ; poor delicate frame showing the sharp bones ! In vain she may say, "I'm so tired," and cry bitterly. No warm supper for her, no arms folded about her, no gentle lip touches her forehead, no soft hand moves amid her tangled hair. There is a place for her to lie on, rags damp and sickening, and it may be by-and-by rude drunken hands may strike her, and she may hear words fouler than the filth through which she has plodded. Poor lamb ! Jesus, dear Saviour, she is yet a child, and thou didst say, "forbid them not !"

"So tired !" She has been a loving wife and an indulgent mother. Six strong sons has she reared beside that hearth, but the grave claimed them all but two, and those the world has taken. The husband of her youth died long ago ; and to-day, her sixtieth birthday, she sits alone in the deserted homestead. To her boys she is "the old woman ;" to their brilliant wives, "a good old thing, but *so* old-fashioned ;" to their homes and their children almost a stranger. Her tears fall as she thinks of them in the distant city, gay, prosperous, wealthy and happy, yet not remembering her, on this day, even by a line to say, "Dear Mother, I love you." This is her reward for years of toil and care and anxiety. She has outlived her generation, and when she dies she will hardly be missed by those to whom she gave life itself. Poor lonely woman ! well may the bitter tears fall, well may you be tired of such solitude and unkindness !

"So tired !" Through that low window streams the sinking sun. It falls on a homely pallet ; it lights up dimming eyes ; it throws into strong outline the figure of deformity. They have been watching her all night. She is a hunchback, a delicate thing, that poor as they who love her are, the winds of heaven have not been allowed to visit too roughly.

"I'm *so* tired !" Yes, child of sorrow ; gentle, good, loving and beloved, you are tired, but it is for the last time. You shall look gloriously in the light of the morning ; angels shall put your white robe on, they shall lead you to the pleasant paths, and none shall point the finger of sport or scorn to that body, for it shall

be unsightly no more. So, over her, they said with sobs and tears, "She has gone where she will never say again, 'I'm so tired!'"

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

A MOTHER'S IMPORTANCE.—No. 6.

NEVER let us forget, dear friends, that a mother's prayer can reach the heart of God and bring down blessings for time and eternity on the young heads bending at her knee, but let us remember also that *prayer* without proper instruction, and above all, without a **GOOD EXAMPLE**, will prove vain and useless, it will be like bringing your children's food in one hand and **POISON** in the other. Oh that our precious charge may be able to say of each of us, when the tomb has closed over our heads, "My mother was blameless in her life, and mighty in prayer."

I saw a widowed mother, and a boy was on her knee
Whose infant years upon that day had only numbered three;
I saw that she was anxious, for a tear was in her eye,
She drew him to her bosom as she heaved a mournful sigh;
Her heart was filled with grief which her baby seemed to share,
For he gazed upon her face as she breathed for him a *prayer*.

His little hands were clasped, and his bright blue eye was bent
On hers, whose look of earnestness with tender love was blent;
His rosy lips were moving too, she taught him what to say,
And her heart was overflowing as she heard her infant pray.
Then the struggle deep was over, she gave him to the care
Of Him who listened while she breathed a mother's ardent prayer.

She gently raised her trembling hand, and placed it on his head,
And blessed him as she laid him down upon his little bed.
He slept, and visions bright and fair came floating o'er his brain;
But the widowed heart beside him, heaved, and wept, and sighed again.
She felt a load, a heavy load, her heart could scarcely bear.
And she poured it forth in burning words, she breathed a mother's prayer.

Why wept the lonely mother? and why fell the scalding tear
Upon the brow so calm, so pure, so innocent, so dear?
The mark of the destroyer beamed within her sparkling eye,
'Twas in the flushes on her cheek, 'twas in her bosom's sigh,
She felt that she must leave him soon, the beautiful, the fair;
She long had prayed, but *now* she breathed a mother's *dying* prayer.

Time passed, the mother left her child, all lonely here below,
 And his youthful heart was early trained to deep and bitter woe ;
 But childhood's sorrows passed away, for childhood's woes are brief,
 And the God of orphans kindly healed the gentle boy's first grief.
 But fancy often to his ear a still small voice would bear ;
 It was his mother's rich-toned voice, it was his mother's prayer.

I saw a youth, it was the same whom I had seen a child ;
 I knew him by his noble brow, so placid and so mild,
 And pleasure tried to win the boy from off religion's road—
 Temptations spread on every side to lure him from his God.
 But a form arose to memory's view—to sin he did not dare—
 It was his mother's form he saw, he heard his mother's prayer.

And days, and months, and years had fled, and manhood came at last ;
 Nor 'mid the trial of that time did he forget the past.
 He called to mind his childhood's hours, he called to mind his youth,
 And all his early dreams that wore the colouring of truth.
 Then thought he of his God, who kept him safe from every snare ;
 And he thought too of his *mother*—'twas an *answer to her prayer*.

I saw a death-bed scene, and oh ! my eyes were filled with tears !
 It was the child, the youth, the man, whom I had known for years.
 But calm and safe his spirit was—his sins were all forgiven.
 "Mother," he cried, " I come, I come to dwell with thee in heaven."
 His eyelids dropt, his spirit fled, I knew he must be where
 His *mother* was—he gloried in her fully-answered prayer.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO TRUST IN GOD.

I HAVE very often, in the course of my experience, noticed how God seems to take orphans and motherless children under His special protection. Several instances occur to my mind—perhaps it may encourage some mother who feels she will have to leave her children motherless if I mention one. Margaret and Annie W—— were two orphan sisters : they supported themselves after the death of their parents by dress-making and plain work. A friend mentioned them to me, and I called one day at their lodgings. Margaret only was at home. We had a long, interesting conversation : she spoke with much affection of her mother, who had not long been dead ; her father had died some years before. Margaret told me how God had cared for her and her sister, and seemed to have sweet confidence in Him ; that confidence was, as it afterwards appeared, about to be severely tried. For some little time, on account of the sisters being continually out at work, I did not see them. One cold day I met Margaret ;

she said she had been poorly with a severe cold, but was better. A week or two passed, when a message came, asking me to call and see her, as she was ill—it was feared in a consumption. I went at once to their lodgings—a room in — Court. Margaret was in bed. I was surprised to find her so changed. Looking very pale and thin, she was evidently going very rapidly; but death had no terrors for her—she enjoyed perfect peace, resting on the finished work of Christ. Her only anxiety was about her sister—a delicate-looking girl about twenty. “I don’t like leaving dear Annie,” she often said; “she will be so desolate when I am gone: but then I know God will take care of her.” Annie seemed to have no doubt on the matter either; it was beautiful to see the confidence these sisters had in their heavenly Father’s love and care. I remember calling one day, after I had been visiting amongst the poor—I felt quite depressed at the sight of so much poverty and wretchedness. Margaret at once noticed my sadness, and when I told her how troubled I was to be able to do so little, comparatively, to help to comfort others, she said, with a bright smile, “Oh! don’t let that trouble you, dear Miss C——: if they are God’s children, He will certainly care for them, as He does for Annie and me.” “Yes,” said Annie, “the other day we had no food and only sixpence, the last money Margaret earned; and I didn’t like that to be spent, but we thought it must go, as we needed food. Margaret proposed we should tell the Lord about it all. Just as I was rising from my knees there was a knock at the door. A lady, quite a stranger to us, had heard of us, and called to enquire how Margaret was. After a few remarks, she asked what kind of nights Margaret had, adding, ‘Of course you keep the fire in, this cold weather?’ I told her we could not afford that, but I got up and lighted it sometimes to make Margaret a cup of tea. The lady offered to send a lamp for us to have by the bed-side, which would keep a cup of tea hot; and on leaving she laid half-a-sovereign on the table.” This was one of the instances amongst many which they told me, proving how God knows and supplies the needs of His children. Margaret was generally very happy, but one evening when I called she was in tears: we were left alone, and she then told me how much she was suffering from severe pain, and that

she had been so impatient, and knew how wrong it was. "I want you to kneel down," she added, "and ask God to forgive me." When I arose from my knees, she looked as though she *felt* she was forgiven. She spoke about prayer: Margaret said, "My idea of communion with God is not merely spending a certain time alone in prayer, but looking up to Him throughout the day, and telling Him everything that occurs to grieve or please us, just as a loving child would an affectionate earthly father." Oh! if Christians would thus come to God, and cast all their care on Him, how much more peaceful and happy they would be! Soon after the conversation referred to, Margaret went home, and poor Annie, while she wept, yet rejoiced at the prospect of the reunion of their dear ones in that land where "the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick." Margaret was right—God did take care of her dear sister: a friend who had known her long offered her a home. Annie thankfully accepted the kind offer, but she did not need it long; her health had sadly suffered by watching by Margaret's sick bed, and many months were not past when she too went home to rejoin loved ones. It seems consumption was in the family, and Annie was the last to yield to that insidious disease. All that could be done to alleviate was tried by her attached friend, Mrs. K——, but nothing could arrest its progress. It is pleasant to think of that family, for a time separated, being now reunited in our Father's house above, and the remembrance of the simple trust in God the sisters had, often cheers me and leads me more firmly to believe that "none who trust in Him shall be desolate."

KATE.

PRAYING PARENTS A BLESSING.

It is one of the most valuable privileges bestowed on intelligent beings to have our being in a Christian country, where sacred sabbaths are observed, the true Gospel is faithfully preached, and the Word of God is widely circulated: and of a similar character for importance and utility is the privilege of being blessed with parents who fear and love God, who are not only concerned for the temporal welfare of their children, but also for the salvation of their souls. To be taught in early life to fear God and His

displeasure, to seek His favour and obey His commands, to be trained up in the duties of reading the Holy Scriptures, frequenting the house of prayer, kneeling at the family altar and of shunning the company of the wicked—are real blessings and tokens of sincere parental affection. But how many young persons are insensible to the worth of these privileges and favours! How many estimate their parents' affection for them by the latitude granted to them to live in omission of religious duties, by the worldly amusements they are allowed to engage in, by the costly apparel they are allowed to wear, and the money given them to spend in the follies of life! How many see nothing lovely in that holy example which continually lies before them, and place no value on those fervent prayers which are daily offered up for them! And how many children are thus favoured for whom day and night unceasing prayer is made for their happiness—and who can tell the advantage derived from such kindness? It may be confidently asserted that eternity only can unfold the evils children have been preserved from, and the mercies which have been granted them in answer to those supplications. To these it may be assumed many are indebted for continued life, restoration to health, deliverance from danger, numerous convictions of sin which they have felt, frequent strivings of the Spirit of God, such forbearance of divine grace and the various offers of mercy and salvation as have been offered to them. Had not their parents prayed for them, there is much reason to conclude that many young persons would have been so far left to the perverseness of their own hearts that they would have run so rapidly in the path of ruin as to have fallen long ago into the pit of destruction. It might be in answer to those prayers of their parents that conscience alarmed them when on the verge of that great transgression which, had they dared to commit, might have stamped their character with infamy, blasted all their worldly prospects, and proved their eternal misery. It was probably in answer to the prayers of their parents that Providence smiled on their path, opened their way to that respectable situation and profitable employment which led to their present comfort and future bright prospects. In answer to the prayers of their parents, many are indebted for their practical knowledge of the

truth of piety and the enjoyment of the things of God. Then let not the young conclude that nothing has been done for them by their parents who, unable to bestow upon them worldly possessions, have offered to God many, many prayers for them. Let them highly esteem this privilege, and remember that "where much is given much also is required." But let none presume on the prayers of their parents to continue in sin or rest upon them their hopes of eternal life. Religion must be personal in order to be saving. It is written, that when God enters into judgment with men, even "Noah, Daniel, and Job can deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness."

J. A. H.

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

"EXAMPLE STRIKES ALL HUMAN HEARTS."

Precious treasures are your children,
 Greater far than tongue can tell—
 Running, laughing, playing, chattering—
 Yes, your children please you well.
 How you love to see them happy,
 Willing, kind, obedient, free,
 Open, tractable, and guileless—
 Such you love them all to be.

But the question comes with power—
 What example do they view?
 Can you wish your precious children
 In their ways to copy you?
 Is your daily walk becoming?
 Are you gentle, truthful, kind?
 Do you recommend the graces,
 That in them you love to find?

Say you, "Weak is human nature."
 True, it is; but strength's above;
 Draw from those rich streams of blessing
 Issuing from the fount of love.
 Precept's good, example's better—
 Let your faith in works appear;
 And, while pressing on to glory,
 All your children with you bear.

A. M.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS,

THE LITTLE MOTHERLESS GIRL'S MYSTERY, AND HOW IT
WAS SOLVED.—No. 3.

"RUTHY," said her father, one evening, "shall you be glad or sorry if I tell you that Aunt Sarah is coming this week?" "O, is she coming?" said Ruth and Harry, both in the same breath; though if you had looked at Harry a minute before you would not have thought he could hear a word, he seemed so busy with his slate and pencil. "Yes," said their father, "I had a letter to-day. She will be here on Friday." "Aunt Sarah is mother's sister, isn't she, father?" "Yes, yes, child," her father said, hastily, looking into the fire. What did her father see in the fire? Ruth wondered. "Was she mother's sister, just like I am Harry's?" she asked again. "Of course," said Harry, laughing, "they had the same father and mother." "Does she look like mother?" said Ruth, not minding Harry's laugh. "Not much, Ruthy, not so much as my little girl does," said her father, looking lovingly into the blue eyes that were uplifted to his. Looking lovingly but tearfully; over just such blue eyes, lifted to his, he had seen the death-glaze gather, and had pressed down for ever above them the white lids. Friday came, and in due time brought Aunt Sarah. Ruth had been running about everywhere, always in the way of course; now in the kitchen, then upstairs, then down at the window, watching for Harry to come home from school; then out to the gate to see if they were in sight, till at last she curled up in her grandmother's armchair to watch from the window. Like a great many other people who begin to watch she fell asleep, and when she woke up there were tears on her cheeks which did not come from her own eyes, while a lady was stooping over her, whispering "Dear Ruth's little Ruth." So, then, Aunt Sarah had come. As she took off her cloak, Ruth gave a little start, "it couldn't be, yes, there it was sure enough, a little *white stone* hanging from Aunt's watch chain. Then those white stones were given on earth. But her Aunt's fight!" Ruth looked at the sweet face that met hers smilingly, she looked at the little hand that was smoothing down the dark hair, "that couldn't knock down anybody like Harry's brown fist; no, in-

deed, overcome could not mean to fight. Harry was joking when he said so, —but then the dictionary?" Ruth grew more and more puzzled, "Perhaps," she thought at last, "this isn't that kind of white stone; I'll ask Aunty some day."

What a pleasant evening that was. Ruth had begged the privilege of sitting up, and had got nicely acquainted with Aunty. She had heard all about the uncles and aunts and cousins far away. Then Aunty's voice trembled as she told Ruth how when she came away, the first snows were covering the grave they all loved so well—the grave of Ruth's mother; she told her of the flowers they had planted that were now sleeping under that snow; then of the words on the stone that her father had sent to mark the spot. So Ruth listened while Aunty talked, until her father coming in, said, "Come now, Ruthy, it's bedtime."

As he said it Aunty took out her watch, and Ruth's eyes caught sight of the white stone again.

"O Aunty!" she said, eagerly, "what's on your white stone?" "My name, Ruthy." "Her name! yes, it must be;" and Ruth's eyes glistened, and she clasped her hands very tightly as if she were holding herself together; and she asked as if she were sure now what she was talking about, "What were you fighting about when you got it?" Aunty opened her eyes wide and laughed, while her father said, "Come, come, Ruthy, you've sat up too long, you're getting crazy." So Ruth went to bed only half satisfied. "What did the child mean?" asked Aunty, as soon as Ruth was out of hearing. "O, only one of her notions. Our Ruthy has a great many fancies. Let her alone, she'll forget all about it." But Aunty did not believe in letting alone. She did not believe in letting children grope in darkness when only a little patience and kindness would let in the light. Aunty wasn't one of the kind who would tell you not to trouble her if you asked her questions. Aunt Sarah believed in helping little minds to find their way as well as little feet, and so—well, look in the next chapter and you'll see.

POWER OF A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

AN aged pious woman had one son; she used every means in her power to bring him to the Saviour, but he grew up gay and

dissipated. She still followed him with prayers and entreaties, faithfully warned him of his awful state as a sinner before God, and told him what his end would be, dying in that condition. But all seemed alike unavailing. He one day said, "Mother, I want my best clothes; I am going to a ball to-night. She expostulated with him, and urged him not to go; but all in vain. "Mother," said he, "let me have my clothes—I will go. It is useless to say anything about it." He put on his clothes, and was going out. She stopped him and said, "My child, do not go." He still persisted, when she added, "My son, remember when you are dancing with your companions in the ball-room, I shall be praying to the Lord to convert your soul." The youth went to the ball, and the dancing commenced; but instead of the usual gaiety, an unaccountable gloom pervaded the whole assembly. One said, "We never had so dull a meeting in our lives." Another observed, "I wish we had not come; we have no life; we cannot get along." A third continued, "I cannot think what is the matter." The young man in question felt his conscience smitten, and, bursting into tears, said, "I know what is the matter; my poor mother is now praying for her ungodly son." He took his hat, and said, "I will never be found in such a place as this again." From that night he began to pray for mercy; his mother's prayer was heard for his conversion, and he gave evidence that he was become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

THE FATHERLESS.

THERE was an open grave, and round it stood
A band of weeping mourners. Slowly now
The coffined clay was lowered; and, as the man
Of God said, "Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
A mournful, stricken wail went up to heaven,
Alike from tender women and brave men;
For *he*, their faithful shepherd, and their guide,
Had left his father's flock and gone to rest.
But from a little band, arrayed in deep
Habiliments of woe, arose a cry
Of "O my father! give me back my father!"
In heaven that cry was heard, and God replied,
"Thy father's God am I, and unto thee
Will be a friend: the fatherless are mine,
And safely o'er the rugged path of life

I'll lead them if they choose me as their Guide."
 They sadly turned and left that sacred spot,
 And in life's cares were plunged. Full half a score
 Of summer's suns and winter's snow has passed
 When once again, beside that grassy mound,
 The little group are met. In sadness once,
 But now in joy they stood, for each had learned
 To trust His God, and knew in very truth
 A Father to the fatherless was He!

L. L. C.

A LITTLE TALK WITH MAMMA.

JANE was going to bed; a dear little sister used to sleep on the snow-white pillow beside her. Where was she now, "Mamma," asked Jane, "who do you think Fanny sleeps with now in heaven?" "There is no night there," answered her mother. "Mamma," asked the little girl, "does a soul have eyes to see with? Will Fanny know us when we come?" "The Bible says, that we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known," replied the mother. "We shall see, then," said the little girl, "but our eyes will not be crying eyes, will they, Mamma?" "No, my child, God will wipe away all tears." As the mother spoke, a small tear stood in her own eye, but it quickly went away. Little Jane saw it, and said within herself, "God wipes away my Mamma's tears *now*." "There will be nothing to hurt in heaven, and no *dark*, will there be?" asked the little one. "No, my child, for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." "And what dress shall we wear?" "Jesus has a dress for His little ones," said Mamma, "the beautiful garments of His righteousness. They are white and shining, and I must keep it *so nice*, Mamma." "Yes, my child, an unkind word will spot it, sinful thoughts will stain it; but there is no sin in heaven, and we shall never want to do or think a wrong thing." "And we shall not keep on *wanting things*," said little Jane, thinking, perhaps, of the rocking-horse, and candy, and the big doll of Emma's, which she could not have. "No, my darling," said the mother, taking her little girl in her arms, "for we shall be *satisfied* when we awake in His likeness." "Then, Mamma," said little Jane, "we must not want Fanny back, but think most of going to her." Oh, how glorious it will be to meet our darling ones in heaven!

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

MIS-SPENT TIME.

How often we hear people complaining that their time hangs heavily on their hands, that they do not know what to do with themselves. How monstrous are such expressions among rational beings, who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation—to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuit of knowledge and virtue, and make themselves wiser and better every hour of their lives.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

HUMAN life is often compared to a voyage. It is a voyage to eternity, attended with great danger, as well as many hardships and much toil. The sea we have to navigate, viewed in prospect, looks smooth and inviting; but beneath are hidden shoals, quicksands, and rocks; and great multitudes, in attempting to reach the distant shores, are shipwrecked and lost.

A DYING CHRISTIAN'S PREFERENCE.

A PIOUS man, drawing near his last hour, said to a Christian lady present, "That other world is as clear and as near as the entrance into the next room." Raising his emaciated hand, with a great brightness in his eye, he added, "I had rather enter that next room than to remain longer here, for in that pleasant room are more of my friends than in this."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Pursuits of Children, and How to Direct Them. London: Partridge, Paternoster-row.

A little volume which mothers and teachers will find very useful. It throws out many good hints, which can be enlarged upon and carried out very easily.

Nettie Leigh's Birthday. By A. E. R. London: Partridge.

A cheap little book, containing an interesting tale calculated to instruct as well as please.

The Alexandra Magazine and Englishwoman's Journal. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Merry and Wise No. 2. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This is a little work which may be put into the hands of any young people; its articles are carefully and well prepared.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

THE INFLUENCE OF TWO MOTHERS.

A GENTLEMAN, in speaking of the cases which came under his own notice where the characters of the mothers influenced their sons' career in life, says: "In thinking over the scenes of my childhood the other day, I was led to trace the path of some of my youthful companions into life; and I could not but be struck with the fact, that in almost every instance, both the character and condition were referable in a great measure to the influence of the mother. The conviction is not in all the cases marked with equal distinctness, yet in several of them the very image of the mother remains upon the child to this day. I sometimes visit the place which was the scene of my early training, and enquire for those who were the playmates of my childhood, and I receive answers to some of my enquiries which well-nigh make me shudder; but when I think of the early maternal influence to which some of them were subjected, there is nothing in the account I hear concerning them but what is easily explained. One of the boys who attended the School with me was, even at that early period, both vulgar and profane in his conversation. He seemed destitute of all sense of propriety, caring nothing for what was due from him to others, and equally regardless of the good-will of his teacher and companions. When I returned to the place after a few years' absence, and enquired for him, I was told that he was growing in habits of vice which seemed likely to render him an outlaw from all decent society; that even then he had no associates except from the very dregs of the community. In my visits to my native place ever since, I have kept my eye upon him as a sad illustration of the progress of sin. He has been for many years—I cannot say an absolute sot, but yet an intemperate drinker. He has always been shockingly profane. He has been through life an avowed infidel, laughing at the idea both of a God and a hereafter. His domestic relations have been a channel of grief and mortification to those who have been so unfortunate as to be associated with him. His wife, if she be still living, lives with a broken heart, and she has often dreaded the sound of his footsteps. His children, notwithstanding the brutalizing influence

despised and rejected, and he was obliged to confess that there must be something in that religion which could give such calm trust and joy. The mother turned and gazed again upon them all, she murmured as if to herself, "Harry, Ellen, George, Edith—they will all come, but *Percy*, *Percy*"—then her eyes closed, and the whispered words came to them—

"None can obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb."

Then came a long silence, until *Percy*, unable to bear it any longer, stooped down, and in silent agony pressed his lips to the dear forehead. The eyes unclosed, a sweet smile of peace stole over the countenance, as she gently pressed his hand and looked round on them all, saying, "Good-bye, dear children, I am going home to join your father in the better land; all of you meet me there. *Percy*, dear *Percy*, I am safe, but only through Christ; I am happy, but only through Christ; all my hope is fixed on Christ, the Everlasting Rock. Oh! my boy, come to Him; trust in that blood." She sank back, all was over; the spirit was at rest at last, past all pain for ever, and as they gazed on the calm features so beautiful in their repose, *Percy* was fairly overcome, and turned to leave the room. *Edith*, his darling sister, younger than himself, followed him, and laying her hand softly on his arm, said gently, "We cannot mourn for *her*, *Percy* dear." He bent and kissed her forehead, and with a voice husky with emotion said, "Don't talk to me now, *Edie* dear, please, I can't bear it;" he then hurried upstairs to his own room to be alone. Ever since *Edith* Iden had become a Christian, her one yearning desire had been for this brother's salvation, for their ages were very similar, there being only eighteen months' difference between them. He had been her playmate in childhood, and his affections had remained the same through his youth, and now in his manhood he still clung to her with fond love. One in their tastes and inclinations, as far as regarded temporal things, there was a great gulf between them in the holier and better feelings of the heart. Hoping against hope, and trying to be calm and trustful, *Edith* waited for an answer to her own and her mother's prayers. We shall see in what way God answered them, next month.

WEEP NOT! THY LOSS HAS PROVED HIS GAIN.

ALAS! how soon is severed life's frail thread,
How soon the cheek that blooms with health is paled;
To-day the brightest prospects bid us live—
To-morrow sicken, and we droop and die.

A few days since a lovely sight I viewed:
Upon a mother's lap a beauteous boy
Reclined,—his eyes were closed in slumber sweet,—
One hand she held within her own, and 'thwart
His throbbing breast the other laid motionless.
What deep, what sacrificing tenderness
Beamed brightly in that watcher's countenance!
Time, poverty, nor sufferings most extreme,
Nor torture agonizing, e'er could sap
That mother's love—so strong, so pure, so true!
Long and intensely did that mother gaze
Upon her "little one." A smile of joy
Now radiates her face; her bosom heaves
As she anticipates his ripening years;
She thinks she views that tender plant so bright,
So healthful now, to youth and manhood grown—
That tongue, which scarce can lisp her name, she hears
In converse mingling with the great and good—
And when by grief's cold touch her spirits sink,
And trouble, dark and lowering, veils her heart
As nearest friends or dearest relatives
By ruthless Death are torn away from earth,
How kindly will he lend his sympathy,
Breathe sweetly his affection in her ear,
And quell her sorrows and dry up her tears!
And when, with tottering steps and failing sight,
And hair all whitened with the frost of time,
She traverses the downward hill of life,
How tenderly he'll watch her feebleness—
His willing hand will help—his voice will cheer
And gently smooth her passage to the tomb!
But now a cloud o'erspreads her face—a tear,
A scalding tear rolls down her cheek; her eyes
She lifts to Heaven and breathes a silent prayer.
An awful thought has crossed her mind, to mar
And dissipate her joy,—that "little one,"
So radiant with health to-day—so pure,
So innocent—around whose heart each hour
A stronger bond of fond affection twines—
That lovely budding blossom, ere it blooms,
May wither and decay; disease's fangs
May pierce his frame and speed his spirit home:
But now he wakes, and sweetly lisps her name.

She starts, forgetting all her thoughts, and with
A thrill of joy a mother only feels,
Clasps her dear treasure to her throbbing heart.

Another scene now opens to my view:
Around a dying boy stand mourning friends;
Tears trickle down each cheek, and anguish deep
Is written vividly on every face,
And, sad and sorrowing, I join the throng.
Again I gaze upon that "little one."
Alas! how changed! The ruddy glow of health
Has fled; his cheeks are pale and deathly now;
Those eyes, so beautiful three days since, now glare
With an unearthly fire; his little arms
He stretches out imploringly for aid.
Now round his mother's neck his hands he clasps;
Now with a wild convulsive start he falls
Upon her lap; now his whole body shakes!
He gasps, then, lisps "Mamma"—then gasps again—
Then casts around upon that sorrowing group
A look of agony unutterable;
A look so full of pleading misery,
It pierces to the depths of each one's heart,
And, swelling instantly the cup of woe,
Extorts from bleeding hearts a deeper sigh,
And starts anew from every eye the tear.
Gaze, weeping father! Wailing mother! gaze
Unceasingly upon thy suffering one,
For soon these limbs will cold and lifeless be—
That pulse will cease to beat—those eyes will close.
In death! e'en now his spirit strives to take
Eternal flight from that frail tenement
To glory's heights, where pain nor anxious care
Will ever rise to mar his happiness.
But see! the dreaded moment's drawing near,
For now his eyes are fixed—his frame's convulsed—
Gasp follows gasp, each weaker than the last,
And nature sinks, and Death's cold hand appears—
Earth fades away—Heaven opens to his view,
And seraphs shout, and sing the rapturous song,
"Another ransomed soul's to glory borne."

G. R. A.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

MANY long years have now passed away since my beloved mother was called home to her Saviour. Yet I seem to see her still; I remember my last look at her, the last kiss I implanted on her marble brow. Her spirit had fled to the realms of ever-

lasting light, to that land where sorrow and weeping are no more, where affliction and death can never enter !

Young friend ! you may be a brother or sister, and you too, perhaps, have lost your best friend on earth—*your mother* ! Oh ! there is something sweet in the hallowed name of mother. *My mother* ! she brought me up with every kindness a mother's love could think of ; it was she who nursed me through my tender years of infancy ; it was upon her knees I learned to lisp my infant prayer ; it was to her I fled in danger or trouble ; it was she who succoured me and shielded me from all danger. It was her gentle hand that pressed my aching head ; it was her sweet voice that soothed me in sickness, and told me sweet tales of that bright and better land. A "mother's love" is familiar to all—all have felt it. How thankful we should be for it, and in how many ways might we in some measure repay it ! At the family altar the services of *all* are greatly needed ; *never*, if you can possibly help it, *be absent*, for your presence and prayers are great comforts to Christian parents. Remember how the mother of Jesus treasured up in her heart the words of her beloved son ; and how many a mother now treasures up the feeble lisps of a dear son or daughter at the throne of grace, till that day when the whole family shall meet at Jesus' feet, never to part again. Then will your prayers and your striving after grace and your struggles with the world and the flesh be remembered with joy ; and then, instead of a mother's tears, there will be the joyous lighting up of her countenance and the rapturous song of joy arising from her lips as she beholds you, sons and daughters, precious jewels in your Saviour's crown. But while there are many mothers, fathers, sons and daughters, on the road to Zion, there are many, very many, travelling in the other road, which leads to endless misery and ruin ; and it may be this little magazine may fall into the hands of such an one—indifferent to a mother's love, thoughtless about salvation, and careless of a Saviour's love. Let me remind you that

"A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

Oh! remember this,—you may take your pleasure, as you choose to call it, now, but you will have to give an account of it one day. “It is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment.” You may be far away from home, from that parental roof which sheltered you in your younger days; you may think you are out of your parent’s jurisdiction—that you now can do as you like. Misguided one! think not so; there lies within your mother’s heart a love for you that can *never* be extinguished, and you are ever remembered there; it will follow you to heaven, where no ties can be severed. A mother’s prayer has been offered for you night after night, will you scorn it? Come to Him who gave Himself for you, and say,—

“Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine—yes, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!”

Mothers! be careful to bring your children up for God. Train them, like Hannah, for His service, and they will be joy and pleasure to you here; but hereafter you will have greater joy in beholding all whom God has given you with Jesus in heaven, there you will behold them in happiness among the “*white clad*” throng.

W. O.

POOR LITTLE ROSA.—No. 2.

POOR little Rosa’s courage was almost failing, when she saw a kind and pleasant-looking gentleman approaching. His eyes were fixed upon her, and Rosa ran towards him to repeat her pleading cry, “Please, Sir, a penny?” The little hand was extended, the red lips open to speak, when a large dray-horse rushed furiously round the corner of the street and with his heavy feet struck poor Rosa to the ground. Her senses left her and she was taken up for dead. They soon found that she was still living, and the kind-looking gentleman, who had seen the whole affair, ordered Rosa to be taken to his own house. When she recovered her senses she found herself in a warm and pleasant room with a kind and gentle lady sitting beside her. She soon became able to sit up and relate what little she could remember

of her history. "While her father lived," she said, "all went well, but he died five years ago, when she was but three years old. After that her mamma tried to support herself and her two children by the use of her needle, but her strength soon failed and by-and-by, Eddie, her little son, sickened and died, and all the trouble which thickened around her soon ended her days." Thus Rosa was left alone and no one took pity on her, till Mrs. Fox pretended to do so. It was only pretence, for she meant to make merchandize of the unfortunate child in every way in her power. The good Mr. Howe, who took Rosa into his house, said Mrs. Fox did not deserve to know what had become of her, and as she had no legal guardian that they knew of, he would become her guardian himself. So he and his wife dressed the little orphan very neatly, and sent her to a good school. She lived for years with these kind friends, and when she grew up and went to live in a home of her own she told them that she should always regard them as the saviours, under God, of her soul and body. Dear young friends, how thankful you ought to be to God, who has given you a comfortable home and kind parents to take care of you! You should think of that little verse

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
And I have food while others starve,
And beg from door to door."

Oh! then give all your thanks to your kind Father in heaven.

SCENE IN A LOG CABIN.

It was nearly midnight that a messenger came to Colonel —, requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler some three miles down the river to see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Colonel — awoke me and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me a small package of medicines which I always carried in the forest; but I learned soon there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

"She is a strange child," said the Colonel, "her father is as strange a man. They live together on the bank of the river."

They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money; the child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seemed gifted with a marvellous intellect. She sometimes speaks as if inspired, and seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler in less than half-an-hour, and entered it reverently. The scene was one that cannot easily be forgotten. There were books and evidences of luxury and taste lying on the rude table in the centre. A guitar lay on the table near the small window, and the bed furniture was as soft as the covering of a dying queen. She was a fair child, with masses of black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition?

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest tones of an Eolian harp. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a few words of like import I turned from her. A half-hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, richly melodious voice: "Father, I am cold, lie down beside me;" and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms round his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear father." "My child," said the old man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?" "Nay, father, for my soul is strong." "Seest thou the thither shore?" "I see it, father, and its banks are green with immortal verdure." "Hearest thou the voice of the inhabitants?" "I hear them, father, as the voices of the angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me. Her voice too, father, I heard it then!" "Doth she speak to thee?" "She spoke in tones most heavenly?" "Doth she smile?" "An angel smile! But a cold, calm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold! Father, there's a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, lonely. Is this death, father?" And so she passed away.

THE FIRST VIOLETS.

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make this world of ours like the heaven above."

On the morning of a fine spring day, if you had happened to be in one corner of a beautiful green field, near a country village, you might have seen a rosy-cheeked little girl busily picking violets, the first that season. If she had lifted her head while you were looking at her, you would have been pleased to see sparkling under her old straw hat, a pair of merry, good-humoured dark eyes, in whose joyous glance there was an honesty and a sweetness which bespoke real happiness. Jessie Wardon was one of those truly blessed children who have found out the only true way to be happy in striving earnestly to please her Saviour, and in seeking to do good to all with whom she came in contact; and you might be sure that on this lovely spring morning she had some benevolent project which she was about to carry out, or she would not have looked so joyous. Already Jessie had gathered violets enough to form the sweetest of little nosegays, when a lady taking an early walk passed the child, who, earnestly stooping over her fragrant task, did not look up until a pleasant voice said, "Little girl, will you sell me those violets, they are the first I have seen this spring, and I do so love flowers; see, I will give you a bright new sixpence for them?" A shadow gathered over the child's face, as she glanced at the money glittering between the lady's fingers in the sunshine, but it cleared off again like a summer cloud from the bright heavens, and she answered cheerfully, "I cannot sell you this bunch, ma'am, I have gathered them for a poor sick woman, who is not able to come and pick them for herself; I will give you a few of the violets if you please, but I hope you will not think me rude or ungrateful that I do not let you have the nosegay, there will be plenty more out in a day or two, ma'am, and if I may get some for you then, I shall be very glad." The lady smiled at the child's earnestness, and passed on; and Jessie, tying up her violets, pursued her way across the field into the village. She paused before the door of a tiny cottage, and knocked gently once, twice, thrice; then a weak voice said, "Come in." Jessie entered, and stealing up to

the only occupant of the room, a poor woman, pale and emaciated with suffering and lying upon a bed, she presented her little offering, saying, as she stooped to imprint with her cool rosy lips a kiss on the sufferer's fevered brow, "There, dear Nannie, those are the first violets; I picked them myself on purpose for you this morning, smell them, are they not sweet?" The pale face flushed and brightened with joy, as Nannie eagerly grasped the fragrant, dewy flowers, and thirstily inhaled their sweetness. The look of weary discontent which had pervaded her countenance passed away, and tears of thankfulness rose in her eyes; "O, Jessie," she cried, as the child seeing the change stooped over her once more and lovingly stroked her sunken cheek, "you cannot know what good these flowers have done me; I was beginning to feel that God had forgotten me, that His mercies were gone for ever, and that there was no comfort left me but to die; now I can look up to him again, and feel that as He cares for the flowers which spring to-day and fade to-morrow, He will and does also care for me: Jessie dear, you have taught me a blessed lesson to-day." Only those who have felt the joy of doing good to others can appreciate Jessie's happiness as she ran to school that morning. Her little act of thoughtful kindness had been the means of comforting a poor weary heart and bringing it into closer communion with God. Dear young friends, most of you have far greater opportunities of doing good to those around you than Jessie Wardon had. How many hearts might be cheered, how many homes brightened, if you all did what you could to shed happiness and sunshine around you! Remember that

"However small a service done to God,
It is a service still;
Great is an action slight, if but performed
According to His will."

M. E. R.

ONE OF THE NOBLE MOTHERS OF ENGLAND.

THERE are many beautiful and charming spots in England. Our country is rich in landscapes which combine the picturesque with the useful; the silvery streams, the rising hills, the retiring

vales, the wide-spreading trees and bushy shrubs, give a rich variety and an attractive aspect to English scenery. One of the most beautiful spots is to be found among the Chiltern hills, in Buckinghamshire. A little more than two hundred years ago it was the residence of John Hampden, the Buckinghamshire patriot. Hampden House is one of the old baronial mansions some few of which remain to give the air of an antique majesty to the homes of England. The house in which John Hampden spent the greater part of his life is surrounded with trees and woods of the finest description. Very near this fine old mansion is a little parish church; within its walls lie the ashes of the Hampden family,—here the great patriot himself sleeps. In looking round on the tablets which commemorate the departed, the visitor is attracted to a plain, dark grey stone on the right hand side of the chancel. On this stone is a touching epitaph, which sets forth as in a portrait the virtues of one of the mothers of England—the wife of John Hampden. The lines on this small, unpretending stone possess quiet pathos; they embody the exquisite tenderness and refined affections of her husband's heart. The epitaph commences thus:—"To the eternal memory of the truly virtuous and pious Elizabeth Hampden, wife of John Hampden of Great Hampden, Esq." This part of the epitaph gives us the germ of her noble and beautiful character. She was "truly virtuous and pious." This was the secret of her strength as a Christian woman, of her fidelity as a wife, and her tenderness as a mother. We are then told that she was "The tender mother of a happy offspring in nine hopeful children." She left three sons and six daughters. John Hampden has described the character of his wife, whom he loved with such a tender affection, in the following language:—

"In her pilgrimage
The stay and comfort of her neighbours,
The love and glory of a well-ordered family,
The delight and happiness of tender parents—
But a crown of blessings to a husband
As a wife; to all an eternal pattern of goodness
And cause of joy, which she was.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

"In her dissolution . . .
A loss invaluable to each;
Yet herself blest and they fully recompensed
In her translation from a tabernacle of clay
And fellowship with mortals, to a celestial mansion
And communion with a Deity.

"20th day of August, 1634.

"John Hampden, her sorrowful husband, in perpetual testimony of his
conjugal love, hath dedicated this monument."

This epitaph gives us a striking view of the exalted virtues and noble conduct of Elizabeth Hampden. As a lamp from heaven she shed a holy light in the home of one of England's noblest sons. She was a prop to that heart which bore up with such fortitude the threatened liberties of a great people. Hampden's wife was a pattern to wives and mothers. All the matronly virtues clustered in her character; and though her name is not emblazoned on the roll of history, the light of her beautiful character still burns in that simple and modest epitaph composed by her loving husband, and which may still be read in the church of Great Hampden.

G. H. L.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

Nor pealing bells, nor cannon's roar
Announced thy lowly birth;
No pomp nor splendour welcomed thee
To this dark, sinful earth.

But loving hearts, with untold joy,
Greeted thy advent here;
Lavished on thee what gold ne'er bought—
Affection warm, sincere.

Days, months, and years flew quickly by,
And thou, a budding flower,
Unfolded sweets, too sweet, alas!
For every passing hour.

Thy warm, true heart its sceptre away'd
With gentleness and love,
As though thy pure and guileless soul
Had come from realms above.

And lopping off its angel wings,
 And veiling its bright eyes,
 Our little homestead blessed and gave
 A foretaste of the joys
 Reserved in heaven, where now thou'st gone,
 Thy own, thy fatherland;
 But fragrance lingers, and thy name
 Is hallowed by the band
 Of brothers, sisters, children, friends
 Who weep, and yet rejoice;
 Our loved one now is with the God,
 She made her early choice.
 Blooming in youthful beauty there,
 Untainted and sublime,
 With golden lyres and heavenly joys
 Her songs now sweetly chime.
 And though so distant, still at times,
 From Canaan's peaceful shore,
 Seem carried to our raptured ears
 Sweet sounds ne'er heard before.
 Music, melodious from the choir
 Of heaven's angelic throng,
 Rings through the vaulted, boundless space,
 And her voice swells the song.
 Faintly we seem to hear the sounds,
 They bid us nobly rise
 Above earth's transitory good,
 To riches of the skies.
 Gladly the summons we obey;
 Farewell, ye futile toys:
 Loved one! we haste from all below,
 To fadeless heaven-born joys.

E. S.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE LITTLE MOTHERLESS GIRL'S MYSTERY, AND HOW IT
 WAS SOLVED.—No. 4.

AND so, on Sabbath afternoon, when they were all alone, the
 room all still, only puss asleep on the rug and the clock ticking
 in the chimney-piece, aunt called little Ruth to her. On the

table was a piece of paper and a long red stick. "Why, aunty, what do you want a candle for in the day-time?" said Ruth, in astonishment, as aunty put a lighted candle on the table. "I want to show you what's on my white stone," she answered. Ruth looked on in wonder while her aunt dipped the red stick in the flame and then rubbed it on the paper, and lastly pressed the white stone down in the middle of the heap she had made. But Ruth's wonder was still greater when aunty took up the white stone and told her to look. What do you suppose Ruth saw? Why just this, SARAH. "But, aunty," said Ruth, "I thought it was a new name you had, and that you mustn't show it to anybody?" "Why, child, what *do* you mean?" "I mean *this*," she answered, reaching for the large Bible and turning over the leaves until she found the second chapter of Revelation. Again the little finger traced the words while she read them to her aunt, determined at last to know what they meant. "Why, Ruth," said her aunty, when she had finished, "did you think mine was that kind of stone? It is only in heaven these stones are given." "But, aunty, Harry said 'overcome' meant to fight, to conquer; and they don't do such things in heaven." Aunty sat down in grandma's chair, and took little Ruth on her lap. "I will tell you," she said, "in what kind of battles we must conquer if we would have one of those white stones. Do you always like to do what you are told?" "Not always, aunty." "Doesn't there seem to be something inside, Ruthy; that won't do right; and don't you feel sometimes almost like saying, Be still, or, Behave yourself, before you can mind?" "O yes, aunty, I almost have to *shake* it sometimes." "Do you know what this is, Ruthy?" "Yes," she said, and putting her mouth close to her aunt's ear, she whispered, "It is my wicked heart, aunty, that doesn't love to do right." "That's just it, Ruthy, and that's just what you must overcome before you can have one of those white stones. Don't you see it's a good deal like fighting?" "But, aunty, I can't overcome it. It almost always beats me, so I have to say, Well, go along and be bad if you want to." "Did you ever see any soldiers?" Aunt Sarah asked. "O yes; and, aunty, they had such bright red coats on, and they put down their feet all together, so funny, and the music was so nice." "What do

soldiers do, Ruthy?" "Why, they go and shoot people, and knock them down and ride right over them, and Harry says, it's very fine, but I don't see why." "I'll tell you some other time about these soldiers, and why they fight, and how they become great generals; but now I want to tell you of another kind of soldiers. They are called soldiers of the Cross. You know what the Cross is, Ruthy?" Ruth just nodded, and her aunt went on: "Those that love Christ and try to do right are called soldiers, because they have to keep on fighting with their wicked hearts. Soldiers don't go out to fight just with their hands, do they, Ruthy?" "No, they have swords and guns." "Now our soldiers of the Cross have a sword; what do you think it is? It is called the Sword of the Spirit, and the Bible says it is the Word of God. What is that, Ruthy?" "The Bible," she answered, laying her hand reverently on the open book before her. "When Christ was tempted, He only answered the tempter with verses from the Bible. Now, if you should feel angry with Harry, and this little heart should not want to make friends with him, don't you think if you should say to yourself, 'Forgive us our sins as we forgive those that trespass against us,' it would drive the wrong feeling away quicker than anything else?" "I know it would, aunty, and that would be using the sword, wouldn't it?" "I have talked almost too long for you, Ruthy, so I won't stay now to tell you about the shield and the helmet and the breastplate, for what helps us most is Christ himself. He is called our Captain. Now the Captain teaches His soldiers how to fight, and so Christ teaches us; and besides, Ruthy, He does what no other captain can do, He gives us strength if we only ask Him for it. I should like to tell you more about this, Ruthy. I should like to tell you about the white garments and the golden crown and the palm-branches, which are given to the conquerors as well as the white stones. But it is getting late now. See, pussy is stretching herself, and there, Mary is ringing the supper bell." As Ruthy went to supper, she whispered to her aunty, "I mean to be one of those soldiers." "Tell the Captain, then; those who want to be soldiers must always give their name to the Captain." Ruth nodded her head, to show that she understood the Sabbath evening lesson.

possible there might be some one in the chamber, therefore he listened with his ear to the door. He heard a child's voice, and looking through the key-hole, by the glimmering light from the window he saw that a little child was sitting up all by itself, in bed, praying. It was saying the Lord's prayer, before going to sleep, as it had been taught by its mother to do. The man was pondering how he might best rob the house, when the child's clear loud voice fell upon his ear as it prayed these words: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil!" The words smote the man's heart, and his slumbering conscience awoke. He felt how great the sin he was about to commit. He also folded his hands and prayed, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." And the Lord heard him. He returned by the same road he came and crept back into his chamber. Here he repented with his whole heart, all the evil he had done in his life, besought God for forgiveness and returned thanks to Him for the protection He had sent him through the voice of a pious child. He has since become a very industrious and honest man.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

OUR LIFE.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Words of Consolation. London: Macintosh, Paternoster-row.

This little work is really what it professes to be. It contains words of consolation for all circumstances of distress and trial.

Tom Ilderton, and other Stories. London: Hamiltan and Co.

This is a little volume which will particularly please schoolboys, as the tales are almost all taken from school-life.

A School Geography. By Dr. CORNWELL. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

This book is very highly spoken of by those who have to do with the education of the young. In this new edition the information is brought down to our own time.

Merry and Wise. No. 3. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The Children's Friend for 1864. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Co. Fleet Street.

This little volume is certainly a friend to children, it is a valuable work for the nursery, it abounds in pictures and short tales.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

THE INFLUENCE OF TWO MOTHERS.—No. 2.

THE other case of the influence of a mother on a son is as full of encouragement as the one given in a former number was full of warning. Another of my playmates was a boy who was always noticed for being perfectly correct and unexceptionable in all his conduct. I never knew him do a thing of even questionable propriety. He was bright and playful, but never mischievous. He was a good scholar, not because he had any particular talents, but because he made good use of his time, for he was taught to regard it as his duty to get his lessons well. His teachers loved him because he was diligent and respectful; his playmates loved him because he was kind and obliging. He evinced so much promise that his parents, though not affluent, resolved on giving him a collegiate education, and in due time he became a member of one of our highest literary institutions. There he maintained a high rank for scholarship and morality. Not long after, his mind took a decidedly serious direction, and he not only gave himself to the service of God, but resolved to enter the ministry; he did so, and he is now the able and successful minister of a large and respectable congregation; he has been instrumental in winning many souls to Christ. Here, again, let me trace the stream to its source, the effect to its cause. This lad was the child of a discreet and faithful Christian mother; she watched the first openings of his intellect, that no time might be lost in introducing the beams of immortal truth; she guarded him during his childhood from the influence of evil example, especially of evil companions, with the most scrupulous care; she laboured diligently to suppress the rising of unhallowed tempers and perverse feelings with a view to prevent, if possible, the formation of any vicious habit, while she steadily inculcated the necessity of that great radical change which alone forms the basis of a truly spiritual character. Though no human eye followed her to her closet, I doubt not but that her good instructions were seconded by her fervent prayers; and that as often as she approached the throne of mercy she left there a petition for the well-doing and well-being, the sanctification and salvation of her son; and her

labour and work was not in vain. The son became all she could have asked, and she lived to witness what he became; she lived to listen to his earnest prayers and his eloquent and powerful discourses; she lived to hear his name pronounced with respect and gratitude among the great and good. He was one of the main comforters of her old age; and, if I mistake not, he was at her dying bed to commend her departing spirit into her Redeemer's hands. Richly was that mother's fidelity rewarded by the virtues and graces which she had assisted to form; though she recognised them all as the fruits of the Spirit, she could not but know that in a humble and yet very important sense they were connected with her own instrumentality. Such has been the career of two of the playmates of my childhood. They have been travelling in opposite directions, I may say, ever since they left the cradle; and, so far as we can judge, the main reason is that the one had a mother whose influence was only for evil, the other a mother who was intent upon doing him good. Both mothers now dwell in the unseen world, while the one is represented on earth by a most loathsome specimen of humanity, the other by a pure and elevated spirit that needs only to pass the gate of death to become a seraph. Mothers! I need not say a word to impress the lessons suggested by this contrast; they lie upon the surface, and your own hearts will readily take them up. May you be saved the misery of looking upon ruined children, and being obliged to feel that you have been their destroyers! May God permit you to look upon children whom your faithfulness has, through grace, nurtured not only into useful members of society, but into heirs of an endless glorious life!

THE FIRST LIE.

THERE was a large river across which were several dams built within the distance of a few miles; they were constructed to confine as many ponds and carry as many mills. But during a severe storm which greatly swelled the river, the upper dam was carried away by the rushing waters, and they dashed on furiously, roaring and plunging as if maddened by the storm. By the time

they reached the second dam their force and velocity were greatly increased, and easily it was swept away; and on the torrent poured, and bore away every dam in its progress. Now, if the first dam had been sufficiently secured to resist the pressure of the overflowing stream neither of the others would have been destroyed. So it is with falsehoods and other sins. If children stop the *first* lie, they will stop all the rest. If they are not disobedient the *first* time, they never will be. If they never use the *first* profane word they will never use the second. It is consenting to commit the *first* sin that does the mischief. This barrier once broken down, the passions and evil propensities are likely to sweep on like a flood, and carry away every obstruction. The following fact will illustrate this truth. A lad about fifteen years of age went to live as clerk in a house of business. He was faithful for some time, and his employer liked him much and committed important trusts to him. One day he stepped into the shop of a young man whose acquaintance he had made where he was offered a glass of wine. He hesitated, but finally yielded, and drank the beverage. On the following day the young man went into the store of the youth's employer, who was not in at the time. The lad thought he must return the kindness of the young man on the preceding day, and accordingly treated him to a glass of wine. But he did not stop the tap securely when he drew the liquor, and his employer coming in soon discovered it. "Have you been to this barrel?" he inquired of the lad. The lad hesitated, as if there was a struggle between right and wrong in his breast, but finally replied, "No, sir." His master looked as if he doubted it, but said no more. The next day the young man came in again, and said to the proprietor of the shop, "Will you sell me a barrel of wine, such as James gave me yesterday?" James was scarcely able to stand, his employer gave him such a look. He took the first opportunity to see the young man again, and asked him to tell his master that he drew the wine himself. The young man promised to do so if James would treat him to an oyster supper, to which he agreed. Both parties fulfilled the agreement, but James had no money of his own, and hence he took some from the drawer in the shop to pay for the supper. After supper, he was invited to gamble; at first he declined; but then, thinking

he might win as much money as he took from his employer, and thus be able to replace it, he yielded. He played and lost all. But still supposing that he might win, he continued to take money until it was missed. Finding that he was likely to be detected, he resolved one night that he would take a large sum that was in the desk, and endeavour to win enough to refund all he had taken. About midnight he arose, took the money, and went to a gaming-house, where he *lost the whole*. The morning found him in a worse condition than he was the night before. What could he do? He did this. Knowing that his master had money deposited in a certain bank, he forged a cheque and hastened there. He presented it, but was detected and brought to justice. Thus ended his speedy career in vice. Now mark the result of that *first lie*. When James was asked if he had been to the wine-barrel, had he replied, "Yes, sir," and kept the truth on his side, he would soon have got over his trouble. But when he told one lie, he had to tell another to conceal it, then he was induced to *steal* to cover up the lies, and finally to *forge* to conceal the theft. All this wickedness resulted from that *first lie*. Perhaps he thought he would tell a falsehood "only this once;" but it is difficult to stop one's progress in vice. The only sure way is *not to begin*.

NO RELIGION.

WHILE conversing one day with a young wife, something was said which elicited from her the confession, "I've no religion; I don't profess to have any." She seemed thoroughly unconcerned, and was totally indifferent to the realities of eternity; and yet she is a mother, having two beautiful children, one quite old enough to understand Jesu's loving invitation to little ones, the other old enough to lisp the name of Jesus. I could not help pitying that young and beautiful, though misguided and deluded mother, drifting, as she is, over life's tempestuous billows without either anchor, helm, or chart—and the end! Her voyage must soon be over, will she reach a peaceful harbour? Where do voyagers with "no religion" land? Where shades of blackest night engulf the soul in darkest gloom of wild despair. While

I thus pitied *her*, my thoughts rested on the little ones. Their smiling lips are never taught to lisp their mighty Maker's name; never has the touching story of the Cross made their wondering eyes o'erflow with tears, nor have their little hearts ever throbbled with delight, or their bosoms heaved with joy at the glad sound of a Saviour's name. The Gospel is to them a dead letter, and is most likely to remain so while they have such a mother. But oh! what consequences! Childhood is passed with "no religion;" school-days have gone by with "no religion;" life begins with them in earnest, but they are unprepared to battle successfully with its alluring temptations, they sink beneath its difficulties and dangers, and are easily caught in Satan's wily snares, for they have "no religion," their hearts are not right in the sight of God. But their voyage, too, must end, and what of it? Just peep at the closing scene. No religion is there to illumine the dark valley, but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation makes their unsaved souls sink from the fearful dart, whose poisoned arrow sinks into their life-blood while the words escape their dying lips, "Oh! if mother had but taught me to pray!" Then all is over in this world of hope, but not so in the region of despair; unsaved mother! your children will meet you there! Think you 'twill be a joyful meeting? Ah! no, reproaches will fall thick on your agonized ear, and hatred will add fuel to the flames of your remorse, as they unceasingly chide you for supplying them with everything save the "one thing needful." Cruel memory will recall the wasted moments in which you boastingly exclaimed, "I've no religion." Mothers! for the sake of your own souls, for the sake of the immortal spirits committed to your charge, seek the Lord while He may be found; accept Jesus as your friend and Saviour, He waits to be gracious. Then guide the little lambs of your flock to the Fount of living waters, that they with you may be folded in the Gentle Shepherd's bosom, led by Him safely across life's stormy main, and by-and-by landed—

"Where bliss, a sea without a shore,
Forbids the blest to wish for more."

E. S.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"I thought it was my mother's voice,"
 The startled accents fell from one
 Of Adam's fairest sons. The joy,
 The hope, in bygone happy days,
 Of parents passed into the skies.
 A mother's love had checked the ill
 That tried to spring up in his heart,
 And nurtured with untiring zeal
 The opening buds of promise there—
 Goodness, truth, gentleness, and all
 That stamped him one of God's chief works.
 A mother's prayers had helped and moved
 The Unseen Hand to guide and guard
 Her boy through childhood's way. But ere
 One step was trodden in the path
 Of *youthful* dangers—where the foe
 Plies his temptations strongest, where
 He finds the readiest victims— ere
 This path was reached, that mother's voice,
 Which in its last faint murmurs breathed
 A prayer for him, was hushed in death.
 The boy grew on. The world's gay charms
 Allured him from the path of life;
 Pleasure, with syren voice, bade him
 Partake the cup she held. He heard,
 Tasted, and drank unto the dregs.
 He now, spell-bound, was being led
 Down to the gate of endless woe; but one
 Who knew the worth of souls, and of
 A word in season, spake that word
 In earnest prayer and gentleness and love.

"Young man, beware!"

The loving tone, the gentle touch
 Aroused the youth, who, starting, cried,
 "I thought it was my mother's voice."
 O blessed awakening! The heart
 Which sin had hardened, melted now
 With deep contrition, and the voice
 Of memory, which told of truths
 Long since forgotten, now was heard
 And heeded too, and after years
 Spent in his Master's service, he
 Has met again that mother blessed,
 And her whose words of warning seemed
 The echo of a voice from heaven.

BE NOT WEARY IN PRAYER.

MANY years have passed, many troubles, many joys I have experienced since I spent the happy days of childhood; yet memory often brings me back to them, and makes me feel that all which has occurred since is but a dream. Well do I remember sitting round the fire with my parents and brothers and sisters, while my mother would relate the history of Joseph and his brethren, or with still greater earnestness would tell us of the sufferings of Jesus, how He became poor and bore sorrow for us, how the Jews mocked Him, how He was crowned with thorns, and at last crucified. My mother would talk of these things till the tears would flow fast down my cheeks, and I would sob as if my little heart would break. Nor can I forget my mother taking me alone and kneeling with me, to pour out her earnest petitions for a blessing to rest upon me; and then she would dictate to me what I should ask of God, and sometimes my young heart yearned for a blessing. If mothers need at any time specially to pray more, it is when they send their young ones away from home, for there are so many temptations placed in their path. As I grew older I was sent with a younger brother to a boarding school; there I remember meeting boys who had been taught very differently to myself. The first Sabbath I had to be very careful to avoid following the example of the idle boys by whom I was surrounded, and so much was I distressed that I was glad to find a solitary place where I could weep and pray that God would keep me from sin. I believe that during the four years I was at that school I never omitted to read a portion of God's Holy Word every day, though laughed at and jeered by many, but my mother's influence was the greatest. My brother and myself formed a prayer-meeting with twelve boys who slept in one large room, and there, in the darkness, did we kneel upon our beds and each in turn pour out our supplications unto God, the answerer of prayer, and who knows what may have been the result? At this time I did not love the Saviour, but having been taught the importance of prayer from my cradle made me anxious to commune with God.

Parents! you who send your children to the Sabbath School,

leave not the training of them to teachers; they may be earnest but they have not the influence that you have at home. Mothers! pray and teach, pray in faith, teach patiently if you would see your loved ones anxious for their salvation; you have the promise, "Ask and ye shall receive." Is the spiritual life of your children too great a petition? Oh, no, you may see your prayers answered while you sojourn on earth, but should you not, do not doubt but that you will meet your dear ones in *heaven*. God has promised, He will fulfil. Then pray on, and though your children may have wandered from the fold of God, the loving Saviour will bring them back again, and the angels will strike their harps and raise their voices with three-fold sweetness for joy at the wanderer's return.

B. W. J.

ONLY THROUGH CHRIST.—No. 2.

It was the day of the funeral; the remains of Mrs. Iden had been consigned to the village churchyard, and the mourners returned home; desolate it had been ever since her death, but more than ever it seemed so now that they could no longer look on the loved features of her who had acted the part of father and mother to them. The rain descended in torrents, it was gloomy within and without; the weather and circumstances altogether combined to make the sadness of their hearts deeper. Percy sat by the window, gazing sadly out; this was the first severe trial he had known, the first bitter draught from the cup of life. Whatever were his faults he had always tenderly loved his gentle and consistent mother, and now in thought he went back to the happy days of childhood when he had learned "that sweet story of old," from that mother's lips; then he thought of his boyhood and youth, which were all spent under the same gentle influence; until he left home and came into contact with men, who sneered at the religion of the Bible and the doctrine of the Cross, and who infused into his mind the poison of their soul-killing notions; and as he thus reviewed his life, involuntarily he asked himself the question, "Which is right, Mother or I?" but then the old proud feeling came and battled with the better

promptings of his heart; again he remembered that, the whole of his mother's hope had been fixed on Christ alone, he remembered her dying words, "only through Christ," then fell back again to the old opinions, until, unable any longer to bear the conflict of feeling, he left the room to seek Edith. He wandered from room to room, vainly seeking for her, until at last passing the room that had been his mother's he caught sight of Edith through the half-open door, with that dear mother's pocket-bible in her hand, gazing intently on something therein. He gently asked permission to enter, Edith rose to meet him, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears; she could only say, as she placed the little Bible in his hand, "I found this in mamma's drawer, dear Percy." He took it from her, and on the fly-leaf read in that dear familiar handwriting,—

"For Percy, with his mother's dying prayer

"That it may reveal to him

"The Rock of Ages."

"When did she write this, Edith?" he enquired in a faltering voice. "The very day she died; it was in the morning before you had arrived; she said, as if to herself, when she had written it, 'Yes, I must trust and wait.'" Unable to master the emotions of his heart, Percy hurriedly left the room, and gaining the quietude of his own chamber sat down with that little Bible in his hand and gave way to a gush of heartfelt tears. A rare thing it was for Percy Iden to weep, but the right chord had been touched, and memory was busy with the past; he remembered how, on his leaving home, his mother had presented him with a Bible, and he recalled her words of counsel and advice. Ah! where was that Bible now? Down in a corner of his trunk, never opened, never used. Percy bent his head in shame as he thought of it. He did not appear downstairs again that day, but alone, with his Bible and his God, reviewed the past.

* * * * *

Years passed by when, in a crowded place of worship, men are listening to the old, old story—the story of the Saviour's love; and in the earnest face of the preacher, as it lights up with a joy not born of earth, we can recognize Percy Iden. His mother's

dying prayer was answered, her dying words, "only through Christ," had been the means, under God, of leading him to Christ, and with his wealth of intellect and his wondrous talent devoted to the service of God he is one of the brightest ornaments of the Church of Christ on earth. Mothers, pray on.

L. ST. C.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE LITTLE MOTHERLESS GIRL'S MYSTERY, AND HOW IT WAS SOLVED.—No. 5.

RUTHY must go to school, so aunty had decreed, greatly to Ruth's sorrow. "Why, aunty," she said, "I can read." "I know it, Ruthy, but then there are a great many other things to be learned besides reading, and a little girl almost seven years old ought to know a great deal. I've known little girls no older than you studying Latin and arithmetic." "But, aunty, there will be so many great boys and girls I shall be afraid to read before them." "Don't you suppose they will be afraid of you too? They will be so frightened they'll hardly dare to read." Ruthy laughed, and said, with a little sigh, "Well, I suppose I must go." "You are not going to the large school where Harry goes, but to the little school that Miss Maynard teaches." "O, that's a great deal nicer!" said Ruthy, as she bounded off to see Harry, who was just coming up the walk. The next morning Ruth and aunty started for school. Harry walked with them a little way, frightening Ruth all the time by stories of the terrible things that happened to children who did not study. "Well, of course I mean to study," said Ruth, "it is only naughty children who do not study, father says." "Well, you may get feruled after all, even if you do study." "Feruled! O Harry, what is that?" "Something dreadful!" said Harry, shrugging his shoulders and winking his eyes as though he knew all about it, which very probably he did. "Now Harry, be quiet," said aunt Sarah, "there's nothing dreadful in school to good children. You know so much about these things, I suppose you have felt them." Harry went off laughing, for their road now lay in different direc-

tions. Aunt and Ruth soon entered the school-room door, which Ruth entered very reluctantly. "I have brought my niece to school," said aunt to Miss Maynard, while Ruth looked straight down at her shoes. Miss Maynard asked aunt Sarah several questions, and at last Ruth heard her say, "How far has she been?" "O dear," she thought, "I shall certainly have to speak now, for aunty doesn't know that I went once all the way to Greenbush." But how greatly was she surprised to hear aunt answer, "O, she can only read." Such a funny answer to the question. She thought aunty needed to go to school too. But she had not much time to think about it, for she saw some of the girls looking up too. When aunty started to go Ruth had a great mind to go too, but Miss Maynard said, "Sit down here, Ruth, and I'll see about a seat for you," and she thought of the things Harry had told her about, and did not dare to go. Three weeks passed, and little Ruth was very well contented at school. Indeed, I think it would be as hard to keep her from it now as it was to get her there. She has found a great many pleasant things at school, but she has found one that is so pleasant she talks about it all day and dreams about it all night. It is a friend, "a really truly friend, that don't get cross at every little thing, as Sarah James used to," she told Harry. If you could see Mary Lee I think you would not wonder that Ruth should love her. She had large blue eyes and pretty hair that looked almost like gold in the sunshine, and curled in long ringlets, "splendidly," as Ruth said. But this was not all. I do not think all the girls would have loved Mary Lee as they did if the little feet had walked proudly, or the rosy lips curled in scorn, or pouted in anger. If there was anybody in trouble Mary Lee was sure to be there to help and comfort. Her little hands would wipe away the tears if they could, and if they could not, the blue eyes would fill and she would weep with those that wept. Mary Lee and Ruth were great friends. They sat together in school, they played together in recess. They studied together out of the same book. They walked home together, and always waited for each other in the morning. If they had an apple or nuts they must both have their share. Ruth Edwards and Mary Lee—nobody spoke of one at a time. One afternoon, when they left

school, they agreed to call each other "sister." So they were ever after known as sister Ruth and sister Mary; and though Harry laughed and told Ruth that calling Mary sister would not make her so, she firmly believed that Mary Lee was her own "really truly sister."

"GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF BABY."

A TRUE STORY.

"God will take care of baby!" oft lisped a lovely child,
On whose fair brow two summers as yet had scarcely smiled;
Besides that simple sentence she little else could say,
So in her birdlike music she sang it every day.

"God will take care of baby!" Her parents loved to hear
Those trustful words that gladdened their hearts and soothed their
fear,

Why should they dread the future whatever it might bring,
Since God would keep their darling all safe beneath His wing?

They knew full well that dangers would throng her path through life;
That she would have to wrestle with sorrow and with strife,
And they, whose fond affections her timid step should guide
Might, in her early childhood, be taken from her side.

But He who gently gathers the lambs within His arms
Would guard their child from peril and shield her from alarms;
Confiding in His goodness, they left her to His care,
Assured that through life's dangers no harm could reach her there.

When autumn came and scattered its golden leaves around,
And flowers of richest beauty and colour decked the ground,
Like some sweet little rosebud that withers in a day,
That baby-girl was fading, and soon must pass away!

Her cheeks, once round and rosy, had lost their dimples now,
For death had stamped his impress upon her baby-brow;
Her bright blue eyes were clouded; her pulse beat faint and slow;
And those who watched beside her she did not seem to know.

But she revived a moment before she breathed her last,
And on her weeping parents a loving look she cast;
Then with a wearied gesture she turned upon her side,
"God will take care of baby!" she softly said—and died.

PEN ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"I'll never forgive him—never!" "Never" is a hard word, John," said the sweet-faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up a moment from her sewing. "He is a mean, dastardly coward, and upon this holy book I——" "Stop, husband; John, remember he is my brother, and by the love you bear me, forbear to curse him. He has done you wrong, I know; but, O John, he is very young, and very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday will hardly be wiped out by a curse. It will only injure yourself, John. O please don't say anything dreadful, John." The wife prevailed; the curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken, but he still said, "I will never forgive him—he has done me a deadly wrong." The young man who had provoked this bitterness, humble and repentant, sought in vain for forgiveness from him whom in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond reparation. John Locke steeled his heart against him.

* * * * *

In his office sat the young village merchant, one pleasant morning, contentedly reading the paper. A sound of hurried footsteps approached, but he took no notice until a hatless boy burst into the office, screaming at the top of his voice, "Mr. Locke, Johnny is in the river!—Little Johnny Locke!" To dash down the paper and spring for the street, was the first impulse of the agonized father. On, on, like a maniac he flew, until he reached the bank of the river, pallid, and crazed with anguish. The first sight that met his eyes was little Johnny, lying in the arms of his mother, who with her hair hanging dishevelled around, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved; he breathed, and opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face, while she, with a choking voice, thanked God. Another form lay insensible, stretched near the child. From his head the dark blood flowed from a ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred, had, at the risk of his own life, been the saviour of the child. He had struck a

floating piece of drift-wood as he came to the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable. John Locke flung himself down on the greensward and bent over the senseless form. "Save him!" he cried huskily to the doctor who had been summoned; "restore him to consciousness, if it be only for one little moment. I have something important to say to him." "He is reviving," replied the doctor. The wounded man opened his eyes, they met the anxious glance of his brother-in-law, and the pale lips trembled forth, "Do you forgive me?" "Yes, yes; God is witness, as I hope for mercy hereafter I freely forgive you, and in turn ask your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct." A feeble pressure of the hand and a beaming smile was all the answer. Many days the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life, and never were there more devoted friends than those who hung over his sick bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and, pale and changed, he walked once more among the living. "O, if he had died with my unkindness clouding his soul, never should I have dared to hope for mercy from my Father in heaven," said John Locke to his wife, as they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened them with a live-long trouble. "Never, now I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness, never again will I cherish revenge or unkindness towards the erring. For there is a new meaning to my soul in our daily prayer, and I see that I have been only calling down *judgments on myself*, while I have impiously asked, 'Forgive us our trespasses *as we forgive those who trespass against us.*'"

THE STRANGE UNDERTAKER.

THE service was over and the congregation were gradually dispersing when the old church bell tolled out a funeral knell. I stayed behind to witness the ceremony, when a strange procession wound its way along the churchyard. First came the clergyman, reading those solemn words, "I am the resurrection and the life," &c. Then came a man in corderoys trousers and fustian jacket, bearing on his shoulder a little coffin covered with

a piece of white calico ; then came a solitary female, weeping bitterly, apparently the mother of the child. I stationed myself beside the little grave. The man gently lowered the little coffin, then after carefully folding up the piece of calico, with the big tears rolling down his cheeks, he took his stand beside the mother ; once during the ceremony I saw him press her hand. I thought, What a strange undertaker ! Surely it cannot be one of those who are accustomed to perform this office ; it may be a relative ; but as his tears fell faster and faster, as the ceremony proceeded, I concluded that this poor man was the father of the child, and was compelled through deep poverty to carry his own darling to the grave, a child as dear to him as one of our princes would be to its father. Parents ! you may, too, have lost little ones ; but among all your other mercies, have you ever thanked your Heavenly Father that this sad office has never been yours ? If you had seen that funeral you would doubtless have wept as I did ; the scene would melt the hardest heart, methinks. I could not help thinking of the intense happiness of that little one caught away by Jesus from such wretchedness to the open gates of the New Jerusalem, for ever to rest in the Saviour's arms. Whatever our trials here below, be they few or many, may we at last be found among that sainted band at Jesus' side, Himself the Prince of sufferers, who reckons the crown of thorns not the least among His many crowns.

S. J. B.

"SORROW AND SIGHING SHALL FLEE AWAY."

WHAT a beautiful truth this, regarding the "Better Land," for those who on earth are sorrowing and sighing ; and there are, doubtless, many who are borne down under some great sorrow to whom these words come as balm to their wounds. Fond mother, can you imagine what bliss your dear child is now a partaker of, whose little body you so lately placed in the cold, dark grave ? You are sorrowing for him while he is rejoicing beyond measure, and is being tutored in heavenly wisdom by those spirits who have long since been called from their labour

on earth to their reward in heaven. But you need not bear all your sorrow yourself, God does not require you to do so, there is One to whom you can carry all your trouble, for we are bidden to cast all our care upon Him, for He careth for us, and if you make Him your refuge on earth, He will assuredly guide you to glory. We cannot tell why He has been pleased to call your dear one away, but it is certainly for some wise purpose. Perhaps your love was drawn too much from Jesus towards your child, so He gently removed the lamb from your arms and placed it in a better world, knowing that "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." But you have not lost sight of your child for ever, he is merely gone before and waits to welcome you to the land where the cares and troubles of life can never reach. If you follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of Jesus, you will, ere long, be with him again, never more to part. There you will spend a blissful eternity with those myriads who are now basking in the presence of the Redeemer. E. J. L.

DIVINE ORDER.

"To every purpose there is time and judgment."

'Tis first, the true, and then the beautiful—

Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first, the good and then the beautiful—

Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom or the branching wood.

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful—

But first the sorrowful and then the glad;
Tears for a day—for earth of tears is full—
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark—

But first the dark and after that the bright;
First the dark cloud and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection light.

'Tis first the night—a night of storm and war,

Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;
Then the far sparkle of the morning star,
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

GREAT deeds and little, as we rank them in our short-sighted calculations, may stand in inverse relation when the recording angel makes out the celestial estimate of human action. The less may be the greater and the greater may be the less. Heaven's scale of measurement may be the opposite of ours, for there are lives of which no earthly note is taken, and whose story the world would not think worth telling, into whose details angels delight to enter; hearts so sanctified by suffering and pain that they have grown pure as the sea-shells, and the forecasting of the "new song" is continually murmuring in them. Then despise not the day, nor the life of small things. Are you weary, my sister, that a week's duties are such trivial nothings, at least in your eyes, that the life's sunsets drop one after another and you can point to nothing great—only stitches, perhaps? You have rocked the cradle, dressed dolls, builded block houses, mended broken toys, helped the "little ones" in their "so hard" lessons, taught each a verse for the Sabbath School, and here it is Saturday night! The babies are in bed at last, and you sit weary down, and think, as you plunge into the pile of mending, What is my life worth to the world?—a week, and nothing brought to pass, nothing! But wait; all unconsciously to yourself, perhaps, you have stamped those little duties with such a sweet patience that in the eyes of Him "who seeth not as man seeth," you have made them as sacred as the last devotions of a martyr at the stake. Jesus knows He has been glorified, that you have faithfully finished what you were called upon to do, and that the life you are living can never be worthless as long as it is in harmony with His holy will. Then cease to mourn that you can do but little, do everything from love to Jesus. Remember that the alabaster box of ointment might have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor, and the world would have thought well of it; but Mary was content to break it over the feet of her blessed Lord, and it was enough for her that He should say "She hath done what she could;" and if we have these words said to us by our Master, may we not be well content to be gems laid away in the casket till the day shall come when one by one we shall adorn the eternal temple?

HOME.

WHAT a charm that word ever brings to us, and how our hearts warm at the thought of going home, it may be after a long journey or absence from that dear abode, and how we count the hours that must intervene before we reach it! Oh! it is a sweet sound to our ears, and be our home ever so lowly or humble, it is the dearest spot on earth to us. How the worn traveller in distant lands is refreshed at the thought, and what would he not give for one glimpse of the happy home of his childhood! But with all its strong ties of love it cannot be our home for ever; a few short years and we must leave it. "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Yes, there is another home that we shall inherit, if pardoned and cleansed—a home where trials and sorrows are unknown; here, dark clouds mar our happiness; there is joy and peace for ever, there, too, are the loved ones who have crossed the river before us, and are waiting to welcome us there. Oh! what a home of light and love and beauty will it be, that Jerusalem the golden, with its white-robed throng, all those who washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and are now singing His praises for ever. Oh! let us seek His pardon and grace, that when death comes to us we may awake in His likeness, and dwell for ever with Him in the courts of that bright home above!

AGNES.

A MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE.

AN affectionate mother was called to yield back to God her only surviving child—a darling son of unusual promise. Her sorrow was deep and overwhelming. Her fondest hopes were blasted. An esteemed friend, on witnessing the emotions of the swelling grief, remarked, "I thank God that I have no child of which to be bereaved." The mother's admirable reply was, "I thank God that I have been permitted to nurse a child, three years and four months, for Him." God's dealings were, indeed, inscrutable. The darkness of the Divine dispensation, as it lowered and settled down upon her soul, filled her with anguish; but a heavenly ray penetrated the thick darkness, and taught her to look forward for consolation. Hers had been the privilege "To nurse a child three years and four months for the Lord."

THE DYING IRISH BOY.

A MINISTER had for some weeks seen a little ragged boy come every Sabbath, and place himself in the centre of the aisle near the pulpit, where he seemed very attentive to the service. He was desirous of knowing who the child was; but he never could see him, as he vanished the moment service was over, and no one knew anything about him or whence he came. At length the boy was missed from his usual place. At this time a man called on the minister, and told him a person very ill was desirous of seeing him, but added, "I am ashamed to ask you to go so far, but it is a child of mine, and he refuses to have any but you. He is altogether an extraordinary boy, and talks a great deal about things that I do not understand." The minister went. The rain poured down in torrents, and he had six miles of rugged mountain to pass. On arriving where he was directed, he found a wretched cabin, and the man he had seen in the morning was waiting at the door. He was shown in, and found the inside of the hovel as miserable as the outside. In a corner, on a little straw, he beheld a poor creature stretched out whom he recognized as the little boy who had so regularly attended his service. As he approached him, the child raised himself up, and stretching forth his arm, said, "His own right hand hath gotten him the victory!" and immediately expired.

"SWEETER FAR IN HEAVEN."

It was evening; bright, starry evening. I was seated alone at the piano, breathing a song of beauty and joy, and as my fingers glided up the octaves, and music, "the soul of beauty," gushed forth responsive to my touch, it seemed that nowhere in this glad earth could there be hearts beating heavily, so light and joyous was my own. The last echo had died away, and turning from the instrument my eye rested upon the silvered locks and bending form of one whose countenance bespoke a pure and noble heart. We had never met before, but he whispered softly, while a smile of beauty wreathed his colourless lips, "Young maiden, 'twill be sweeter far in heaven!" Oh! how those few simple words changed the current of my thoughts; and when, in words of winning eloquence, he spoke of the comforts of religion, and urged me to consecrate my life, my talents, my all to the service of my Maker

I thought no sacrifice too great if, like him, I too might know the source of joy; if, like him, I too might see unfolding before my spirit's vision the glories of the celestial city. Weeks fled, and that old man folded his thin arms and went to sleep. They laid him to rest away in the churchyard; but I knew that there was but the casket—that the spirit, no longer fettered, was basking in the sunlight of the Saviour's smile, and that his voice, no longer tremulous, mingled in the anthems of the “just made perfect.” Yes, gifted one, the autumn winds are sighing mournfully around thy tomb, and faded leaves are scattered o'er thy pulseless heart, yet thy influence cannot die. The hearts won by thee from paths of sin are weaving garlands of affectionate gratitude to twine around thy memory; and when at twilight hour I breathe a song of the “olden time,” beautiful indeed, through the vista of the past, comes the remembrance of those joy-inspiring words, “'Twill be sweeter far in heaven!”

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

A CHRISTIAN merchant, who from being a very poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend to what, under God, he attributed his success in life? “To prompt and steady obedience to my parents,” was the reply. “In the midst of many bad examples from youths of my own age I was always enabled to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believe that a blessing has in consequence rested upon me and upon all my efforts.”

HOW TO BE RICH AND LEARNED.

It is not what we earn but what we save that makes us rich. It is not what we read but what we remember that makes us learned.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Alexandra Magazine and Englishwoman's Journal. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This magazine is especially adapted for the higher classes of society; it has several well-known writers as contributors to its pages.

Merry and Wise. April. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This little work still carries out its title; “Old Merry” seems to have acquired the happy tact of pleasing his young friends.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

THERE are thoughts deep and solemn pressing upon our hearts as we review the past, and doubtless, dear friends, yours will beat in unison with ours. You are ready to regret that you have seen no more good result from your labours. How little has been effected as it regards the moral state of the young around you, and how soundly are many of the mothers, at your very doors, sleeping! In spite of the efforts made to arouse them, they will not open their eyes to see their danger. Yet amidst discouragements and trials have you not much reason to thank God and take courage? It is said that a stone thrown into the sea agitates more or less the whole expanse of waters; so it may be with the influence you have been allowed to exert on the hearts of mothers and teachers, who have the power to move the mass of mind. The Israelites were commanded to remember the *miracles* they saw, the *mercies* they received, the *enemies* they vanquished, and the *deliverances* they realized, while passing through the Wilderness to the Land of Promise; and surely *you* have mercies, goodness, faithfulness, and deliverance, to record, as you take a retrospective glance of the way you have been led. Who among you does not remember mercies received, *personal, relative, or domestic*? Like the gushing water from a fountain they have followed you constantly, rich and free, and they should excite in your bosoms corresponding gratitude and praise. Then there are the dangers you have escaped, if your eyes were opened like the Prophet's servant to behold the heavenly guardians now around you; and if your ears could listen to the sound of angelic voices, doubtless they could tell you of many quicksands you have passed heedlessly over, and of many snares laid in your path from which you were preserved. Some of you have, perhaps, been down to the very margin of Jordan's river, and almost felt the chilly waters touching your feet; but the command was given, "return to thy place," and in the centre of the home-hearth you raised your Ebenezer amidst tears of joy and words of love. Why are you spared? You can remember, too, the straits you have been brought into, and brought out of, the supplies which have been granted to you,

the consolation you have enjoyed, and the advantages you have possessed. Some of you may be ready to say, "Oh! we remember, too, that a short time since we were happy in the society of those who are now gone to the land afar off, some feet crowded about our fireside that now have run their weary race, and are stretched out in the calm, silent grave. Oh! how we loved them!" Many such scenes we have looked upon, dear friends; we have seen the dimpled, smiling babe, pass through the shadow of death that it might enter the gates of eternal life; we have seen fair little maidens of four and five, who just appeared in our world like buds of some fair flower, but while we gazed they passed away to Paradise to bloom—our country was too cold for them. We have seen the destroyer come and hurry away the young men in the midst of their plans and arrangements, leaving mothers to mourn that they had given no more evidence of being meetened for the presence of a holy God. "Oh!" said one of these sorrowing mothers, "could I feel sure my son was happy I should not grieve so much, but I cannot—no, I cannot feel this." We could tell you of the fair young girl with a bright sparkling eye, just stepping into womanhood, marked by the monarch of the tomb as his prey, and of her earnest agony as, one by one, she entreated her family to seek the Lord Jesus. We could tell you of homes where a short time since the young mothers were sitting thinking in their joyousness, their earthly happiness almost immortal, but there were worms at the roots of their gourds, and soon in bitterness they exclaim—

"The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day."

The guides of their youth were laid in the tomb, and they were left to train their infant charge alone; made orphans ere they saw the light, never to know a father's love, never to behold a father's smile. We have stood by the dying bed of the fond mother, and received her request to remember and pray for the motherless little ones. These scenes should stir us up, dear friends, to renewed diligence, to increased labour and prayer for our own dear ones and for the many around us who have none to pray for them in their own homes.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

ANDREW LEE came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits. "A smiling wife and a cheerful home, what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee and sat down disappointed, with knitted brows and cloudy aspect. Not a word was spoken by either; Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step. What was it which made Andrew feel his home so uncomfortable? All was neat and tidy there; he had good wages, and his wife laid them out well; the one thing wanting was kindness. Perhaps they could hardly have told how it had come to pass, but the fact was, they had ceased to speak to each other in the tender, loving way, or show each other any of those little courtesies and kindnesses, in which before and just after marriage, they had once delighted. It was not that they had really ceased to love each other, but they seemed to think it no longer necessary to take any pains to show it. Andrew, especially, had got into this way; he would come in, as he had this evening, without a word or a kiss, and yet he resented the silence of his wife, and was annoyed because she did not look happy and cheerful, and meet him with a pleasant smile. But like begets like, and his wife was as silent as he. "Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband, "supper is ready." There was invitation in the *word* only, none in the *voice* of Mrs. Lee. Andrew arose and went to the table; he was tempted to speak an angry word, but he controlled himself and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if there had only been a gleam of sunshine in the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat. "Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant that he feared an irritating reply, and so in moody silence the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back his wife rose and commenced clearing the table. "This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as

he commenced walking the floor of their little room, with his hands thrust desperately into his trousers' pockets and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table and placed a fresh trimmed lamp thereon; she then went out and shut the door after her. Her husband drew a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then, as if resolving to think no more about it, he drew a newspaper from his pocket, sat down by the table and commenced reading. Singularly enough his eye rested upon a corner, where he read the words, "*Praise your wife;*" they rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering. "I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment! But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on—"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her." Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered, "Oh! yes, that's all very well. Praise is cheap enough, but praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eye fell again to the paper: "*She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable;—do tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She doesn't expect it, it will make her eyes open wider than they have for a long time, but it will do her good for all that, and you too.*" It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written just for him and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no farther, for thought came too busy and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice towards his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort he had experienced? He could not recall the time or the occasion.

"THINGS DON'T WEAR OUT IN HEAVEN, MAMMA."

Lines suggested by an expression of my little boy of four years.

A pleasing truth, my little one,
 Thy infant lips to me convey,
 Which oft I muse and ponder on
 While thou art busy with thy play.
 The thought pressed on my happy heart,
 How earthly hopes and joys are given,
 To hear thee touchingly exclaim,
 "Things don't wear out in heaven!"

And oft when thou art gone to rest
 And I sit stitching fast for thee,
 By cares and fears at times oppressed,
 Which often pain and weary me;
 Thy simple words sweet solace bring,
 Pure rays of hope and comfort given;
 We only toil and labour *here*,
 "Things don't wear out in heaven."

Oh! no; the spotless, pure white robe,
 The starry crown, the palm-branch too;
 The golden harp for praises tuned,
 Though used for aye are ever new.
 Though here with tempests oft oppress'd,
 O'er rocks and reefs our barks are driven,
 There we shall never sigh for rest,
 The saints ne'er tire in heaven.

When we have passed away from earth,
 My little teacher, thou and I;
 May we but gain that world above
 Where nought can ever fade or die!
 And oh! the bliss of meeting there,
 Each household link to bless me given;
 With them the perfect bliss to share
 Of that bright, happy, glorious heaven.

A YOUNG MOTHER.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

**THE LITTLE MOTHERLESS GIRL'S MYSTERY, AND HOW IT
 WAS SOLVED.—No. 6.**

ONE pleasant morning in the early spring the girls were standing together at the school-room door, which was open to let in

the pleasant air, and to let out the dust that was flying. A little girl not much older than Ruth was sweeping the room; she was a little taller than Ruth, but her face was almost as old as Miss Maynard's. The little girl looked sadly out at the group of girls standing together laughing and talking. The little girl's lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears; "Mother says God makes us so different," she said with a sigh; "I wonder why?" As she spoke, Mary Lee and Ruth Edwards came together up the walk. "There's Mary Lee," she said, "how pretty she is!" and her face brightened for a moment. Nobody could look at Mary long without smiling, she seemed so happy herself. The little girl's broom moved a little quicker and then stopped; her work was done. But instead of joining the other girls, she sat down at a desk in a corner of the room, and laying her head on it began to cry. "I don't see why," she sobbed through her tears, "Mary Lee is so pretty and I am so ugly. And she's rich and has such pretty things, and we are so poor; I couldn't even come to school if I didn't sweep this old room. If it wasn't for mother I wouldn't come another day. Then she has so many friends, and nobody loves me. I sit here all alone, and at recess the girls all play together, but nobody wants me; and when they walk home nobody asks me to go with them. O dear! I wish some one would love me." There was a step in the room, but she did not raise her head; "None of the girls cared for her; they wouldn't mind if she was crying." The steps came nearer, and at last a little hand was laid on the hard red one that lay upon the desk. "What's the matter, Nancy?" There was pity in the voice, and Nancy lifted her head just a little and saw Ruth Edwards standing by her with a very sorrowful face. "What's the matter, Nancy?" for the head was lying on the desk, and the tears coming faster than ever. Nancy shook off Ruth's hand, and turned away without answering. The quick blood rushed into Ruth's face and she was turning away, when Nancy caught hold of her dress, saying, "Don't go, Ruth!" Ruth sat down by Nancy and said nothing; she could not think of anything to say. At last Nancy wiped her eyes, and said, "There, now I feel better." "Please tell me," said Ruth, "what was the matter?" "O nothing," said Nancy, "only—only—" the tears were coming

again, but she drove them back and said, "only that I'm so different from the other girls. They have so many things to make them happy, and I have nothing." "Poor Nancy!" said Ruth, "tell me more." "O, the girls have all so many to love them, and nobody cares for me." "Doesn't your mother care about you, Nancy?" asked Ruth, in a wondering way. "O yes," she answered, her face brightening up, "mother loves me, I know; you'd think so, Ruth, if you could see her sewing by our little lamp till her eyes are most put out, just to get my dress done to wear to school." "Why don't she sew in the day-time?" "She has to work all day, and hasn't any time. Then sometimes when she thinks I'm asleep, she will come and kiss me, and say, 'God bless my child.' But what's the matter, Ruth?" "I haven't any mother, Nancy;" and the comforter became the comforted, while the poor sorrowing child that "no one cared for" felt her sorrow grow less beside hers whom everybody loved. Nancy had never thought of that before; "not have any mother!" Oh! there were harder things to be borne than poverty and loneliness! At that moment Nancy would not have changed places with even Mary Lee and be without a mother. Ruth dried her eyes and said, "But, Nancy, that wasn't all the matter, was it?" "Oh, it don't trouble me now," said Nancy, with a brighter smile than she had had for many a day, "it only made me feel bad to see the girls all together having such a nice time, and nobody caring for me; and when I came to my desk it seemed so lonely to sit by myself when everybody else has some one to sit with. None of the girls want to sit with me." Ruth's head was bowed in thought now. Ought she to sit with Nancy? Any of the girls would be glad to sit with Mary Lee, and no one would sit with Nancy. She could not do it, though. Leave Mary Lee! She would be very kind to Nancy, but she could not sit with her. Her head was raised now, when she thought of her last Sunday's verse, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you." What if she were Nancy? Again the little head was bowed and the lips moved. There was One looking into that school-room with more interest than upon the great battles of earth; there a battle was fought, and our little Ruth was the soldier. No eye could see the hard struggle, no ear

could catch the unspoken cry for help, and yet there was One that saw and heard, and gave the victory. Yes, the victory; for as the girls came in and Miss Maynard took her seat, she whispered, "Wait at dinner-time, Nancy, and I'll ask Miss Maynard if I may sit with you." This was a happy morning for poor Nancy, but once she caught sight of Ruth's face just as the inward struggle had filled her eyes with tears, and a sudden thought clouded her joy, "Ruth didn't want to leave Mary, she was sorry for *her*, that was all." A great lump came into Nancy's throat and a mist before her eyes, while her fingers twisted the check apron into all sorts of wrinkles, but the brave little heart won the battle, and she said, "No, I'll never let her, she loves Mary and Mary loves her, and they shall sit together." So she settled the matter, and Ruth at last gave in; but after that morning little Nancy was not quite so desolate, for she had two firm friends—Mary Lee and Ruth Edwards.

"IT'S ALL SUNNY UP THERE."

SHADOWS were deepening over hill and dale, the bright summer Sunday was fast drawing to a close, and already the dusky mantle of twilight had enveloped all surrounding objects, as a fair child of scarcely three summers stood by an opened window, gazing in child-like admiration and wonder up at the bright evening sky which, in the radiance of its golden tints, seemed to be reflecting the rays of the hidden sun. Loving arms encircled him as he stood, and a loving eye watched every movement. For a few minutes he remained perfectly still, then turned to look on the surrounding gloom and, as if contrasting the two, he raised his finger and pointed upward, saying in joyous tones, "It's all sunny up there." Little did he know the joy which those words awakened in the listener's heart, how they echoed through her weary spirit, infusing bright hopes and anticipations of that better country where all will be sunny, eternal day, for "there shall be no night there." Earth has in it much sunshine if we will only look for it, but our joy is never unmixed, shadows steal over brightest hours, and our deepest, purest pleasures are often marred by anxious forebodings of the future, else would our

hearts make this an abiding place, and lose sight of the better land. Amid the thousand cares and anxieties, the temptations and sins of our every-day life, how refreshing it is to turn our thoughts upward to the Father's house and anticipate the glory and the bliss of the heavenly city! Our loved ones are there, resting from toil and sin; their life-work done, the Saviour has called them up higher; once they lived and walked with us here, and in the sympathy of heart with heart our yearning natures seemed to be satisfied; once they mingled in the scenes of our world, were subject to the same trials and passed through like discipline with ourselves; now they are safely gathered into the home above. We have watched by the bedside and seemed almost to stand on the threshold of the celestial city as our dear one passed over, then we closed the eyes and turned to pursue our solitary life-path. O, it was hard to say "Thy will be done," but we can look forward with hope to meeting them above, where no clouds shall hide the Sun of Righteousness from our eyes, where no shadow shall ever come, for "it's all sunny up there." Sometimes life wears a very sunny aspect; we have, perchance, been praying for years for some great blessing, and at last it comes almost within our reach; we think God's time has come for our prayers to be answered, and a deep song of thanksgiving rises from our grateful hearts. This is one of our sunny days; but the blessing we have so longed and waited for, recedes from the hand outstretched to grasp it, and again earth seems all darkness; we feel as if all joy had fled, we can only wait and trust the love of our heavenly Father. Mother! perhaps your heart is sad, the cares and trials of life press heavily upon you, and cares for the future cast a gloom over your spirit; your faith at times is weak, you cannot rest in trustful reliance upon God, and in consequence your heart is overwhelmed. Take your load of care to the Saviour, leave it in His hands, knowing that He cares for you, and accustom yourself to think of heaven as a home whither your feet are tending, where some of your children are dwelling—where some of the little ones whom you have reared and taught are dwelling—remember amid the din and turmoil, the gloom and darkness, that "it's all sunny up there."

L. ST. C.

THE TWO HOMES.

ANNIE HOWARD was the daughter of poor parents. Her home was a low, plain-looking dwelling in an unpleasant quarter of the city. Her mother had to work very hard to take care of all her children, seven in number, and to keep the house tidy and comfortable. Mrs. Howard kept all the children who were old enough constantly at school, and as they had errands to run, and the babies (for there were twins) to take care of, they were kept pretty busy. Satan never found much mischief for the little Howards to do with their "idle hands," for *their* hands were *not* idle. The children complained sometimes of having so much to do; Annie, in particular, was often very sad and discouraged about it. She was naturally a mild, amiable, pensive, and *lazy* little thing; and had she been a rich man's indulged daughter, she would undoubtedly have grown up a good-for-nothing woman. But hers was a judicious as well as an affectionate mother, and so she was saved from *herself*; but it was not without much inward murmuring, for Annie seldom spoke out any of her discontented thoughts. Not far from Mr. Howard's house, in a broad, beautiful avenue, stood a large and handsome mansion. There was a fine open park in front of it; and rows of trees, tall, thick, and magnificent, shaded it. Cornelia Holmes, the little girl who resided in this grand house, attended the same school where Annie went. A warm friendship existed between the two girls, for Cornelia was not yet of an age to care much for social distinctions, and the gentle Annie was her particular favourite. Many a time had the rich man's daughter invited the child of the humble workman to visit her, but Mrs. Howard had never thought it best to allow Annie to go. She had, however, often been home with Cornelia at noon, or during recess, and the two girls always returned to school laden with good things from the larder of Mrs. Holmes.

There were, in this family, several other children beside Cornelia. Some of them attended the same school that she did, and some were too far advanced for that one. Annie knew little and cared less about any of them, but she talked so much about Cornelia, and of her great happiness in having no work to do—in

doing just as she chose—in having so much money to spend—and in having servants to wait upon her—(and Annie really seemed to feel that it was so hard and strange that *she* could not be situated just as her dear schoolmate was)—that Mrs. Howard was at length obliged to have a serious conversation with her, in order to show her how wicked and ungrateful in the sight of God were such discontented and envious feelings. Soon after this, Mrs. Howard received from Mrs. Holmes a pretty, gilt-edged note, wherein was written a request that Annie might spend a week of the coming vacation with her daughter Cornelia. Annie was in great anxiety until she heard her mother's decision: to her extreme joy it was that she might go. She went and stayed a week, and returned to her home. Mrs. Howard had felt many misgivings as to the wisdom of her consent to her daughter's visit; she had quite expected that the very least trouble she should have on Annie's return would be another long talk to bring her to reason. But what was her pleasure and surprise to see the joy with which the child re-entered her small house, and the eagerness with which she returned to her usual tasks; not a word of regret was uttered by those smiling lips, not a sign of dissatisfaction darkened that fair young face. "I am delighted, my dear child, to see you so happy to be at home again; but why do you not entertain us with some account of the pleasures of your visit? I thought that we should have too much of it, but we have nothing at all." "Oh! my darling mother, I shall never again trouble you by complaining that I am not so well off as Cornelia is. I would not change places with her for all the world. Their beautiful home and their riches can never make them happy, for they are all so cross to each other that nobody can bear to hear them talk together. I am sorry and ashamed of my wicked feelings about my own happy home. If God will only forgive me, and not punish me by taking it from me, you shall see what a good, contented girl I will be. It is a thousand times better to live in a little brown house and be poor, *if you only all love each other, and are always kind and affectionate*, than it is to live as Cornelia does—in the midst of harshness and contention. Dear mother, will you forgive me for the foolish things I used to say?"

Tears of penitence and tenderness were in the little girl's blue

eyes, as she lifted them to her mother's face. You may be sure the mother gladly forgave her Annie; and may our young friends lay well to heart the lesson that little girl so well learned.

H. B.

ALL SAVE THE "ONE THING NEEDFUL."

WE will look into that home yonder—it is a pretty, neat, little cottage; everything appears clean and comfortable. Everything is in its place, and so orderly it all looks that indeed there seems a charm around it, which makes it all appear happy and cheerful. The young wife and mother is careful and industrious; you never see her idle or standing gossiping in the midst of her work, for she has always something to do. At the time of her husband's returning from business she is ready to welcome him with her smiles. On Sunday she goes with him to the house of God—she would not stay away from there. Do I hear you say, what more could you expect? Is this not what a young wife and mother ought to be? I answer—yes, as far as this world is concerned she is a loving, careful, and earnest woman. Like Martha of old, she is ever busy; but alas! she lacks the "one thing needful." Ever mindful of earthly things around, she is seldom found at the feet of Jesus. Mothers!—especially you that are young—forget not the privilege and duty of being found at Jesus' feet. It is a privilege that cannot be too highly estimated, and one of which only those earnest after salvation can feel the full influence. There must be a desire in the heart to prompt it, and that desire is to learn of Jesus. His heart is ever yearning towards you who love Him not, for He looks upon the mother who takes no interest in the path of religion with a pitying and sorrowful eye. Young mother! if you would seek to be guided by one who can never err, be *often* at the feet of Jesus: you know not what influence such conduct on your part would have upon those dear to you. You may, like Martha, be careful of many things in your little household—you may act, in most respects, a mother's part—but if you have not the *sunshine* of a Saviour's love within your heart, all is dark and dreary there. Oh! forget not, in the midst of your daily duties, to seek the "one thing needful."

"One thing thou lackest," go thy way,
 And search thy erring heart;
 Like Mary, sit at Jesus' feet,
 And choose the "better part."
 Each day some lesson thou may'st learn—
 Go, then, to Jesus' feet;
 Make Him thy happy, happy choice,
 And stand in Him complete.

W. O.

THE OPENED ROSEBUD.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

DRESSED in the fair white garments that loving hands had made,
 Within her small blue coffin, our baby-girl we laid:
 In calm, unbroken slumber her weary eyes were closed;
 Life's little day was ended, and she in Christ reposed.

We stood beside our darling, and bitter tear-drops fell;
 For oh! how we had loved her, no heart but ours could tell;
 She was the precious sunbeam that earth's rough path had cheered,
 And very dark without her our onward course appeared.

With trembling hands we parted her locks of silken hair,
 And one fond kiss imprinted upon her brow so fair,
 And in those tiny fingers that oft had ours entwined,
 We placed a little rosebud, the loveliest of its kind.

Fit emblem of the sleeper! our garden's choicest gem—
 Full of the richest promise, snapped from its parent stem;
 Its beauty undeveloped, its sweetness but half known—
 Would that we could have kept it till it were fully blown!

* * * * *

As day's rich tints were fading, the slow and muffled bell
 Called us to bid our darling a long and last farewell!
 When lo! to our amazement in that grief-thrilling hour,
 We found the little rosebud expanded to a flower!

Its soft and blushing petals spoke eloquently then;
 Telling us that as surely in worlds beyond our ken,
 Our living rosebud—severed from us a little while—
 Would open in full beauty, beneath her Saviour's smile.

A strange and solemn gladness illumed each falling tear;
 So, when the storm is passing, the sky begins to clear;
 And faith's bright rainbow glistened around our infant's tomb;
 For oh! in heaven our rosebud would in perfection bloom.

A.

PEN ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LORD'S PRAYER.—No. 2.

“Lead us not into temptation.”

THE prayer was carelessly said, and the boy bounded up and away. The ripe fields glistened in the amber light of morning, the dew trembled as if in ecstasy at the smile of the sun, and the peaches turned their rosy cheeks for an early kiss. Not a living soul was to be seen about the farmer's grounds; and now Jack remembered that the old man had gone to visit a sick and dying son. He was alone—the peaches were very near, and the tempting limbs seemed stretched over the garden wall. Jack stood irresolute, longing for the fruit. Little by little he let one suggestion after another climb over his conscience and down in his weak heart. “It wouldn't be stealing,” he said to himself, “for if Old Bligh was at home he'd let me have as many as I want; Oh! how nice they look. Nobody sees me, so I'll just take two—it's no harm.” He had climbed the fence and stretched forth his hand when a deep solemn voice sounded quite near, saying “Lead us not into temptation.” Jack turned cold at these supernatural tones, as he thought them, and almost fell to the ground. Another moment and an arm was round his neck—his father's arm. There were tears in his eyes when Jack looked guiltily up as he asked, “Is this my son?” Jack burst into tears. “And did you pray this morning?” asked his father. “Yes, but not with my heart,” sobbed Jack. Oh! how many, like poor Jack, ask solemn gifts of God in thoughtless words, and blame His providence because they are not carried from danger and temptation bodily. God help them to say *from the heart*, “Lead us not into temptation.”

“But deliver us from evil.”

Although Mary Wharton was almost a young lady she did go to her little room when she felt the shock of her disappointment, and letting her sunny curls drop over her face, she wept with all the *abandon* of a child.

For weeks she had nursed the thoughts of an anticipated treasure, enjoying them by day, dreaming of them by night; and

now the trifling indisposition of the aunt with whom she was to take her river journey, would detain her until the next trip—perhaps a week. All that beautiful sunny day she brooded over her loss, and there came into her heart a strange feeling of anger when her aunt remarked at the dinner-table that she might have gone after all, for her faintness lasted but a few moments. “But I expect there’s some kind providence in it,” she added, smiling at Mary. Mary tried to smile in reply, but her heart was rebellious, and she said to herself, “There is no other providence in it, than just to disappoint me.” Alas! how often is God dishonoured thus through our weak, sinful judgment.

* * * * *

“What is it?” cried Mrs. Wharton and Mary in alarm, as the husband and father almost staggered into the room, and sank, pallid as a corpse, into a seat. “The boat!—Mary!—my child! Oh, if she had gone!” he faltered. “I am unmanned: I have seen a wretched father shrieking over the wreck of his whole family.” A moment passed in awful silence. Mary’s cheek blanched to the hue of her father’s, and a nameless terror froze her heart. When he had grown calmer, Mr. Wharton said, “The ‘Reindeer’ is burned; your cousin Ella lost; two of our neighbours burned in her. Oh, heaven spare me such a sight as long as I live!” and he shuddered from head to foot. Mary arose, and though every limb trembled with the excitement of the shocking news, she dragged herself to her chamber, and fell prostrate before her God. “Have I dared to doubt Thee?” she sobbed, “to think rebelliously of Thy ways? O Father, forgive me, I knew not what I did.”

When the little circle gathered, unbroken, in a pleasant sitting-room, they knew that in a home near by hands were wildly wrung, shrieks uttered, and tears falling over the dead. Mary wept and would not be comforted; and her sobs grew louder, and her tears fell faster, as with a low tremulous voice her father repeated the Lord’s Prayer, and he faltered and paused as he said the words, “Deliver us from evil.”

“For thine is the kingdom.”

“Hosanna!” The sound resounded through heaven. “Halle-

lujah!" With a rich burst of harmony every harp of gold sends forth its strains, and melody such as no mortal ear hath ever heard floated among the lofty columns and along the golden streets. The Prince sat on the throne, whose splendour even angelic vision could scarcely bear. Seraphs bent their bright heads before him, the brightest spirits of light waved their celestial wings, and all the hosts of heaven chanted the triumphant strain, "Thine is the kingdom!"

Hark! from yet advancing ranks, coming from the glory beyond the brightness of the throne; their white garments are glistening, their flowing locks shining in the silvery radiance of eternity; the strain is caught and echoed back again, and with a new impulse of worship the saints and the martyrs add,

"And the power, and the glory,"

And heaven and earth respond

"Amen."

LITTLE MATTIE.

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"

Sang a sweet childish voice. I looked in; my little maid was busy with the brush and dust-pan, sweeping the room. Mattie was a bright-eyed, happy creature, always singing hymns, and I had boasted to my friends of my treasure till they had almost envied me the possession of the honest little serving-maid, and I went up-stairs to my toilette with her gentle music sounding in my ear, and thanked God that I, too, could sing in the language of faith,—

"I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The blinds were all closed, to shut out the hot sun. A soft and agreeable dimness pervaded the large, old-fashioned room, and a faint ruby tinge glowed through the heavy crimson curtains. Seated in an easy chair, I was reading sleepily, and the words were just blending into that strange confusion which precedes

unconsciousness, when I heard a slight step trip by, and almost without thought I found myself following a little form up-stairs. In my dressing-room stood Mattie, handling a small diamond brooch which I had often observed her gaze at with childish admiration. Evidently some struggle was going on in her hitherto innocent mind. She placed it down, lifted it up again, held it at arm's length, and finally—O ! how my heart sank—cast a hurried glance about her, concealed the brooch in her bosom, and guiltily took up her simple sewing ; she always worked there in the afternoon. At first I felt like confronting her, for my temper is quick, but better thoughts prevailed. I returned to the sitting-room, and in a little while called for Mattie. She came in slowly—her ingenuousness was gone. The vivacious sparkle of her eye had faded, and she did not confront me. “I am alone, Mattie, bring your sewing here ; sit on this little stool and keep me company. You were singing a sweet hymn when I came down this morning, Mattie ; who taught you to sing ?” “My mother, ma'am,” came in a low, faint voice. “I remember your mother ; she was a sweet woman, a Christian, and is now an angel. I don't believe she would have done a wicked deed ; do you, Mattie ?” “No, ma'am,” murmured the child, and her cheeks crimsoned painfully. “I remember,” I went on, as if to myself, “how very beautiful she looked as she laid wasting away, and how quiet and happy she was when she came to die. Ah ! Mattie, you and I may have just as sweet a dying pillow if we do what is right—if we only try to obey God's commands.” I saw the flush deepening, the lips beginning to quiver. The little fingers shook nervously as they passed the needle through ; the little bosom heaved ; I had touched the right chord. “Mattie, I love to hear you sing ; sing me that sweet hymn beginning,

“Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed ?”

The poor conscience-stricken little creature obeyed my request with a faltering voice. She conquered the first verse, but when she began the second,—

“Was it for crimes that I ——”

Her voice failed, her frame quivered all over, and she burst into

a passion of grief, burying her face in my lap. Tears were running in swift streams down my own cheeks as the heavy sobs told her suffering. "Mattie," I said, as well as I was able for emotion, "what have you been doing, my child, to make you weep thus?" She dashed the guilt out of her bosom with the brooch, and throwing it wildly from her, sobbed, "I took it—I stole it—I meant to sell it—O!——" and her prolonged moan was anguish itself. I took the child to me, I laid my hand upon her burning temples, and let her hide the wet, shame-covered face on my bosom. I felt at that moment something of the Divine nature of forgiveness and the compassionate hatred of sin, yet love for the sinner, which, methinks, in their perfection proved Christ's divinity. In my mind's eye I saw a long and sorrowful procession of unfortunates, headed by Mary Magdalene, forgiven and sanctified by the precious intercession and holy benediction of the Saviour of sinners, and my prayer was, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us!"

Mattie is sitting by me now. She is saved.

A FEW HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

The first book read, and the last book laid aside, by every child, is the conduct of its mother.

MOTHER! you should first give yourself, then your child, to God. It is but giving Him his own; not to do it is robbing God.

Always prefer virtue to wealth—the honour that comes from God to the honour which comes from man. Do this for yourself, do it for your child.

Let your whole course be to raise your child to a high standard, do not sink into childishness yourself.

Give not heedless commands, but when you command require prompt obedience.

Never indulge a child in cruelty, even to an insect.

Cultivate sympathy with your child in all lawful joys and sorrows.

Be sure that you never correct a child until you know it deserves correction ; hear its story first and fully. Never allow your child to whine or fret, or bear grudges.

Early inculcate frankness, candour, generosity, magnanimity, patriotism, and self-denial.

The knowledge and fear of the Lord are the beginning of wisdom.

Never mortify the feelings of your child by upbraiding it with dulness, but do not inspire it with self-conceit.

Pray *with* and *for* your child often and heartily.

Encourage all attempts at self-improvement.

Never deceive a child, nor ever break a promise made to him.

Reprove not a child severely in the presence of strangers.

Remember that life is but as a vapour, and that you and your child may be called out of time into eternity any day.

THE LAST MESSAGE.

A SOLDIER came to ask me for an envelope. He said he had a letter to send home for one of his comrades. He drew from his pocket a small package, carefully wrapped, and opening it, held up a scrap of a leaf from a memorandum-book. It had bloody finger-prints on it, and a few words hastily written with a pencil. The writer was the soldier's partner, he said. In the charge he found him staggering back from the line, the blood streaming from his mouth, and covering his hands and clothes. A Minié ball had injured his tongue. He tried to speak, but could not ; finally, by motions, he made his partner understand his want—paper and pencil. A scrap was torn from the diary, and on it the boy, held up by his comrade, with fingers dripping with blood and trembling in death, wrote

“Father, meet me in heaven.”

He tried to write his name, but it was too late. Life had fled.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TWO HARD THINGS.

To speak of yourself without being vain.

To speak of others without slander.

THE IDOL.

What passes as a cloud between
 The mental eye of faith and things unseen;
 Causing that brighter world to disappear,
 Or seem less lovely, and its hopes less dear;
 This is our world, our *idol*, though it bear
 Affection's impress or devotion's air.

THE great secret of doing much, is doing *one thing at a time*.
 God may give us more than we have, but will never give us all
 that we wish.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Louisa Hodson; or, the Power of Influence. The Spring Bouquet.
 London: Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

These are two of the most interesting little volumes for the young we have seen for a long time. The first is admirably adapted for a present to a school-girl; the latter for younger children.

The Mother's Manual for the Training of her Children. By MRS. REED.
 London: Jarrold and Sons.

An instructive little work for mothers.

A Memoir of Mrs. Susan Hill. London: Jarrold and Sons.

A life-history of one who laboured arduously for fifty years in the service of Christ.

The Christian Monitor; or, Selections from Pious Authors. Nos. 1 and 2.
 London: Partridge, Paternoster Row.

The selections are indeed choice, full of marrow and fatness for the support and comfort of those who are really travelling to Mount Zion above.

Talk with the Little Ones. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.
 Fleet Street. Partridge, Paternoster Row.

A treasure for the nursery, full of pictures and short tales, in large print, written in easy words.

Scriptural Training Lessons. By the REV. W. BRAMLEY MOORE, M.A.
 London: William Macintosh.

A valuable help to Sunday-school teachers; the lessons are made simple and interesting.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

THE MATERNAL MEETING.

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.—No. 2.

EARTH is called a “vale of tears,” and some of us have found it to be a vale of death. We have been taught by what a slender thread we hold our dearest comforts, and we have been taught too, the danger of having household gods, and the importance of working while it is day. We would remind those among you who are called to feel the desolation of a *widow's* heart, that our heavenly Father kindly assumes one name which has special reference to you—“A God of the fatherless and a husband of the widow.” Listen to the promise He has given, “If ye afflict any widow or fatherless child, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry.” The more entirely you confide in Him, the greater the blessings you hope to receive from His hand, the more will you please Him. Do not be afraid, then, of asking too much. Though new and deep are the channels opened in your hearts, remember that there are also rivers of consolation opened to which before you were utter strangers, and if you search your Bibles you will find many precious promises which none but the widow who loves and trusts God can claim. I have read of a mother who had lost her husband, comforting herself by reflecting that two lovely boys were left to her. By a dreadful accident one of them was afterwards taken away; this was a severe trial, but she still found comfort in the remaining boy, and fixed all her affections on him. Shortly after intelligence was brought that this other son was drowned! She calmly replied, “I see God is determined to have my heart, and He shall!” May this be your determination. Here must ever be our resting-place, on the bosom of a faithful Redeemer.

Oh! it is not in the sunny day,
 When all looks bright and fair,
 When sorrow and tears seem far away,
 That we feel the need of prayer;
 But in the dark and dreary night
 When those we looked on with delight
 Are gone—we know not where.

When we feel this earth's a dreary place,

And its joys are passing away,

When the saints have fold the dear one's face,

Oh, then how we hasten to pray!

When we feel a heavenly friend is near,

To hush the storm and chase the fear,

And point to eternity's day

Then we kiss the hand that deals the blow,

And turn from this earth to rest,

And feel it is best from the valley to go,

To dwell in the home of the blest.

We long for the peace of that happy land,

And to sing the song of the angel band,

In that city of sinless rest.

If you were told now, dear friends, for how short a time some of your dear ones would sojourn among you, what earnestness and anxiety would you manifest for their eternal happiness? What sorrow is sometimes felt by bereaved mothers in the recollection of many things left undone that might have been done for those who are gone. Some time since, an interesting writer tells us, there was a youth about sixteen years of age who was resolved to go to sea. His friends were constrained to make arrangements to suit his wishes. He was tenderly beloved by his mother, and she had educated him with as much religious care as most persons bestow on their children. No sooner, however, was he placed beyond her reach, than memory and conscience were busy with her, and she thought bitterly of many things she might have said and had not, of many occasions which might have been improved for his spiritual welfare and were not. She reproached herself, but found present relief in the sincere resolution that, on his return home she would surely and without delay be more in earnest for his salvation. Alas! for her, the desired opportunity never came—he was lost at sea! The shock laid her prostrate and left her distracted. It was not merely that her son was lost to her, but that he was lost to God, and that she had been a guilty party to his ruin; the remembrance of her neglect rose on her mind like the floods of great waters, and threatened to overwhelm her; and still that tender spirit is battling in doubtful conflict with unavailing regrets and bitter accusations which no earthly

hand can subdue. Mothers, husbands, and children are gone to their final account, we must soon follow them, our regrets are vain as it regards those who are gone; our good resolutions can never profit them, our prayers will avail them not. But we have dear ones remaining; let us work, therefore, while it is day, that if they should be taken from us before they are meetened for heaven, we may be spared the agony of feeling we have not done all we might and ought for their salvation.

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT."

UPON a low couch lay a pale sufferer. For many weary months disease had been struggling with her fragile form, and it was now evident that the time was drawing near when she must yield to its grasp. Long years since she had publicly professed to have experienced the sweet and holy influence of a Saviour's love, and her life had abundantly confirmed the truth of that profession. But now the way seemed dark, and she feared to enter the valley whose shadows were already falling around her. Her disease was one of those which has a tendency to make the sufferer sad and melancholy; and with our poor friend there was ever a dread of the final conflict. She feared that she should be overwhelmed as she passed through the waters of death's deep, dark river. Said a dear friend to her when she was thus expressing her fears, "Sister, you have been many times near to death, have you not found the grace of Christ sufficient for you?" "O yes," she quickly replied, "but I fear that in the last struggle my strength will fail me." The trying hour came at last. Sadly, tearfully, the loved ones gather around her, for they know that the death-angel is folding her in his wings. But suddenly the lips which they had supposed were sealed for ever are parted. The eyes beam with an unearthly radiance as she exclaims, "I see! I see!" "What is it?" said one who was standing near her; and they bent low that they might catch the last faint words that fell from her lips. Again the lips moved, but no sound was heard. The voice was hushed in death. The friends, too, were silent. A holy awe came over them, for they felt that celestial forms hovered

around the dying one, invisible, indeed, to mortal eyes, but seen and known by her who was passing from time to eternity. But see! the conflict is over. The "last enemy" has been vanquished, and the brow of the victor beams with heavenly light. Who can tell of the joy that now fills her heart as she sings the song of victory—victory over sin and death? No fear, no sorrow can enter the hearts of the redeemed as they bathe in the glad ocean of eternal love.

Care is not known
Within the realms of ceaseless praise and song;
Its tossing billows melt and break in foam
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng."

Christian, are you still subject to bondage through the fear of death? Does the Saviour now sustain you and help you to bear the burden of cares and trials which would otherwise cause you to sink? and will He desert you in the hour of dissolution? No! then take your load of fears; carry them to the foot of the cross, and leave them there. Look to Calvary's bleeding victim, and find that "rest" which is promised to the heavy laden. Toil on then, patiently, calmly, till life is done; so shalt thou receive an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE MOTHER'S JOY, TRIAL, AND CONSOLATION.

Mother! What thrill of gladness

Does that sweet form inspire

How does it chase all sadness,

And light the sacred fire!

Till all thy tender feelings

In sweet confusion blend;

And earnestly thy blessings

On its fair head descend.

Mother! What tear of sadness

Is filling now thine eye,

That from this world of coldness

Thy little one should fly!

To him the angels whisper'd

In his sweet infant dreams,

And then his spirit usher'd

To dwell mid heaven's bright spheres.

Mother! shake off thy sadness,

And listen to His voice,

Whose tones of gentle kindness

Now bid thee to rejoice.

Bow meekly to thy Father,

And surely thou shalt tell,

When grief's first pangs are over,

"He doeth all things well."

Mother, resume thy gladness,

Thy boy's a seraph now!

A crown of spotless brightness

Is sparkling on his brow

His angel eyes are beaming,

He fondly looks for thee;

His golden harp he's tuning,

In haste to welcome thee!

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE LITTLE MOTHERLESS GIRL'S MYSTERY, AND HOW IT WAS SOLVED.—No. 7.

It is June, the pleasant month in which aunt Sarah had told the little cousins she would come back and bring Ruth with her for a visit. But aunt Sarah has not come, and their hearts are sad, for aunt Sarah writes that Ruth is ill, very ill. So she sits by Ruth's bed, near the open window, into which comes now and then the distant sound of children's voices. Mary Lee is not with them, though, for she has just stepped softly into the room, and stands very still, looking at Ruth's white face, and waiting for her eyes to open, for she is asleep. Harry Edwards is not there either. He is sitting all by himself in Ruth's favourite seat, her grandmother's chair, turning quickly leaf after leaf of the Old Bible Ruth loved so well. And Ruth's father, he is walking slowly backwards and forwards on the little porch shaded with vines. There are sorrowing hearts in that house this pleasant June

afternoon, for the doctor has just said that Ruth must die. "Won't she get well?" says Mary Lee, in a low voice, to aunty. Aunty shakes her head, for Ruth opens her eyes. She doesn't seem to see Mary, but says eagerly, "O, aunty, I've got it, I've got it!" "Got what, Ruthy?" "O!" she answered, her countenance changing, "I thought I had the white stone, aunty; it must have been a dream." "Tell us about it, Ruthy," said Mary, sitting down on the bed beside her. "O, it was so beautiful, Mary; I can't tell you how beautiful it was. Mother was there, and all the angels, and Jesus. I looked at Jesus, aunty, more than at mother even. Then such music—a great deal nicer than it is on Sundays in the choir; and then they called me out, aunty, right before every one, and gave me a white stone. I was not afraid, though, for mother went with me. Then, aunty, I looked for my name, but I couldn't read the letters, and mother told me to ask you. Wasn't that funny? It must have been a dream though. It's getting cold, aunty, cover me up. I'll go to sleep again, and perhaps I shall find out what my new name is," she said, wearily closing her eyes. Opening them again after a few minutes she said slowly, "Mary, you and Harry must fight, fight hard, so that you can have a white stone. Jesus will help you. Tell Harry so." The eyes closed again; and when she awoke, I think she knew what her new name was.

In a graveyard on the banks of a beautiful river, there is a little grave; at its head stands a white stone, and on it you can read—"Ruth Edwards"—that is all. But only Ruth herself can tell the name that is graven on that other stone which she bears as she walks by that river, the beautiful River of Life.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSE.

THERE is an angel in the house. No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressed the circumstances, there is an angel there to pity and to cheer. It may be in the presence of a little child, or it may be enclosed in a stooping and wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave; or, perhaps, in a cheerful spirit,

looking upon the hills of life as so many steps towards heaven, if only overcome bravely; and mounted with sinless feet. Memory recalls one such to our mind, and it was a drunkard's child. On every side wherever she moved she only saw misery and degradation, and yet she did not fall. Her father was brutal, her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly comfortless; but she struggled along with noble endurance, bearing with almost saintly patience the infirmities of him who gave her existence and then hourly embittered it. Night after night, at the hours of ten, twelve, and even one, barefoot, ragged, and bonnetless, she has gone to the den of the drunkard and staggered home with her arm around her father. Many a time has her flesh been blue with the mark of his hand when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time has she sat upon the cold curb-stone with his head in her lap. Many a time known how bitter it was to cry for hunger, when the money which should have bought bread was spent in gin. And the patience that the angel wrought with shone in her face; so that though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven she was waited for by assembled hosts of spirits; and the crown of martyrdom lay ready waiting for her young brow. And she was a martyr. Her gentle spirit went up from a couch of anguish, anguish brought on by ill-usage and neglect; and never till then did the father recognize the angel in his child; never till then did his manhood arise from the dust of his dishonour. From her humble grave he went away to steep his resolves for the better in bitter tears; and he will tell now how the memory of her much-enduring life keeps him from the bowl; how he goes sometimes and stands where her patient hands have led him while her cheeks crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoff at the drunkard's child.

Search for the angels in your households, and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that, all-unconsciously, you frown upon them when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone, with their silent influence, then will you mourn for them as for lost treasures.

THE PIOUS MOTHER'S REWARD.

THE following short account of a pious mother who has gone to her rest, sent to us by one who knew her well, may serve as an encouragement to mothers. "Her love to the Bible was very great, and the applications she often made of it to her own case singularly appropriate. Well do I remember one particular occasion, when under the pressure of severe trials, she quoted, with emphatic resignation, that suitable admonition, 'In your patience possess ye your souls.' Often have we met together to read God's Holy Word and to offer up prayers together for our beloved husbands and children; never will those seasons of delight and profit be effaced from my mind. Her piety and prayers were not without their reward in this life, not only in regard to herself personally, but also as to several who were dear to her, for she had the unspeakable delight, before her departure to her heavenly home, to see her only son and her three eldest daughters converted to God. She was very careful, in their early days, to bring them up in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord.' She studied to instil into their tender minds some of the most important of the truths contained in God's Word. I have been interested to hear her little ones lisping passages from the Psalmist's pen. This Christian mother left behind her a disconsolate husband and seven sorrowing children, to mourn the absence of one of the best of wives and mothers. But have we not good reason to believe that she will meet again all her children? Her prayers are registered in heaven for those who have not as yet given their hearts to God. I have heard since, that in less than a month after her mother's death, another of her daughters was converted to God. May we not hope then that the remaining two may soon be added to the happy number, and that the ransomed saint may welcome the entrance of all her dear children into their everlasting home of happiness? It was her earnest prayer for all of those whose conversion she witnessed, that they might continue steadfast unto the end, and we trust this will be the case with them all. May they imitate their mother's bright example, and walk with Christ as she did, and when the

summons shall come, may they have a happy meeting with her above the skies."

L. W.

THE OPENING FLOWER.

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF A BELOVED BROTHER.

WHAT means this stillness all around?
 Oh! say, what does it mean?
 There's not a voice; I hear no sound,
 But all is still, serene.
 'Tis death, grim death has crossed the scene,
 And caused these weeping eyes;
 Yes! death has cut the flow'et down,
 To bloom beyond the skies.
 No more his loving voice we hear,
 His spirit's borne away
 To a bright land, ethereal, fair,
 Where shines eternal day.
 No pain, nor sorrow has he there,
 No tear can dim his eye;
 He walks with Jesus, dazzling bright:
 He oft for heaven did sigh!
 Now he's released from grief and pain,
 With angels bright to stand;
 For Jesus has dear Henry called,
 To join His ransomed band.
 Oh! ought we then to sorrow thus,
 And mourn our brother dead?
 O, no! for now in heaven he lives,
 His spirit's *homeward* fled.
 He's *home* at last,—there pain and tears
 Are banished far for aye;
 And *peace* is his eternal gain,
 In the land that's far away!
 There angels with their harps of gold,
 In robes of shining white,
 Make heaven's arches echo with
 God's praises day and night.

W. O.

"IT IS WELL."

WHEN life lies spread in brightness before us, and our sky is clear and undarkened by a single cloud; when dear ones are clustering around us, filling our hearts with glad happiness, and

when all the future looks so radiant and joyous, that our cup seems to be, indeed, running over; then it is easy to look up and in thankfulness exclaim, "It is well!" But when the horizon of our life is black with clouds, and in lonely sorrow we stand and gaze adown the vista of coming years, oppressed by a nameless fear; when friends prove false, or are taken from us by death, then it is hard, and humanly speaking, impossible to say, in calm trust and faith, "It is well." Still, in times of need, our God supplies His children with all needful strength, and gently He teaches us, by sorrows, submission to His will. Daily we learn fresh lessons of love, clinging closer to Him in grief than in joy, until we can say from our hearts, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Within a darkened room, lay a fair and fragile girl, who, a few short years before, was buoyant with health and spirits, filled with earnest aspirations for the future. Her youth consecrated to Christ, she looked forward to a life of active service in His cause. But God had chosen another path for her feet to tread; her conflict was not to be with the outer world, as she had thought, but hers was to be the discipline of suffering. Sickness came upon her; days, and weeks, and months came shadowed alternately with hope and fear, until the truth forced itself upon her, that nevermore would she be the same healthy girl as heretofore; nevermore could she mingle with the public assembly of God's people on earth, her lot was to be one of loneliness and sorrow. There was a hard, bitter struggle ere she could bow in submission and trusting faith to Her Father's will; but at length the victory came, and she bent her head and accepted the cup of pain; she saw that it was in love to her that this had come upon her, and peace, such as the world can never give, illumined her face. Four years passed away, and round her dying bed were gathered many friends; the summons had come to the weary, waiting spirit, but ere she died, she had the blessedness of knowing that through her instrumentality more than one had been led to Christ. She calmly closed her eyes, and a look of intense joy passed over her features, as she murmured, while passing away, "It is well, it *has* all been well!"

A mother bent her head over the cradle of her sleeping boy;

how beautiful he looked to her as he lay innocently slumbering in his little cot ! Life was very pleasant to that young mother as she rejoiced in the possession of her little treasure, and pictured, in her own mind, what his future life would be, until with every thought and action was interwoven something connected with her boy ; for him she seemed to live ; but a shadow came between herself and God, and unconsciously her boy became her idol. Within a quiet churchyard now rests that little form ; but God has taught the mother to see how needful was the blow to wean her from earth, and kneeling by her darling's grave, she, too, can say, "It is well!"

Gazing out upon the blue evening sky, sat a lonely mourner ; all around was life and beauty, but sadness filled her heart, and penetrated to the inmost recesses of her soul. Last year, the dear one for whom she still wore the sable robes of mourning, had stood with her to look on the same scene, but now all was changed ; the friend who had been so very much to her, had been stricken down by the hand of the unerring archer, death, and she was comparatively alone in the world. She sat in gloom, bearing the weight of sorrow alone, but God sent a whisper of peace ; by faith she looked up, and saw her whose loss she mourned joining in the song of the redeemed, and felt that *she*, too, would soon join that song ; that soon *she* would have finished her course ; only a few short years, and she would be gathered into the Father's house, where the parting would never come, and from the depths of her heart there went up a whispered, "It is well!"

To the Christian it must be well, for a Father's hand is guiding all life's affairs, and marking the road for each to tread. Let us trust Him more fully, content to do our daily work for Him, and leaving all else to His disposal. Let us commit ourselves entirely into His hand, then whatever comes, joy or sorrow, grief or pain, we shall still be able to say, "It is well!"

L. ST.C.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.—No. 2.

As Andrew Lee sat thinking, his wife came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table,

and sitting down without speaking began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the front of a shirt which she was stitching neatly. He knew it was for him she was at work. "Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving; the expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread before him, and he read the sentence—"A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy home is like the break in a cloud that lets the sunshine through." Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first, his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued; but he was getting right. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say yet feared to say them lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her and taking hold of the linen upon which she was working, he said in a voice as pleasant and kind as he could make it, "You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary!" Mrs. Lee made no reply, but her husband did not fail to observe that she lost almost instantly that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, and that the motion of her needle had ceased. "My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on. "Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now; his hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the break it had made. "Yes, Mary," he answered softly, "and I've heard it said more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have." Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband; there was a light in it and a light in her eyes, but there was something in the expression of her countenance that a little puzzled him. "Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly. "What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated as he stood before her. "Do you?" was all she said. "Yes,

darling!" was his warmly spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!" "If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good," and Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept. What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee! He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her mind and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit. "You are good and true, my own dear wife; I am proud of you, and my first desire shall be for your happiness. Oh! if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth." "How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up, through her tears, into his face; "with them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow." How easy had been the work to Andrew Lee! He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and soon the bright sunshine was streaming down and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

MY EARLY HOME.

WITHIN a lonely vale it stood—
 My first, my dear-loved, early home;
 Behind it rose an aged wood,
 Where oft, enraptured, I would roam
 Along its alleys green;
 For countless joys to me were there
 When morning broke in radiance fair,
 Or when sweet eve, with softened air,
 Smiled beauteous o'er the scene.
 And near it was a little stream
 That bard ne'er hallowed with his song,
 Yet oh! 'twas bliss itself to dream
 Beside it as it flowed along
 In beauty down the dale;
 Its gentle music's rise and fall
 With transport would the soul enthrall
 Like harp-tones in some festive hall
 It charmed that happy vale.

Lone at the landscape's utmost bound,
 There stood an old baronial tower
 That oft wakened thoughts profound
 Of time's unconquerable power
 Of worth and beauty's fall.
 Struck with its ruins' sublime
 Its broken towers it would climb,
 While fancy roamed through vanished time,
 Peopling each vacant hall.
 And pleasant was our little cot—
 It stood beside the murmuring stream;
 But its base and height it knew not
 For poor and lonely it did seem.
 But it was rich to me;
 Beside its humble porch was heard
 The rustle of the woodland bird,
 And among the flowers, by soft winds stirred,
 The hum of wandering bee.
 Ah! now the busy town has stretched
 To that sweet streamlet's very brim,
 And scenes that nature once enriched
 Dark wreaths of smoke make dull and dim.
 E'en the old wood looks bare;
 Huge human dwellings thicken round;
 But where, O where are to be found
 The pure, the simple joys that crown'd
 My youthful moments there?

OUR MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Mother's love! who can fathom it? It was she who bore
 with our infant fretfulness and silly youth; and was it not she
 also who carried and fed us, and lulled us to rest by her sweet
 voice? By her were our tottering limbs taught their untried
 art. Yes, the warrior, as he lies bleeding on the field of battle
 with no gentle sister near him to smooth back the moistened hair
 from off his cold and death-marked brow; no fond mother to
 bind his aching wounds, and minister sweet words of consolation,
 allows wandering memory to bear him on her wings back to the
 home of his childhood. He again sees his mother as she bends
 over him and impresses a sweet kiss on his rosy lips; her voice
 full of affection again greets his ear as she mildly reproves or
 tenderly encourages; and he also kneels at her side and is offering

up his simple prayer to Him who rules the universe. Then follows the fond good-night, and he is soon wrapped in the balmy slumbers of childhood. But these bright dreams vanish, and he finds himself still on the battle-field, surrounded by nought but the dying, and the ghastly corpses of the dead ; no sound greets his ear but the rumbling of the distant cannon and the groans of his expiring comrades ; but soon all will be hushed, for he is dying—with the words "*My Mother !*" on his lips. The criminal, as he lies in his dismal dungeon, can remember the time when he perpetrated his first crime, and he shudders as he fancies he sees his mother's form by his side ; he again sees her tears ; and the heartfelt and earnest prayers which she uttered when she found her only and beloved son was treading the downward road to ruin, again greet his ears, and in spite of his endeavours to keep it hidden, a tear flows down his crime-hardened cheek. Yes, but utter the word, "Mother," to the most sinful and degraded and it will bring back to his mind thoughts of his happy childhood, when his fond mother's smile shed a gentle light around his pathway ; and tears of remorse and grief will start from eyes that thought they had forgotten how to weep. It was so even with him ; yes, to him youth had been fraught with happiness, but in a dark and evil hour he fell, never to rise ; and as his mind returns to dwell upon the present instead of the past, he sighs, and tears which he cannot now withhold flow down his cheeks as he says, "Oh, if I had but heeded my mother's tears and entreaties I should not have been what I am now—a wretched condemned criminal !" But let us turn from this den of crime : there may be some of us who can remember a mother's dying blessing. We have seen her droop and die before our eyes, and long after she has been laid in the silent grave, do her dying words rise up between right and wrong. Sorrow may come but time brings with it relief ; the world may crush away some fondly cherished hope, but never will it efface from our memory a mother's dying blessing ; neither grief nor sorrow can wear off the inscription. But, happy thought ! some of us have still a loved and loving mother to counsel and advise. But it may also be that age has marked her for his victim ; if so, now is our time to be kind and gentle. Her steps are feeble ; we are to be her stay, remembering that in our day of erring weak-

ness she upheld us. Her hopes are fled, her friends are gone to the grave, and were it not for her children, gladly beside the precious dead would lie our mother. Let us do all we can to comfort her declining years, that when she is gone from us we may have nothing to remember with regret.

Then the little girl M. right become little angels in heaven. And she had forgotten her unhappy home.

MADE TO BE AN ANGEL.

"Wren! I don't know as I was made for anything," said a little girl, as she walked along the street with a downcast look. "Yes, maybe I warn't made for anything," she repeated; and she drew her sun-bonnet over her face, and the tears trickled down like an April shower over her cheeks. "Mother says I'm always in the way, always good for nothing, and Will scolds me all day; maybe I warn't made for anything. I don't see what I was put in the world for then; I wish I never had been!" and she sat down upon a grassy bank by the side of the road. The birds were singing around her, the grasshoppers chipping in the grass, the flowers shedding sweet perfume in the air, the little brook trickling over the stones; all seemed to be doing something, seemed to be made for something, excepting herself, she thought. Poor little girl! a sad home she had in an old hut, with a drunken mother and an unkind brother. The more she tried to please them, the more they complained of her; till that bright morning, when every little girl should have been happy, she had taken her old slouchy sun-bonnet and wandered off far from home; what mattered it whether she ever went back or not; 'twould only be to meet cross words and blows. Again she spoke as she leaned her head upon the soft green patch and said in a sorrowful tone, "The birds and everything are made for something, why wasn't I? No, I warn't made for anything." Just then a kind lady passed who was touched by the little girl's sad tone, and bending over her, she said in a gentle voice: "Yes, little one, you were made for something. You were made to be an angel in heaven." The little girl turned her sad face towards her, as if doubting what she said, and replied, "Mother says I warn't made for anything." "But you are," the kind lady added, "you are made

to be a little angel in heaven." "But where is heaven?" she asked, "Can I go there now?" And then the lady told her all about that happy place, and how the blessed Jesus left His throne of glory and came down upon earth, and took little children in His arms and blessed them; and how He died a cruel death, that they might become little angels in heaven. Then the little girl dried her tears and smiled; she had forgotten her unhappy home, for it was the first she had ever heard of Jesus, her mother had never taught her about God or heaven. "And can I be a little angel too?" "Oh! I would love to be one and see Jesus!" she said. Then the kind lady told her she could if she would love Jesus; and she gave her a beautiful little book that told all about heaven and how she might get there, and the poor child looked happy; she was made for something. Taking her little book she trudged home; and when her mother called her a good-for-nothing thing, and said she wasn't made for anything, she would say to herself, "Yes, I was made to be a little angel in heaven;" and then she would ask Jesus to take her there and let her be one of them. It was kind in that lady to cheer the heart of that little one by telling her of Jesus, for oftentimes she went to bed cold and supperless; but she would look up to the little stars, she thought they were bright just like heaven; and, perhaps, the angels were looking down upon her, and would some day come and take her away to be an angel too in heaven.

THEY WILL NOT RETURN TO US, BUT WE MAY GO TO THEM.

MOTHER! perhaps you have a loved one gone before; doubtless you felt how hard it was to part, and as you stood by the cold, dark grave, and heard the damp earth rattle on the coffin lid, you may have felt desolate indeed; but would you call the departed back again, would you have them put off their immortality and return again to this sin-stained earth? No, I am sure you would not. Young mother! is it your first-born darling you are mourning, taken from you in the bloom of his infant beauty to his Father's fold on high? Oh! think what years of sorrow and suffering he is spared, and mourn for him no longer. He is

blooming, a fair flower, in a land of beauty and brightness where he will ne'er fade away; he cannot return to you, but you may go to him. Young friends! you may be mourning some loved ones who have crossed the river and landed on the shores where there shall be no tears, you may have longed for their gentle attentions again, but wish them not back, they are far happier now, for

"They shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps their brow,
Through the valley of death their feet have trod,
And they reign in glory now."
It is a struggle to keep up appearances. If it could

involve the deepest mortification. Some of the most
involvement the deepest mortification. Some of the most
involvement the deepest mortification. Some of the most

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

My wife had left her home to seek
The glow I worshipped in her cheek,
Like Persian old, my sky had paled,
On a terrible day I mailed,
And often said in cheerful strain,
"The baby slept all night again."

All hallowed by her tears and prayers
He stayed with me, it lessened cares,
If he the morning slept, I knew
My dove would slumber sweetly too;
And so I wrote her now and then
The baby slept all night again.

One morn' he languished at my side,
Death sick, and with the day he died,
And day with him. It was my will
That she I loved be happy still,
So wrote I in my woe-strain,
The baby slept all night again.

But when in turn she fondly wrote,
Her pet names using in her note,
With artless talk about the bed
Of him who slept so cold and dead,
I sat the bitter truth to pen,
"He sleeps to wake no more again."

... will never find away; he cannot return to you, but ...

... Young friends! you may be mourning some ...

THE WIFE'S INFLUENCE

A woman, in many instances, has her husband's fortunes in her power, because she may or may not conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride. No passion for luxury or display ought to tempt her for a moment to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. She will find her respectability in it. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin. Nothing can be more miserable than to struggle to keep up appearances. If it could succeed, it would cost more than it is worth; as it never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the most sublime exhibitions of human virtue have been made by women who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendour to absolute want. Then a man's fortunes are in a manner in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. His moral strength is inconceivably increased by her sympathy, her counsel, her aid. She can aid him immensely, by relieving him of every care which she is capable of taking upon herself. His own employments are generally such, as to require his whole time and mind. A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be distracted by details to which her own time and talents are adequate. If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive when his spirit is borne down and overwhelmed; she of all human beings can best minister to its wants. For the sick soul her nursing is quite as sovereign as it is for bodily ills. If the mind be weary in her assiduity, it finds repose and refreshment. If it be harassed and worn to a morbid irritability, her gentle tones steal over it with a soothing, more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, her patience and fortitude have the power to re-kindle them in the heart, and he again goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of life.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TIME.

How soon will the consummation of all things commence, for yet a little while and the commissioned archangel lifts up his han-

to heaven and swears by the Almighty name, *that time shall be no longer!* Then *abused* opportunities will never return; and *new* opportunities will never more be offered. Then, should negligent mortals wish, ever so passionately, for a few hours,—*a few moments only*—to be thrown back from the opening eternity, *thousands of worlds* would not be able to procure the grant.

THE SECRET.

A GENTLEMAN was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with all of which his friend was highly pleased, but with nothing so much as his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but he had never seen such fine specimens, and with great earnestness he asked how he had succeeded in rearing such flocks. His simple answer was, "I take care of the lambs, Sir." Here was all the secret.

Parents! need we make the application.

A MAN whose mind is trained to find happiness in doing good, almost always has the means of happiness at command.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Tracts for To-Day. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

These tracts are full of Gospel truths, stated in language beautifully chaste and simple; well adapted to the educated and higher classes, for whom they are specially intended.

Home Mission Tract Series. Twenty-four assorted in a packet. London Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

These are very interesting; most of them are narratives; they are particularly suitable for cottage distribution.

The Natural History of the Year, for Children. By B. B. WOODWARD, B.A.

The Irish Scholar. By Rev. T. W. AVELING.

Short Sermons to Children. By the late Rev. A. FLETCHER, D.D.
London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

These little volumes are very prettily got up at a very cheap rate: they are uniform in binding and size. Their worth is already known, as those before us are merely new editions of them.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The Alexandra Magazine. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

MOTHERS' WORDS.

MOTHERS! you are doing good or harm to your children by your words every day. Whatever you may think, your words do not go for nothing. Weigh them well. Mind how you speak to your children. Never let them hear evil words from your lips. Shall a child learn to slander, to lie, and to swear from its own mother? For their sake, if for no other reason, watch against evil words of every sort. You would not wish *them* to grow up to swear and lie; take care you do not teach them.

Do not speak *harshly* to your little ones. I have heard many mothers do so, who I am sure did not feel harshly; only they had a habit of speaking so. Remember, children have feelings. It gives pain to a child to be called hard names for the least fault, or for no fault at all; at least, it gives pain until the feelings are blunted by such treatment; but then, remember, *love* is blunted too, and you would not wish your children not to love you. Children are tender things, they should be spoken to gently, not as if they were so many stocks and stones.

"Oh! but you don't know *my* children; they are such plagues, it's of no use speaking gently to them; they wouldn't mind it a bit." Stop, are you sure they would not mind it? Have you ever tried it? It is plain your present plan does not answer; for your children, you say, are plagues to you. If you had always spoken kindly to them instead of roughly, it might have been otherwise. Even now it is worth trying; come, see what a kind word will do, show them that you love them. Try leading instead of driving, let them hear "mother's words," such as they ought to be. But do not think I am all for petting. Perhaps, in some cases, I should be more severe than you. I would have you to be *strict*, though kind. When your children do wrong, punish them; not in a passion, so that all they think is, "What a rage mother is in!" but justly, calmly, firmly. Never threaten them with things you never mean to perform. Tell them what you are going to do, and why, and then do it. One such punishment will do more good than twenty angry threats or hasty blows. More good did I say?—nay, these last do nothing but harm. Try to get your children to *love* you. A child's love is worth

having; and if you do not get it while they are young you are not likely ever to have it. Love to his mother has helped to keep many a young man right and to bring many back from an evil course. You love them, though you do speak roughly to them sometimes; then try by word and deed to make them love you.

Above all, speak such words as shall lead your children to God. I do believe there is nothing like a mother's words for this—no means that God so blesses as a pious mother's words to her children. How deep they sink! how long they stay! Begin early. Speak to your little ones about sin and eternity, and God and heaven. Show them the love of God in Christ, and try to lead their young hearts to the Saviour. Ah! mothers, when you speak to your children thus, and pray that the Holy Spirit may bless your words, you are doing more for them than if you gave them all the riches of the world. Long after you are in the grave, it may be, the seed you are sowing in their hearts will spring up and bear fruit a hundred-fold.

THE SCEPTIC'S DAUGHTER.

THE daughter of Ethan Allen lay on a dying bed. Her mother had gone before her to the spirit land, triumphing in the love of Jesus, and as her agonized father bent over her couch, she put to him the searching question: "Father, in whose faith shall I die, in yours or my Christian mother's?" "Die in your mother's faith, my child, [die in your mother's faith!" said the stern old hero; and infidel though he was, he no doubt spoke the language of his heart. Christianity had triumphed. Upon a couch of pain reclined the lovely maiden; round her brow in rich profusion waved her golden hair, and though on that fair face the seal of death was manifest, yet she was beautiful. The speaking eye, the pure and thoughtful brow, the lip once wreathed with smiles, the glowing cheek on which bright health once sparkled, all were hers. And as upon that dying bed she lay, her countenance was lighted with a smile—a smile of heavenly beauty; holy trust in God her Saviour, Peace, sweet peace, had stamped her radiant image on that angel brow. already seemed the blest inhabitant of some bright sphere.

Her mother, fondly loved, and early lost, had gone before her to the world of bliss, and now her friends were gathered round to see her die. Her father's form was bowed in deepest grief. "Oh! father," said the dying girl, as she thus bent his head and gazed upon his child; "my father, say, in whose faith shall I die? For I must die. Oh! will this be the end of life, the end of my soul's existence? Say, my father, Oh! is death eternal sleep? Is there no hope that we shall meet again? Shall there, no God in heaven? My mother, too, — may I never see her more? Oh! when she died she bade me trust in Him whose precious blood was shed on Calvary's mount that we might live. Yes, she said that we should meet again, and that for her, death had no terrors; and she smiled on the grim monster as he came to tear her from our hearts; for death, she said, was but the angel of her Father's love to bear her to His home. Oh! glorious home! Tell me, my father, speak — will you tell me, shall I die in your, or my dead mother's faith? Die in your mother's faith, my child; die in your mother's faith," said the soul-stricken father. "Thank God, it is enough; for I can trust that faith! and triumphing in Christ she died. Surely there is a power in death to shake the sophistries of infidelity, which pride doth build in the rebellious heart of man. Oh! is it wise to trust in aught so frail, foundations built upon the sand, when sorrow's storm will sweep them clean away? Al, no! vain man, yield thy proud heart in sweet subjection to thy Maker's will, and build thy hopes upon that firm foundation which death can never shake. So shall thy end be peace."

The clamps of death are clogging fast,
My father, o'er my brow
The past, with all its scenes, has fled;
And I must turn me now
To that dim future, which no man
My feeble eyes descry
Tell me, my father, in this hour
In whose firm faith to die?

In thine? I've watched thy scornful smile,
And heard thy withering tone
Whene'er the Christian's humble hope
Was placed above thine own.

"WAITING TILL JESUS CALLS."

I've heard thee speak of coming death
Without a shade of gloom.

And laugh at all the childish fears

That cluster round the tomb.

Or is it in my mother's faith?

How fondly do I trace

Through many a weary year long past

That calm and saintly face!

How often do I call to mind

Now she is 'neath the sod

The place, the hour in which she drew

My early thoughts to God!

'Twas then she took this blessed book.

And from its sacred page

Read how its truths support the soul

In youth and failing age;

And bade me in its precepts live

And by its precepts die.

That I might share her home of love

In worlds beyond the sky.

My father, shall I look above,

And this gathering gloom;

To Him whose promises of love

Extend beyond the tomb?

Or curse the Being who hath blessed

This chequered path of mine;

Must I embrace my mother's faith,

Or die, my sire, in thine?

The frown upon that marriage brow

Passed like a cloud away

And tears coursed down that rugged cheek

That flowed not till that day

When thou wast gone with choking voice

The sceptic made reply

"But in thy mother's holy faith,

My daughter, may'st thou die."

"WAITING TILL JESUS CALLS."

How blessed it is to have patience to endure with meekness the trials our heavenly Father sees fit to send! "A week or two ago I went to see a poor woman who is very much afflicted; she has been confined to her bed for about five years, yet she murmurs not; she is patiently "waiting till Jesus calls," she says, for then

she knows she will be no more troubled, she will exchange her earthly tabernacle for a, "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She rests on Jesus. She carries all her burden to Him, she feels He has been faithful to her, for He alone has supported and comforted her through the weary years of her affliction, and now she can look upward with joy and say—

"So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

"Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the Lord."

It was delightful to behold this mother's faith in her affliction. I felt that it refreshed me, and she joined in the prayer and song of praise with such earnestness, that, indeed, it felt like "heaven below." That evening I shall never forget; on leaving she pressed my hands in hers with such a heavenly smile upon her countenance as filled my heart with emotion and made it hard to part.

Mother! do you trust Jesus in the hour of danger or trial, sickness or sorrow? Do you ask Him to be your support and comfort? In all you do, do you work as unto the Lord? and in danger or illness can you wait with patience and say, "Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done," thus making your daily life a "waiting till Jesus calls." If you cannot, if you do not know Jesus, listen to the Gospel message and accept Him at once as your Saviour and support.

W. O.

A SISTER'S TEARS.

A young man was on his examination for ordination. In relating his Christian experience and call to the ministry, the question was put to him—"What first led you to see yourself a sinner, and to feel your need of Christ?" His simple reply was, "A sister's tears." He said, he had been thoughtless and profane

using the name of God wickedly, and giving himself up to infidel sentiments. He had a pious sister, and he would argue with her on the claims of the Christian religion, the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of the Scriptures, but she could make no impression upon him. Still she would not yield: she was in earnest in seeking the salvation of her brother, so she brought in her minister. But the young would-be infidel disposed of the minister as easily as he did of his sister, and came off victor. At length, on one occasion, he sought an argument with his sister, but she was silent—she had nothing to say. But he only stormed the more; still she said nothing, and when he spoke ill of her God, her Saviour, her Bible, her religion, she made no reply, but burst into a flood of tears: and “those tears of my sister,” said the young minister, “reached my heart and melted it. I then saw myself a sinner, and fled to Christ for help.” In relating this account he was affected to tears, as were the congregation before whom he was standing. The minister who gave the charge, in alluding to the circumstance, found himself choked in utterance. Such are the ways of God. So do great means fail—so do humble means succeed. Tears do that which logic is utterly powerless to do. What a lesson of encouragement is this for those who are striving for the salvation of the souls of beloved kindred and friends. All such should labour and pray in strong faith. Jesus wept over sinners, and when we are so in earnest for the souls of our loved ones that we can weep over them, then it may be that they will be won to Christ. He that goeth forth and *weepeth*, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

THE CONVERTED CAPTAIN.

Among the many conversions in connection with the American revival are those of seafaring men. One of these captains had followed the sea for more than forty years. He had retired, and was nearly sixty years old. He was in the vigour of good health, and had the prospect before him of many years of ease and comfort. Some twenty years before he was the subject of religious impressions for nearly two years. His wife was a praying woman,

and had been a professor of religion twenty-eight years. The serious impressions of the captain's mind at length wore off, and he became indifferent to the claims of religion, and regardless of his own personal interests in the salvation of his soul. Never, however, did he cease to feel a respect for religion. He had been in all parts of the world and had escaped many perils and dangers. For the last five or six years since retiring from his seafaring life, he had been going farther and farther from God, caring less and less for religious things, and filling up the measure of his iniquity. He did not like to go to a place of worship, though he went to please his wife. When the daily prayer-meetings commenced he did not think very favourably of them. His wife wanted him to attend them, but he said he should not go to the lecture-room. He was a large man, and needed a larger place to sit in than that. He said that when they had them in such a place he would go. This he said rather out of decision than out of any expectation that he would ever be called upon to comply with the promise he was then making. He did not suppose they would ever be held there, so he thought he was safe in making the promise.

At the end of the first week the meetings became so thronged, that it was announced that hereafter they would be held in a place which was capable of holding many hundred people. He then thought he must go, but resolved to finish up by going once or twice simply to comply with the letter of the promise. The time drew near and he felt ashamed to go, and to get rid of it he told his wife he would not go unless he could go just as he was, without changing his dress. He supposed she would object to that, but she answered, "Go any way, only go!" He felt so ashamed that if anyone had asked him on the way if he was going to the prayer-meeting, he would have denied it. At this first meeting his mind was somewhat interested, but he had made up his mind that he would not go again. In conversing with another sea-captain he found him interested in the prayer-meetings, and they agreed to go together the next day. At this second meeting he was more interested still. He went again the next day and had more feeling. As his feelings deepened he tried to keep clear of the other captain, but could not succeed; in conversing with him he found that he had similar feelings and anxieties, still he was

ashamed to be seen on his way to the prayer-meeting. In the course of a week he had deeper convictions than he ever had before; he could not sleep, and he finally wondered what was the matter. He endeavored to divert attention from his case by saying it was the spring of the year, and he did not feel well. Medicine was recommended, but he knew he needed no medicine for the world, though he studiously avoided letting any one know that he felt religious anxiety. He could not even tell his wife, but after she was asleep he would weep and pray all night. Oh! what a miserable wretched man he now felt himself to be. His eyes were now literally fountains of tears. At length he resolved to tell his faithful praying wife just how he felt; but could not. He did, however, tell the other captain, and they wept together. They both endeavored to get up in the meetings and ask for prayers, but both failed; they seemed to be unable to rise from their seats. As his convictions deepened he felt that he must tell his wife. He entered the house again and again, fully resolved to do so, but on his courage failed. He wanted to read the Bible, but could not do so without its being known to the whole house. He started to go upstairs, that he might not be seen, but was hindered by the fear that some one would follow him; so he left the house in greater distress than ever. He went into the fields and sat down and wept bitterly. A few days more and he made known his feelings to his anxious wife, who all this time was praying for him. The result was a great increase of tenderness of heart and conscience, but no relief. His sense of sin was perfectly overwhelming. He was so overpowered after a night of weeping that the next day he was completely exhausted. As the hour of prayer drew near he longed for the moments to fly more swiftly so that he might go, though he knew not why he should feel so. At the meeting he was greatly distressed. The meeting was nearly ended, and brought no relief to his agonized spirit. He felt as if he should really die. At length, as it was closing, a pious sea-captain—quite out of time as it then seemed to all—began the privilege of saying a few words. He said that the way of salvation was plain; all could make their passage straight to heaven. "See what we have!" said he, in his earnest, blunt

manner, "see what we have! We have a book of directions; we have a chart; we have all the rocks and shoals laid down; we have our course laid straight to heaven. No sailor was ever half so well provided. He must be a poor sea-captain who cannot get his vessel into port." And he sat down. Oh! what words to this poor, wretched, distressed captain. Blessed words, sent of the Holy Spirit. The rays of light shot into that hitherto dark mind and heart. He thought how he had shaped and steered his course for almost every port on the face of the globe. "I who always knew I should get into port—felt confident I could—shall I give me in despair? What if I am in mid-ocean, and have been drifting about all my days. I will lay my course now—I will follow my directions—I will make straight for heaven." Light gleamed into his mind; the burden on his heart was lifted up! He went home to read his Bible, and consult that book of direction which he had neglected so long that he had not read ten chapters in ten years. As he was leaving the meeting he promised that he would go home and pray with his wife that night. This promise was kept. He read the Bible and then they knelt down to pray. After she had prayed he attempted to pray, and all he could say was, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" This he repeated more than fifty times. He could not sleep that night, but continued to weep and pray. Every tick of the clock seemed to say, "Jesus lives! Jesus lives!" Suddenly he found himself walking the room in an ecstasy of delight; and as he looked out of the window such beauty never met his eyes before. He longed for the morning to come so, that he might tell of his Saviour, and how he had found Him, and what a blessedness there was in believing in Him. From that time he had light and joy in his soul and he shed the light all around him. He became a most active Christian, spending all his time in recommending Christ and seeking the salvation of others.

WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.

- Is it to wake from day to day,
To wile the weary hours away?
Is it to court the giddy throng,
[To join the dance, & applaud the song?

To smile with the fair, and laugh with the gay;
 With no thought for aught but the passing day?
 Oh, no! To join the train of beauty,

To seek the pleasures sense can give,
 And give no heed to the call of duty,

Is not to live!

Is it to quit the world, and doom

A heaven-born heart to a living tomb?

To centre on self all thought and care,

And turn a deaf ear to the poor man's prayer?

Is it to spend in profitless thought

The hours in which deeds should be wrought?

No! When the hungry cry for "bread,"

And men to them "stones" will only give,

Though their name is to live, they are but dead.

They do not live!

But this is to live,—To share

The sorrows which the wretched bear;

To lend a hand to those that ask;

To help the weary in their task;

To cheer the sad, to succour the poor;

Not a friend in "word," but a hearty doer.

To share those blessed gifts with all,

Which God for woe of all did give;

And e'er respond to duty's call.

This is to live!

It is to be very dear

A friend to those that suffer need;

And in the place where God hath found us,

To scatter blessings all around us;

To have balm for sorrow and smiles for joy;

To inspire the man and to counsel the boy.

Oh! They who from the world have turned,

And found the joy these duties give,

They only have life's lessons learned;

This is to live!

It is to learn to be content

With whatsoever lot is sent;

Grateful, if blessings round us flow,

And patient 'neath the weight of woe,

Strong in the strength of a mightier power,

And girt for the battle when battle shall lower.

Those only who live thus have found,

A peace the world can never give;

And they alone of the world around,

Have learned to live!

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

LITTLE JAMIE'S STEPMOTHER.

LITTLE Jamie was a dear little boy, and was very happy too. His father was very kind to him, and played with him and gave him a great many toys. He had a nurse, too, who loved him, and would do anything for him. I suppose you think he was *perfectly* happy; but there was one thing he wanted more than anything else, which he saw other little boys had, and that was a mother. God had taken his mother away when little Jamie was only a few weeks old, and he had never known anything about her except what the nurse used to tell him, when she showed him her picture in the front parlour. When Jamie was four years old his father told him one day that next week he was going away on a journey, and when he came back he would bring him something that he had asked for a great many times. Jamie sat still for a moment on his father's knee, and held his curly head down thoughtfully and tried to guess what it *could* be. He thought of one or two things, then he remembered that he wanted some wooden soldiers, for his old ones were broken; and looking up and pulling his father's whiskers, he shouted merrily, "It is soldiers—wooden soldiers, isn't it, papa?" His father laughed, and patting the little golden head, said, "No, my boy, it is something *alive*." "Oh, it is a dog!" cried Jamie, very much excited with the pleasant thought, "and I'll call him Ponto, and put a collar on his neck, and—" "No," said papa, laughing still more at this answer; "no, my darling; it is something better than even a dog—something that will love you, and talk to you, and sing, and tell you pretty stories; it is a pretty lady, who will be your mamma." Jamie looked at his father to see if he were not in play, and finding he was not, he clapped his little hands, and jumping off from his father's knee, danced up and down, laughing and shouting. "Oh! good, good, I am so glad! I am so glad!" Suddenly stopping, he said he would go and tell nurse, and off he skipped to find her. First he looked in the nursery, but she was not there; then in the sitting-room, but he could not see her; and he was standing in the hall, and screaming, "Nursey, where are you?" when the

housemaid came upstairs with a basket of clothes in her arms, and told him that nurse had gone out. When he heard this, I am sorry to say he stamped and cried, and shouted the housemaid for saying, "Hush!" But when the girl had gone upstairs he felt sorry for striking her, so he ran to his playroom, and got a new ball and two little wooden minims, and when she came down again he went up to her and wanted her to take them; but she only laughed when he put them in her hand, and then stooped down and kissed him; so he was satisfied. In about an hour nurse came home, and Jamie told her his pleasant news; when to his surprise, instead of being glad she sat down in a chair and cried, "Oh! my dear little Jamie, how could you become a cold, other's saviour."

"Jamie ran to her, and climbing on her lap, begged her to tell him what the matter was, but she only put her arms around him, and said, "My poor little Jamie!" and then he felt a little frightened and began to cry too. But nurse stopped when she heard him sobbing, and told him to hush, or else his father would hear him, for that would make him angry. Poor little Jamie asked her what made her cry, and the naughty nurse told him wicked stories about his new mamma. She said she would whip him if he made any noise or played, and would make him wear a grey dress instead of the pretty little ones that were all embroidered and trimmed, and that she would cut off his beautiful curls, at which Jamie shook them down over his eyes, and said he wished she would, for they plagued him. But Jamie did not feel so gay and joyous in thinking of the pretty lady his father had told him of: and when he was put to bed he was quite unhappy, and sobbed himself to sleep. He was going to tell his papa that he did not want any mamma, but nurse told him he must not. So the week wore away wearily to poor Jamie, and he woke up every morning feeling frightened, and although he tried to persuade himself

and whenever he turned into this trying to persuade him

and all right. But does it? Oh! never for

THE WRONG TURNING

"AM I in the right road for Ashleigh?" inquired a traveller of a respectable looking woman, drawing water from a village well. She left her bucket, and turning round replied, "No, Sir, Ashleigh

road turns off to the left about two miles from here, you must have taken the wrong turning, Sir." He thanked her and retraced his steps, but her last words were in his ears. He had indeed taken the wrong turning, and as he walked slowly back, memory was busy with the past and led him in fancy to the days of his boyhood, again he saw his mother, his own gentle mother, as when in the old happy days he dipped his prayers at her knee. Then he recalled his prayer for him when he left home to mingle in the busy scenes of mercantile life, now that mother had come to her rest, past the reach of sorrow, but her boy, the son of so many prayers, had grown into manhood without an interest in his mother's Saviour, had become a cold, worldly man. How was it? On leaving home, when exposed to the influence of evil associates, he had weakly yielded to the temptations offered him, stifled the voice of conscience, and step by step trodden the downward road until, on this bright summer morning, he stood on the verge of infidelity. But he could not be an unbeliever, the remembrance of his mother's faith and trust in the Saviour, interposed between him and atheism, and far down in his heart, crushed over, it is true, by long years of neglect and sin, there lay hid better feelings, and those words of the woman had stirred up all the serious thoughts of his nature. They struck like an arrow into his heart, he could not rid himself of them, no matter where he went, at home, in the counting-house, at the evening party they haunted him, until at length he turned round and came as a little child to the foot of the cross, and yielded himself wholly to the Saviour. God in His mercy had made those words instrumental in bringing him to Himself. How very often in the pilgrimage of life two opposite roads present themselves to the traveller, and he stands bewildered, scarce knowing which to take, the one to the left looks flowery and easy perhaps, and although he thinks the other is the right one yet he turns into this, trying to persuade himself that it will end all right. But does it? Oh! never, for a time it may be pleasant, and he may congratulate himself that he did not turn into the narrower one, but very soon the scene changes, the path becomes broader and broader, until at last it emerges on an open, trackless plain, where the wanderer, unable to retrace his steps, is often lost for ever, simply because at first starting he took "the

wrong turning." Young friends, some of you may be, even now, halting between two opinions, hesitating whether to give your hearts to God or the world. "Beware of the wrong turning," the path of worldly pleasure may look sunny and bright, but the pleasures of the world are unsatisfying and totally unable to still the cravings of an immortal spirit; stay no longer, consecrate your lives entirely to God, tread in the narrow way, you will find it grow more and more pleasant day by day, the peace of God which passeth all understanding will keep your heart and mind until your earthly journey past, the brightness of your Father's house shall burst upon your view. No. 54. C.

A PEEP INTO A HOME IN IRELAND.

I HAVE very pleasant recollections of Ireland, that lovely island, comparatively little frequented by tourists. Dear English friends who had gone to reside there, tempted me first across the Channel. Their new home was in a beautiful part of the green isle, on the coast, commanding fine views of the mountains, surrounded with green shady lakes, so inviting on a hot summer's day. I could dwell long on the surroundings of this lovely spot, but I wish to speak more particularly of my friends and their family, which at the time of my first visit, consisted merely of three little boys, the eldest about five years of age; happy children they were, for their parents strove by Divine help to train them judiciously. Their number is now doubled, and a happier, more lovable circle of children cannot be met with. They are ruled firmly but with love; they know their parents say what they mean, and mean what they say. One thing I have especially noticed, that the children are the same when their parents are absent as when they are present. Crying is very rarely heard, if mamma says it distresses her to hear us cry, the children say, "When either is in trouble the cause is directly ascertained and peace restored." They vary very much in disposition, and are treated accordingly. The youngest girl grieved her nurse very much one day; she took the child to her mother and told her of her fault; the mother talked to her little one, and told her how sorry she was to hear she had

been so naughty. "Are you not sorry to have done so, Julia?" she then asked. "Yes, I sorry!" the child replied, and really appeared so; she soon after did some little thing she thought would please her nurse, and after a while she went to her mother and said, "won't you kiss me now, mamma?" The child cannot be happy if her mamma is displeased with her; she watches her countenance if she fancies she has done anything she ought not, and will say "are oo not pleased, mamma? kiss me!" and is quite troubled until she has the kiss. If a child behaves improperly in any way at the table he is quietly told to leave the room; after the meal is over, one of the parents goes to the little one and tries to show him that he has acted wrongly; if he appears sorry he is soon restored to favour. To be sent out of the room is felt by the children quite a disgrace. There is no fault-finding at the table or in the presence of strangers, a thing which cannot be too strongly disapproved of; it hardens a child and lowers its self-respect to be found fault with by any stranger so present. Whipping is seldom resorted to, only in extreme cases; I need hardly say, never in a moment of irritation. I think one great secret in the management of these little ones is, that their parents have perfect control over their own temper, and they are Christian parents and seek daily strength and guidance from the Lord. At family worship, which is conducted before breakfast and early in the evening, the children are all present; if one of the little ones is restless she is quietly taken away; this is seldom the case. I have often been interested in hearing the elder children ask questions about anything they did not quite understand in the chapter read, it always seems to give their papa pleasure to answer them. They appear to have perfect confidence in their parents' wisdom and love. I trust such will ever be the case. Oh, that there were more happy families like the one I have been describing! I know that parents have many cares and much to try the temper, but I would say to such tried ones, seek to live in communion with God, then you will feel you can trust in Him, for wisdom and guidance, that He will strengthen you when you feel sad and weary, giving you power to cast all your care on Him, and the sweet confidence that He careth for you will comfort and sustain you.

KATE.

"MY MOTHER SAYS YOU'LL GO TO HEAVEN!"

A TEACHER in a public school whose heart and hand are ever busy with some good work, interested herself during the winter in clothing some destitute children who came under her instruction. One morning, as she was reading the customary chapter on the opening of school, a little girl whom she had gladdened the night before with some warm garment entered the room, and before taking her seat crept to her teacher's side, and with childish faith beaming in her earnest eyes, exclaimed "Miss L—— my mother says you'll go to heaven." I have looked upon a teacher's life with a shuddering, pitying eye. I have thought its dull routine, its treadmill monotony, its tiresome responsibility, too tedious to be borne. I remembered only the toil, the drudgery, the weariness. I have wondered how my friend could enter the school-room day after day, and year after year, and leave it always with a quiet, cheerful smile, but I have wondered much less since this little incident reached my ear. I have seen costly jewels lavished upon favourites with a careless hand. I have seen dreary homes brightened by many a timely gift. I have seen the eye of a sick one gladden to receive some trifling token of sympathy. I have heard thanks loudly expressed. I have heard blessings called down upon a benefactor's head. I have seen lips move in silent, tearful gratitude, but never has my heart been touched as by the simple words, "My mother says you'll go to heaven!" I have never turned an envious eye upon the home of wealth. I have never sighed to have my name whispered in the busy world; but I have turned from all the pleasant things surrounding me with an inward longing to deserve as rich a blessing as fell upon that teacher's heart with the assurance of the grateful child, "My mother says you'll go to heaven."

A. "I asked after the boys now flying away with swords."

"The little hungry boy."

"He left out of place."

THE ORPHAN LAD.

A POOR little ragged boy sat down on the curb-stone and tried to think. His feet were bare, and red, and cold; but never mind that. The chill air seemed to go through and through him, but

never mind that,—he wanted to *think*. “Who are these people passing him, looking so warm and comfortable? What did it mean that they should be happy and cheerful, and he so sad? None of *them* had such heavy hearts; that he was sure of. He looked up into the cold blue sky. What was it, and who lived there? His mother used to say that God would take care of him. Oh! if he could only see God for one little minute, or the angels that the good men told him of when his mother died! Did folks ever see God? Did they ever see angels?”

This was a poor little orphan boy left all alone in the great city. Last summer his mother died; he knew no father, all he could remember was a rough drunken man coming sometimes to his mother's room years before, and taking away her things. Perhaps that was his father! He used to help his mother, getting a few pence for holding horses, and sometimes selling things in the street, and so had just lived on after her death, he hardly knew how, but now it seemed as if he could get nothing to do, and he was sick and starving. An organ-grinder came and took his stand near. The air he played lightened the little boy's heart somewhat, but it did not warm him or make him less hungry, he kept on shivering in spite of the music, and he felt so all alone, so despairing! Then the organ-grinder passed away; he never heeded the little child sitting on the curb-stone, he had so many things to think of. Carriages passed by, and carts, and a company of soldiers, but it was all dumb show to him, he was trying to think, with a dull heavy pain at his heart. Presently three or four coarse-looking boys gathered behind him, and winked and laughed at each other. In another moment the youngest gave a thrust, and over went the poor homeless child into the gutter. He gave one cry, one sob of anguish, as he gathered himself up, and looked after the boys now flying away with sounds of mirth. Oh! how cruel it was of them. The little hungry boy walked slowly on, sobbing and shivering. He didn't know what he was walking for, or why he was living. He felt out of place—a poor little forlorn spirit that had lost its way. The poor little fellow stood at length at the corner of the street. An apple-stand at which he gazed with longing eyes was tended by a cross-looking old man. There were cakes on the stand, and the poor little

homeless child's mouth watered as he saw one boy after another deposit his penny and take his cake. He had no penny, and though there was hunger in his eyes the old man never offered him a morsel. Temptation came, the old man's back was turned, a vile boy at the side of the child nudged his elbow, "You take one," he whispered, "I'll give you half." The little child gazed at him steadily. He saw something in the bearded eyes that made him shrink—something that set his heart beating. "I tell you, hook one," whispered the lad, "and we'll go away and eat it." "I don't want to steal," said the child. "Oh, you fool!" muttered the brutal tempter, and struck him across the eyes, his heavy hand dealing a blow that sent the poor little child against the wall, his whole frame quivering with anguish. The terrible blow had almost blinded him for a moment—a great sob came up in his throat, "Oh! what have I done to be treated so. There never, never was a God, or he would not let me suffer so, and that because I wouldn't be wicked." I don't believe that ever a man in his sorest bereavement suffered more than that sad little child. His heart was swelling with grief, and though he could not reason about it, he felt as if there were great and sore injustice somewhere.

HOME.

The old grey mansion looks upon the woods,
The lawn is green beneath the mellow light;
I hear the olden song of falling floods
That fills the silent hollow of the night.
That is the chamber window whence I longed
Those the old oaks of many centuries
In whose great leafy boughs I loved to hang,
And make strange playmates of autumn leaves.
The stream I leap in boyhood dashes down
In falls and mossy windings, as of yore,
Still sleeps the sunlight in the hill's dense crown
Whose base is ocean swept with ceaseless roar.

And once that roar seemed music—once I lay
In the rich orchard, underneath the sky
In childish visions all the summer day,
It seemed the whisper of eternity.

All the long solitary years of life

Forgotten, I seem now again a child :

Forgotten all the earnest toil and strife,

Behold me wild, petulant, and wild.

Again a child! Oh, were it true indeed

That I might meet you, playmates of the past,

Nor this unsettling spirit be dead

With a poor happiness which may not last!

Again a child! those wavering branches then,

Where the last echoes of the stream rejoice,

Might still that unforgotten form again

And I might once more hear my mother's voice.

Where southern seas under bright heavens lie

That voice has hushed the summer air;

Oh, come thou now, beneath no alien sky

And teach thy sorrowing child another prayer.

THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

AN eminent and useful minister of the Gospel, speaking on this subject, remarks, "There are very many who have no great faith in the conversion of children. They look on a converted child as a sort of *miraculum*. Others believe it to be very possible and very desirable, but yet they have a strong suspicion of the piety of any child who is brought to believe on the Lord Jesus. Why there should be such suspicion I cannot tell. The advantage is rather on the side of the child than the adult; of two cases of conversion, one at thirteen and the other at sixty, I should look on the elder with the greater suspicion. I have during the past year added to the Church as many as forty or fifty children, and of all those with whom I have talked on the subject of their conversion, I have never proposed any for Church fellowship with greater satisfaction than I have done these little ones. Amongst those I have had at any time to exclude from Church fellowship out of a very large Church, I have never had to exclude one who was received into the Church while yet a child."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TO-DAY.

TIME past is gone, thou canst not it recall,
 Time is, thou hast, improve the portion small;
 Time future is not, and may never be;
 Time present is the only time for thee.

SPARE MOMENTS.

SPARE moments are like the gold-dust of time, and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line when he taught that "Sands make the mountains and moments make the year." Of all the portions of our time, spare moments are the most fruitful of good or evil; they are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

GOOD men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who have overcome that one.

THOUGHTS TO CLOSE THE DAY.

WHAT know I more that's worth the knowing?
 What have I done that's worth the doing?
 What have I sought that I should shine?
 What duty have I left undone?
 Or into what new follies run?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Home Scenes at Burton House. London: Partridge, Paternoster-row.

A Peep into a Happy Christian Home. This little book is well worthy of perusal by parents and children.

Le Petit Précepteur; or, First Steps to French Conversation. By F. GRANDINEAU. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A new edition of this well-known and highly prized little French book for young beginners.

Stories for Sunday Scholars, No. 7. London: Elliot Stock.

A little account, in verse, of the first Sunday-school.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

As interesting as ever.

The Alexandra Magazine. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

MOTHERS' WORDS.—No. 2.

As I crossed the end of a lane in a thickly-peopled town, I heard a loud and angry voice, and turned to see who spoke. A knot of women were standing talking at one of the doors. The voice came from one of them, who broke off from the conversation to call to her little boy who was playing with another child some way down the lane. "Come here, child!" cried the mother. The boy looked up, but did not stir. "Come here this minute!" was repeated in a louder tone. Still the child did not come. "Do you hear?" shouted the woman at the full pitch of her voice: "You come when I call, or I'll break every bone in your skin when I catch you." The two children only gathered up their marbles and moved off to a greater distance out of sight and sound. The mother gave one angry look after them, and then turned round and continued the conversation as if nothing had happened. As for me I went sadly on my way, thinking on that mother's words. I thought of my own mother, long since gone to her rest. I remembered that her words were always gentle and always attended to. No harsh word ever passed her lips to her children. There was love even in her reproofs, but there was truth too. She never said what she did not mean, and what she said we knew she would do though sorry to give us pain. And so her children loved her, and long after she was gone from among them they loved her still. A mother's love kept a deep place in their hearts; her words were not forgotten. I thought, will that little boy love his mother's memory? Does he love her now? Does he respect or even believe her? Certainly there was no sign of love on either side: on her side, loud angry words, which meant nothing, on his, cool disobedience. He thought it as well not to let her "catch" him; but he did not think her in earnest. He knew full well that her words would end in nothing if he did but get away for the moment; so off he went. And he judged rightly. The woman whose words were so outrageous, the next moment was deep in gossip again; and when next the boy came in her way most likely had forgotten all that had happened. And so probably this mother and son went on together always; the boy got many angry words and many a blow too; but hi

mother had no control over him. How should she, when there was neither truth nor love in her conduct towards him? Most probably he did much as he liked, and cared little for his mother or her words. What will be his recollection of his mother when gone? What influence will her words have on him in after life? I fear there are many such mothers. I have been often pained at hearing how mothers speak to their children. They seem to think words are nothing. If one ventures to reprove them, "Oh!" they say, "it's only words; I don't mean anything." Alas! whether you mean anything or not you will find your words have a meaning, and a sad one too, I fear, in many cases. I dare say if I had gone down the lane and spoken to that woman about using such violent words to her child she would have made that very answer, "I didn't mean anything." But that was just what was wrong; I knew she did not mean all she said, and the boy knew it too, and therefore her words went for nothing with him. Mothers! you ought never to say anything to your children which you do not mean. Never think it does not matter what you *say* to them as long as you *do* what is right towards them. It *does* matter, and very much too. A mother who speaks thoughtlessly, unkindly, and fiercely to her children, is not likely to treat them wisely, kindly, and well in other respects. Besides, saying *is* doing; words are a part of your conduct; and, perhaps, there is no part which will have so much influence on your children for good or evil. Children have sharp ears; they see and hear and think more than you suppose, they can tell right from wrong in what you say. A mother's words may be the greatest blessing to a child. John Newton led a most wicked life for many years, but afterwards became a devoted Christian minister. His mother had died before he was seven years old, but he says of her, "She made it the chief business and pleasure of her life to instruct me and bring me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." May we not believe that this pious mother's words to her little boy had much to do with the happy change that took place in him afterwards? In reading the lives of good men, ministers, missionaries, and others, we find that the greater part of them had pious mothers, who taught them when young; and we all know too well by what we see and hear,

how boys and girls who have heard little but evil from their parents' lips, grow up into ungodly men and women. Mothers! for your own sake and for your children's sake, learn to know Jesus, the only Saviour for you and for them. You can never lead them to a Saviour whom you do not know. Ask for the Holy Spirit; seek the gift of a new heart; that so you may come to Jesus in penitence and faith and begin to lead a new life. Then you will not be content that your children should be without Christ. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." When once your heart has learned to love Him, then your lips will have something to say for Him, and you will delight to speak to your children of Jesus and His love.

"GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF US."

THE gloomy light of a chilly September sky struggled through the dingy windows of an old garret, which afforded shelter to the family of a poor inebriate. One or two broken chairs, and a few old clothes hung up in the room, were all that had escaped the pawn-shop, except the pallet of straw upon the floor, and the remnant of a bed-quilt that covered the emaciated form of the dying wife who helplessly lay there. A young child tottered about the room, now and then stumbling against the lowly bed, or fretting impatiently because there was nothing with which to amuse itself. A boy of perhaps four years stood upon a little stool looking sadly from the window at the curling smoke as it rose from the chimneys near by, or watching the newly-washed clothes as they flapped back and forth in the wind. Poor child! He did not understand the grief that lay like a pall upon the heart of his young sister who sat by his mother's bedside. He only knew he must be very quiet; but the grim face of the King of Terrors had never been before his childish vision, and he little dreamed that death was already casting his shadow upon the threshold. Louise, with her pale thin face so full of anguish, watched every motion of her dying mother, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, and stifled sobs shook her slender frame. Though but a child in years, sorrow had matured h

mind, and she had learned to think and feel with an acuteness and quickness that did not belong to such early girlhood. She understood in all its depth the grief that was coming upon her.

"Louise," said the faint voice near her, "do not weep so. God will take care of you. Tell your father I forgive him;" and Louise could hear no more, though the lips still moved. Then a slight struggle and a sigh, and the sufferer was silent. Louise leaned forward, but there was no motion; she placed her hand upon the heart but it was still; and with a wild cry she threw herself beside the dead and wept loud and bitterly. The boy sobbed too, to see his loved mother look so strange, still, and white; and the baby, full of wonder, crept softly and close to its silent mother, patted the thin, cold cheek, and with an entreating voice called "Mamma, mamma!" then sat quietly watching the flowing tears of the others. "Louise, what ails mother?" said George at last. "She has gone away to heaven. She will never speak to us any more, and the men will come and take her away and bury her in the ground, in the place where I showed you the graves." Oh, mother! don't go away and leave us," said George, with a fresh burst of grief. "Hush, child! she cannot hear you; she has gone, but she said, 'God would take care of us,'" said the weeping Louise. Thus sat the little mourners in the chamber of death, till the grey sky grew darker and the dim shades of the fast-fading twilight gathered about them. "Will father come home?" asked the boy as he drew closer to Louise, with a strange feeling of fear mixed with his grief. "Are you afraid to stay here, Georgey?" whispered the sister, as she cast another look at the pale, rigid face near her, and felt the awe and mystery of death. An undefinable fear crept over her, but she remembered the words those lips had breathed a little while before, and said sobbing again as if her heart would break, "We must not be afraid of mother." George hid his face in her lap, and the little one crept towards her with a plaintive moaning of hunger, but Louise had no bread to-night, nor did she know where to get any. "Let us go and find father," said she, rising and taking the baby in her arms. George clung closely to her, for the presence of death, so new to him, in the dark, lone garret, made his heart at heavy and quick with fear.

MY MOTHER IS NOT OLD.

My mother is not old, she went to heaven
In all the ripened beauty of her years;
No silver threads amid her brown hair shone,
Time had not ploughed her cheek by care or tears.

And yet my mother's eyes were often dimmed
By tears whose falling God alone beheld;
And life's hard portion she, like others, bore,
And oftentimes with sighs her bosom swelled.

Hers was the lot of earth, as good, as bad,
As in the middle walks of life is found;
But her elastic mind, her loving heart
Sprang up from sorrow with a quick rebound.

And on her fair young features, not a trace
Of age and all its chilling reign was set;
She scarce had touched the boundary of youth,
And strong and young is my dear mother yet.

For ever strong in her immortal prime,
She cannot stoop, nor fade, nor wrinkle now;
Celestial beauty, like a crown, is set
On her beloved, well-remembered brow.

Her voice of music will not lose its power;
We shall not see her sweet eyes slowly fade;
We shall not watch her failing steps go down
To the dark shades by yew and cypress made.

My mother is not old! how bright and fair
Her loved image shines upon my heart—
At peace—in glory—ransomed in her prime—
O happy thought! though it was hard to part.

"THE LOVE THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE."

STRANGERS and pilgrims, we pass through an enemy's country—a world which despite its natural loveliness, is full of sin and misery, and as we journey our hearts are often bowed beneath some overwhelming weight of sorrow, snares are spread on every hand for our unwary footsteps, bright visions of worldly pleasure dance ever and anon before our eyes, to lure us to stray in our onward course, and we are oftentimes well-nigh overcome with temptation; and we almost feel inclined to lay down the weapons of our warfare and yield, ignobly shrinking from the contest,

because it seems too much for our spirits to bear. But all at once comes an all-inspiring motive—the constraining love of Christ. Calvary and Gethsemane rise up before our view, and again we feel the power of that love—that great love which wrestled so earnestly for the redemption of sinful man; and anew we start on our way with fresh strength; we press along the hidden track, looking with the eye of faith up to Him who is ever watching us in our work for Him.

Moonlight was beaming on the ever wakeful sea, and grandly sounded the splashing of the tide upon the shore in the quiet stillness of the evening hour. The glittering stars were reflected like gems upon its glassy breast, the silence was unbroken save by the sound of the dashing wave or the voice of a fisherman returning from his day's labour. Watching the ebb and flow was a young man whose face wore a look of high and holy thought, as he gazed earnestly from the pier into the dark depths below. Only lately had Ernest Grey awaked to the reality of life; within a few months a wondrous change had come over him, altering his views, his aims, his desires. He was the son of many prayers; far away in his childhood's home, dear ones were praying earnestly that he might become a Christian—a father and mother mingled their prayers for an only son, and a sister knelt in earnest prayer for her only brother; and God heard and answered their prayers. Gradually the tone of his home-letters changed; at first only a few words told of the fresh hopes, until at length every line spoke of the new life begun in his heart, and deep, heartfelt prayers and thanksgivings ascended from that family altar. Now on this calm summer evening, as he stood near the sea, a struggle was going on in his mind; in his business life a temptation strong and powerful presented itself; only a small compromise of conscience and a great pecuniary advantage would accrue to himself; his position would be raised, and means of doing much good placed at his disposal. The temptation was strong, and many and varied were the thoughts which passed through his mind, conflicts between right and wrong—one single act of prevarication, and *that* hidden from his fellow-men—and the summit of his worldly hopes would be reached; a little sin, known only to himself and God, would bring to him a position he

had long wished to attain. It was a strong conflict, and at last he was on the point of yielding, but an unseen power was there, and suddenly a deeper love to Christ than he had ever known before crept over his spirit; the love of Christ constrained him, and firmly and at once he renounced the luring temptation, and knew and felt that all would be directed aright by that loving Saviour. Anew he consecrated time, talents, everything to Him who had done so much for him. No thought of mere earthly love could have saved him here but *that great love* which constrained the Saviour to leave His palace-home, to bear the burden of mortal life and suffer for sinful man, could at once change the springs of action and enable him to triumph over sin. Ernest Grey never forgot that night's lesson.

Mothers! are you teaching your children that sweet story of old? are you telling them of the boundless love of Christ? O if not, begin at once, and in some future day when your little ones have grown up into men and women, the remembrance of their mothers' teaching will come back to them, and they will bless you for leading them to the cross of Calvary. Oh, lead the little ones to Christ in their earliest days!

L. St. C.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

LITTLE JAMIE'S STEPMOTHER.—No. 2.

ONE day, Jamie's nurse washed his face and hands with great care and curled his bright silken hair very nicely; and soon after he heard a carriage drive up to the door, and though he felt sure it was his new mamma, he did not dare to go and look. A few minutes after he heard his papa coming up-stairs, and he ran trembling behind the bed. When the door opened he cried out that he would not go down to see his *ugly old mamma*! Papa was much surprised to hear Jamie say that, but he only said to the nurse, "What mischief have you been doing?" and then took Jamie in his arms and carried him down-stairs, and put him in the middle of the parlour floor. When the frightened boy looked round to see his terrible mamma, he saw a young lady with rosy cheeks and brown waving hair, smiling and holding out

her hand to him. This puzzled him very much, for he did not think she looked as if she would whip him for playing; and after staring at her for some time, he pointed to her and said to his father in a whisper, "Is *that* her? is that lady my mamma?" The lady overheard him, and smiling still more said, "Yes, Jamie, I am your mamma;" and the little boy ran and kissed her, and shouted, "You will not whip me, or take away my new coat, will you?" The lady took him on her lap and said she had never thought of such a thing. Jamie was very happy all that evening. His mamma told him about her little nephew, just as old as he was, and sang some pretty songs to him. When bed-time came he entreated her to put him to bed, and she went up to the nursery with him. He was climbing into the bed when his mamma stopped him, by saying, "Wait, Jamie, you have not said your prayers!" Jamie did not seem to know what she meant, for, I grieve to say, he had never been taught to pray. So she sat down and tried to explain why he ought to pray, and who it was he should pray to. He said a little prayer after her, and then she sang a little hymn for him to go to sleep by, and very soon he closed his bright blue eyes and was fast asleep. His mother sat by him, wondering that a little boy in this Christian land should be so ignorant of God, and while she watched his slumbers she tearfully prayed for more knowledge to teach him aright. Her husband came to find her, and wondered at the tears on her face, but did not question her. Little Jamie's mother was faithful, and she tried hard to give her little son a correct knowledge of the Heavenly Father. It seems very strange to you, perhaps, that Jamie's father had never taken any pains to talk to him about God and Jesus Christ, but he cared nothing about religion, and never prayed himself.

The first Sunday after Jamie's mother came it was such a stormy day that nobody left the house. The little boy asked his mamma to come and play ball with him; but she told him it was wrong to play on the Sabbath, and took him on her lap and told him the story of Daniel and the Lions' Den, and then taught him a little hymn. She read to him and told him Bible stories; and he thought when he went to bed that it was a great deal nicer than playing. The next Sunday morning his mother dressed to

go to God's house, and his father seeing her put her bonnet and cloak on, went and got ready and accompanied her. On the way home he said, "Alice, I have not been inside a place of worship for four years!" She looked up much astonished, and he continued, "but I will always go with you from this day." Jamie's heart was completely won by his sweet young mother, and he tried hard to be obedient and good. Sometimes it was a struggle with him whether or no he should give up to her, but her kind "Jamie, dear!" always dispelled his naughty feelings, and he would obey her. His father kept his promise at first for his wife's sake, but he soon became a pious man. Happy as little Jamie had been before his father had brought him a mamma, he had never been so happy as he was after she came and taught him to be a good boy. He has grown to be a great boy now, and has two sisters and a little brother, but none of them love their dear mother more than he does. He will never forget the night when he first prayed, and every night he asks God's blessing on his dear step-mother.

THE LITTLE FRENCH ORPHAN.

THE HISTORY OF LOUIS CAVENAL.

For some years there lived near us a Roman Catholic family, composed at the time our history commences of the husband and wife and four children. The father, a coalheaver by trade, was a sad drunkard, who spent all he earned. The mother, with more than ordinary courage, worked very hard to supply the wants of her young family. During the day she went out to work, and at night she washed and mended her children's clothes. Such was the depravity of her husband that when he had no money to satisfy his propensity for drink, he made no scruple of going to the houses where his wife worked and asking for the money she had so hardly earned, to use for the gratification of his vile passion, and if she ventured to remonstrate with him he would beat her violently. On one occasion he kicked her in the side so cruelly that a bad cough came on, and she began to pine away, and was obliged to remain at home. When her pain became unbearable she went to consult a medical man, hiding from him

the true cause of her illness; however, when he examined the seat of the disease he discovered at once what it was, and said he had no doubt it was her worthless husband had kicked her. She would not own it. Some four months after she died in great agony, the victim of the brutality of him who ought to have been her comfort and support. What is to become of the poor children now? The father each morning sent them into the street, and after locking the door, went to his work in the pit; he often never returned home until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. The four children might constantly be seen—the youngest, only a year old, in his sister's arms—crouched against some house or on some door-step. When they became very hungry they would rap at a door and ask for a piece of bread for their little brother. Having no clothing but dirty rags, they looked like little savages. In the countries where they have asylums for such children they would have been sheltered, but, alas! we have nothing of the sort in France.

For eighteen months there was no amelioration in the condition of these poor children. At last the grandmother on the father's side, hoping no doubt to gain some profit, consented to take the eldest girl, who was now about eleven or twelve years of age. The second went to an aunt; the third, our orphan, who was scarcely nine years old and very small for his age, was received by a cousin, who was no better than the child's father; the youngest also was sent to this woman, with the injunction to take care of him. One evening, just after my return home from a visit, about the time the lights began to appear in one window after another, I heard the voice of a child, who appeared to be in the greatest distress. I enquired of the servant what it was. "Oh, ma'am," she said, "you will hear that every evening, it is little Louis Cavenal, who has no home; he has been in the streets for a fortnight; the woman with whom he lived turned him out of doors under the pretence that he did not fulfil her commissions well. She said that instead of paying for meat she sent him to fetch he kept the money—a doubtful tale, although the child may be far from good." On enquiry I found that the woman had sent Louis back to his father with a parcel of clothes under his arm, that the latter had followed him with a stick,

threatening to kill him if he came near him : in his flight the child had let fall his parcel ; the father had seized upon it and sold it for drink. Thus again the child was cast upon the streets with nothing but the rags he had upon his body. Notwithstanding his condition, during the day there was no little boy more gay than he—he ran, jumped, played ball or top as joyously as others, without thinking of the trouble the evening would bring ; but as soon as night came on and his companions were gone to their homes, he uttered most lamentable cries. “My mother ! mother ! mother !” he cried bitterly, “where are you, mother ? Why don’t you come to look for me ? I am cold ! I am hungry ! O, mother, I am so frightened !”

CHECK NOT THE CHILDREN'S MIRTH.

CHECK not the children's mirth,
The merry laugh and song,
Their time upon our earth
May not be very long.

Check not the children's mirth !
So innocent, so free !
For He who gave them birth,
Wills they should happy be.

Check not their mirth, but let
The happy laugh resound ;
And, mothers, ne'er forget
To *bless God* for the sound.

Perchance in years to come,
'Their hearts will yearn to see
Their happy childhood's home,—
Long for these hours of glee.

How oft will memory turn
To childish hopes and fears,
When hearts with sorrow fill,
And eyes are dimmed with tears.

Oh ! guard with jealous care
Those lives which God has given ;
Thy daily, hourly prayer,
To meet them all in heaven.

AGATHA.

NIGHT was falling over the city, rendered desolate by the ravages of fever, and with many other noble spirits who went forth as ministering angels in that season of sorrow, Mary W—— sought to alleviate sufferings and point to the Saviour. She was approaching the outskirts of the city with a light step, and fearless as those are who feel around them in every danger the protecting arm of the Unseen and Eternal. At this moment a fearful cry of agony met her ear, issuing from amidst a group of cottages occupied by a poor but not abject class of people. It was the voice of a child, "Oh my mother! my mother!" it shrieked again and again. She hurried towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded, entered the open door and saw a child, apparently about eight years of age, stretched upon the floor in an agony of grief, and upon a low neat bed in the corner lay the form of a woman, from which life seemed to have that moment departed. She approached the bed, closed the still open eyes with a gentle hand, and then lifted the child from the floor. For a moment her screams were hushed as she gazed in wonder and amazement into the face of the stranger, and then, as she turned towards her mother's lifeless form, a fresh burst of grief resounded through the otherwise silent room. At the sound, several of the neighbours rushed in, and from them Mary learned that the father had died of the pestilence a week since, that the mother was convalescent from the same disease, and that her death must have been instantaneous, as she was seen talking with her little Agatha only a few minutes before.

Leaving the neighbours to perform the last duties to the dead, Mary withdrew with the child into another room, and with that love which her orphanhood and her sorrow inspired, she took her upon her knee, clasped her in her arms and laid her head upon her bosom. "Hush! hush, my child! do you not know that God has done this; and that God is good?" "Mother said so when dear father died," sobbed the child. "And do you not believe it?" "No, no!" she cried with frantic grief, "He can't be good *now*." "Why, my darling?" "Because He has taken away my mother too." "Perhaps you loved her too well?"

"How *could* I!" she exclaimed, throwing back her dishevelled hair and fixing her blue eyes earnestly, almost reproachfully, upon the questioner, "how *could* I love her too well?" "Perhaps you loved her better than God?" "So I did—better than anybody." "That was wrong." "Wrong to love my mother?" "Better than God—yes." "How could I help it?" "Did she not tell you that you must love God first?" "Yes; but I was with *her* every day, and slept in her arms every night. She said that she had nobody in the world to love but me. How could I help loving her?" "No, you could not help loving her, and so God has taken her up to His home; and now all your parents are in heaven—your earthly and heavenly—so that you will want to go there too; won't you?" "Yes, I want to go now." "But God is not ready for you; when He is ready He will send an angel to carry you there. But you must wait." "How long do you think I must wait?" "I cannot tell; but God knows best. You are willing to wait His time?" "If He will send for me soon," she said, sobbing. "And if it is not soon, you will wait patiently, and believe that He loves you?" "If He loved me would He take away my father and mother, and leave me all alone with nobody to take care of me?" "It is because He loves you that he wishes you to love Him better than earthly friends. But have you no relations?" "Not one. We came from England in a ship four weeks ago." "God will raise up friends for the little orphan if she trusts in Him. Perhaps He has sent *me*. Do you not think that God has sent me to be a friend to you?" "And will you be?" she said, with a touching pathos which brought the tears to my eyes; "will you take care of me?" "Yes, my child," and she pressed her closer to her heart, "God helping me, I will." She smoothed back the hair from the childish brow, and kissed her with a tearful tenderness. The child felt the moisture upon her cheek, and putting her arms about her neck looked up wonderingly into her face. "What makes you cry? You have not lost your mother?" Mary did not answer, but she dropped her head upon her bosom, and wept as she had not wept for years except in the solitude and silence of her lonely chamber. She buried her face in her handkerchief but her sobs could scarcely be repressed, for the little Agatha

touched a chord in her heart which vibrated through her whole being, calling up the memories of years gone by, memories of sorrow never to be forgotten, but blended with consolations proportioned to their bitterness. Once more she knelt beside her mother's death-bed to receive her parting benediction, and her injunctions to live henceforth to God, to give herself up to His service, and to go about doing good. Once more she received messages from those dying lips to an unworthy father, who, far distant in a European capital, absorbed in pleasure, forgot the wife who pined for his return; forgot his vows to love, honour, and cherish her; and forgot the child whose helplessness claimed a parent's protection. Memory had borne her back these many years, when the falling of the little head upon her shoulder reminded her of what was once her own position. Overcome by her sorrow, the little restless heart and heaving bosom yielded to the potency of sleep, and Agatha lay almost like a breathing corpse, while directions were given respecting her mother's funeral; every precaution taken against the danger of infection, and the little slumberer, in a carriage with her new friend, was borne away unconscious from the sad home which was to be hers no more. The sunrise of the next morning beheld the younger mourner in a new home, the adopted sister of one who, still young, presided over it with a wisdom which could only be the immediate gift of heaven. The years passed on, and the two orphans, desolate but not friendless, clung together through all the changes and chances of life, and felt even here the truth of that beatitude, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;" for they spent their lives in doing good.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

A SHIP was bound for Madras. There were some on board who were bent on serving the Lord, but there were others joined to their idols and determined to sin. Two ladies were among the former, and God gave them some work to do. Miss R—and Miss B— were strangers to each other, but they both knew Jesus; and after they found that they had feelings in common, they loved
1 wrought and prayed as one in Christ. Their piety was deep,

and their desire to glorify their God by bringing souls to Jesus was very great. They agreed to spend a certain time each day in searching the Scriptures, and in united prayer for their friends at home, their fellow passengers, the vessel's crew, as well as for themselves and the Redeemer's cause. They resolved to unite exertion with prayer, and to speak seriously and affectionately to those on board as they should have opportunity. It so happened they were both specially anxious for one of their fellow-passengers in particular, and they remembered him with more than ordinary fervour at a throne of grace, and watched for opportunities to converse with him. One day this reckless youth uttered a fearful imprecation in the hearing of one of the ladies, and she enclosed "The Swearer's Prayer Answered," in an envelope, and sent it to him with her compliments. Next time they met he acknowledged his sin, and said, "I have read the tract you were so kind as to send me, and I feel reprov'd by it." The other young lady came to her friend one morning, and said, "I have had some interesting conversation with the young man; at first he seemed quite impatient, but by-and-by he appeared quite interested while I urged upon him the necessity of earnestly and immediately seeking the salvation of his soul through the blood and righteousness of Christ. After a time he said, "Why, madam, you talk to me quite like my mother on this subject. She is a very religious woman, and I daresay I grieved her much by not following her example, and giving myself to Christ, as she called it; but I prefer the pleasures of the world to the gloom of religion, and I am determined to take my fill of them; so there is no use endeavouring to change my resolution." His mother! oh how deeply they felt for her! and even though he told them he had made up his mind to follow the world, they had greater hopes of his conversion than ever; they believed he would yet be brought to the fold of Christ, in answer to his mother's prayers and theirs. But it was really like hoping against hope, for the young man remained as careless and reckless as ever, and even when the ship struck on a rock, and the passengers were anticipating an instant death, and were praying, screaming, some almost frantic, he remained hardened and impenitent. Nor did their deliverance from their perilous situation make the leap

impression on his heart of adamant. He was resolved to brave the worst, and die unmoved. He left the vessel as hardened as ever, and bade them adieu with indifference pictured on his countenance; still they believed he would one day be brought back to the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Three months passed away after they had reached "India's coral strand," and a missionary called upon Miss B—. "A young man," said he, "to whom you gave a tract on board ship, who has been laid on a sick bed, wishes to see you." She made some enquiries about him, and the missionary told her his words were, "She has heard me blaspheme the name of Christ, and I now wish her to hear me confess His name and own Him as my Redeemer." Such tidings, you may be sure, "were good tidings" to the lady, and she accompanied the missionary. Her heart was full of gratitude, as with the deepest emotion the young man told the following interesting narrative:—"From my earliest infancy I enjoyed the benefits of a mother's fervent prayers and holy example. Two brothers and a sister have also of late been most anxious for my conversion. But I had long since shut my heart against the affectionate and godly counsels of my loving mother, and I have told her and my brothers and sister that they should not annoy me with their admonitions, for I was determined to hold by the world and not to be religious. The evening before we set sail from England my mother took me into her room and prayed earnestly for me, and asked the Lord to grant pardoning and converting grace to me, her first-born son. She also gave me a letter to Mr. —, the missionary, asking him to speak to me as often as he could about my soul's salvation. When I knew the purport of the letter I refused to take it, to my mother's great grief; and on leaving home I resolved never to be religious, but to give myself up to the pleasures of the world. On arriving here I joined myself to a set of very wicked young men, and we ran greedily in the ways of sin. I was laid upon a sick bed as the result of my reckless conduct; and it was there that my conscience awoke from its slumbers. I thought of opportunities slighted, mercy despised and rejected, and my daring defiance of God my Maker; and my mind was filled with remorse. I thought of my mother's early and solemn instructions and fer-

vent prayers ; and I could only relieve myself by pouring out a flood of tears over my base ingratitude. I tried to pray, but I could not. Again and again I repaired to the throne of grace, but I could not pray ; and I was concluding that there could be no mercy for me seeing I had so often, so daringly, and so long refused the beseeching of pious friends and the entreaties of the God of Love. For some days I was in great agony and darkness, and; unable any longer to bear the torment of soul I had, I at last resolved to seek out the very missionary to whom I refused to carry a letter from the best of mothers, and lay my case before him. I did so ; he prayed with me ; he pointed me to the Lamb of God ; he dwelt much upon the freeness of Christ, and His all-sufficiency to wash away even the crimson sins I had committed ; and after several interviews my mind became enlightened, my heart became filled with peace and holy joy, and I am now rejoicing in that love which has followed me throughout my sinful career and plucked me as a brand from the fire." How interesting and encouraging was this recital for one who had felt for the guilty, hardened youth so deeply, and had prayed for him so earnestly ! How faithfully God answers His people's prayers ! This young man's godly mother prayed for him without ceasing, and the Lord hearkened and heard. It is interesting to notice that the special interest these pious ladies took in her son as they sailed over the surging sea was itself an answer to prayer. How was it they did not become specially interested in some more likely object than the hardened youth who had determined to have nothing to do with religion ? Why here was the reason. His mother and a pious brother retired every day during the voyage to pray that the Lord would put it into the hearts of some on board to speak to him about Jesus and the great salvation, and to pray for him. What joy and gratitude filled the heart of this mother when she heard the good news from a far country that this her son was dead and is alive again ; was lost and is found. From this let us learn to pray always, and not to faint. Let us learn to set our hearts on hardened ones and continue in prayer until He who commanded "the light to shine out of darkness," shine into their hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. This

young man lived and walked with God, adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things for some time, and was instrumental in the hopeful conversion of one of his former companions in sin; but we have lately heard that he is now lost to earth, but found in heaven.

"WILL YOU MEET ME IN HEAVEN?"

It was a bright and beautiful day in the month of August; the summer sun poured down his genial rays upon the earth, and the perfume of flowers filled the air with fragrant sweetness. The fragile form of a little girl was stretched upon a bed of sickness—soon to become the bed of death. For many long months had she suffered, yet without murmuring. Friends had hoped that she would recover; but on that day the quivering lip and starting tear told that hope had fled. Her parents were about to change their residence; she had anticipated great joy in the journey, and desired very much to see the beautiful fields and gather the flowers that grew in them. But now she must give up all these bright hopes, she was told she must die! She called her only brother to her bed-side; he was a wayward boy of twelve years. She took his hand, and in a faint whisper said, "Brother, I shall soon die, but I do not fear death, because my Saviour has died. I have put my trust in Him, and though my body shall lie in the cold ground my spirit shall be with Him. In His bosom I shall be happy; I shall be free from suffering there. There I shall sing praises. Brother, will you meet me in heaven?" Gently as the summer's breeze she passed away, and now a plain white stone with the inscription of "S. M., aged ten years," tells where she lies.

Years rolled away, but wherever that brother went, those words "Will you meet me in heaven?" sounded in his ears until he has been brought like her to trust in the Saviour, and to hope that through Him he may at last meet her in her happy home above.

**"THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN
HEAVEN."**

"I SHALL never be happy again!" quivered the pale lips, "earth and sky are alike dark to me since they laid my only one in the dust." "Does religion, then, afford you no consolation?" asked the white-haired pastor, solemnly. "Does not the thought that you shall go to Him lift the veil from your spirit?" "No, no!—I know nothing, think of nothing, but that I have lost him—lost him! All is a dead blank; my heart is like a stone. O! I would give worlds to lose this awful weight." "And if I should say that this terrible weight may be cast off—this cold heart made warm again!" "O tell me how, for I am in despair!" she cried. "In one year, dear Madam," said the white-haired man, "my only son, grown to manhood, was drowned; my wife laid in her grave; my daughter taken from me by death, and my own health so prostrated that I could no longer minister in holy things to my people." "How sad!" said the young widow, clasping her hands while her eyes filled, "How did you—how could you bear it?" "By looking up to my Father, and saying, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.' Is the prayer new to you?" "O, no!" murmured the disconsolate one, her pale face bowed upon her hands, "I say it every day, but—*I have never felt it.*" The Sabbath came round and the young widow, for the first time since her husband's death, went to the house of God. On her way she met her pastor, and with a gentle but subdued smile, she said, "I can bear it now." A light beamed on his aged face: "Then you found His grace sufficient?" "Yes," she answered, "it was a struggle, but as soon as I felt it was *right* the load fell off." The white-haired pastor as he stood up to talk to the people took for his text the words, "Thy will be done."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

NELLY'S TEMPTATION AND PRAYER.

LITTLE Nelly was five years old. Her mother had taken great pains to instil into her mind principles of right and truth. One day she stood at the door of the dining-room, looking with great

earnestness at a basket of fine peaches which stood on the table. Nelly knew she should not touch them without leave, but the temptation was strong. Soon, her mother, who was watching her from another room, saw her bow her head and cover her face with her little hands. "What ails you, Nelly?" she said. The child started, not knowing she was watched. "Oh, mother!" she said, "I wanted so much to take one of the peaches; but *first*, I thought I would ask God if He had any objection." Dear little Nelly! what a path of integrity and honour will be yours through life, if in all your conduct you seek to know your heavenly Father's will, and do no action upon which you cannot seek His blessing.

BAD ADVICE.

"I would never speak to her again! I would be angry with her as long as I lived!" said one little girl to another under my window.

What poor advice! I thought. Somebody had hurt the other little girl some way—hurt her feelings or struck her, maybe. But would she take this advice and *be angry as long as she lived*? "No, Louie," she answered in a grieved tone, "I would not do so for anything. I shall 'forgive and forget' just as soon as I can."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. London: The Book Society, Paternoster Row.

The little edition now before us of this valuable book is unabridged, for the small sum of one penny. It is especially brought out in this cheap form that every Sunday scholar may possess a copy. We should think they will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity.

Merry and Wise. By OLD MERRY.—July. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This number contains a coloured frontispiece, as well as interesting, instructive, and amusing tales.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

OUR HOUSEHOLD MIRRORS.

WHEN our Saviour wished to rebuke the selfish ambition of His disciples, He took a little child and "set him in the midst of them." From that child they were taught a lesson of unselfishness and humility. So our Heavenly Father now sets little children in our houses to be *our teachers*, as well as to be taught themselves. No home is complete without child-music to enliven it, and little faces to light up its apartments. Never was there a cottage so humble or so meagre but that it could be made cheerful by the crow of infant gladness; and we have seen a magnificent mansion, that, with all its rosewood and velvet, its pictures and costliness, was yet sadly *empty*, for no crib stood in its sumptuous chambers, and no child-voice rang through its lofty halls. A house seems unfurnished until God in His kindness setteth a child in the midst of it. Bear in mind that the little immortals are placed there to teach us—their parents—as well as to be trained themselves. What lessons they impart to us!—what exhibitions they give us of our own faults. One of the first lessons they teach us is patience, a virtue that some of us are slow in acquiring. Who can teach it better than a helpless, dependent, and often wayward and exacting child? Every year is a year of added instruction. Is the little one slow and dull over his books?—Then be patient. If it is hard to get the truth into his mind, it will be harder to get it out. "Why do you tell that child the same thing a dozen times?" said the father of John Wesley to his persevering mother. "Because," replied the shrewd woman, "all the other eleven times will go for nothing unless I succeed at the twelfth." We do not know whether it requires more patience to get on with lively, quick-tempered children or with slower ones. Both require forbearance and careful handling. Both can drill us into patience. How patient God is with *our* wilful disobedience, ingratitude, and stubbornness. Should not *we* be long-suffering toward the little trespassers against parental law? Children are more than teachers of patience and forbearance. They are *household* mirrors to reflect our own faults; sometimes, too, our own graces. If we wish to see how ridiculous and hateful are our ebullitions of sudden passion, we have but to look at the anger-storms of our

little imitators at our own firesides. That sudden scowl was caught probably from our brows. That ill-natured retort was perhaps the echo of our own. That revengeful blow struck at a brother may be but the rehearsal of the last angry slap we gave the lad, more in revenge than in correction. Would you see your own faults? Look at your children; they are the plates on which father and mother are photographed. Sometimes the "family likeness" is frightful. Would you see how your own desecration of the Sabbath looks? See your eldest son lounging down late and ill-humoured to his tardy meal on Sunday morning, more keen for your Sunday newspaper than for a preparation for the house of God. He is only copying his father. Would you know how melodious is an oath? Listen to the young practitioner of your own profanity. When you lose temper at his spendthrift habits, remember who it was that taught him to prefer a fine coat to a fine character. Are your daughters extravagant? They but begin just where their fashion-worshipping mother leaves off, and they go commonly as much beyond her as she went beyond Christian prudence and economy. Do you get provoked at their tattle? Perhaps they caught a relish of scandal at their parents' table; perhaps they learned to coin falsehoods from your hypocrisy towards visitors, or from false messages sent through servants to the door. Childish deceit is often the mirror's reflection of parental cunning and dissimulation. Our vices are often made to glare back hideously from the countenance and conduct of those who sin our sins over again. When I have seen a godly pair, looking with grateful joy on the child of their love, as he came home with his prize from school, or as he confessed Christ before the world, then I saw the mirror of childhood giving back the beautiful reflection of parental piety and grace. To pious parental fidelity God gives the only wages that can satisfy the claims of love. He pays the heart's claim in the heart's own coin. What wages could repay Hannah's prayerful care like the sight of Samuel's after-career as Israel's upright judge? Moses, standing on the mount with God, was the "wages" of the poor Hebrew mother who cradled him in her basket of rushes. St. Augustine's mighty service for the Gospel was the best reward that God could give to his mother, Monica. When I have seen

a happy father and mother enjoying the home that filial love had provided for their old age, then I have seen how God rewards parental patience and fidelity. God rewards a mother's fidelity and a father's godly example with accumulating interest.

Alas! I have seen other "wages," too, paid dearly for by parental impiety or neglect of duty. Eli's sin was repaid in Eli's sorrow. I have seen a frivolous, prayerless mother, paid in the wages of a broken heart; and when to many a father's door a drunken son has been brought home from a Sabbath-breaking debauch, it was only the wages of his own sin which a just God was paying him. If we are faithful to the souls of our children—if we more earnestly desire to see them rich toward God than rich in gold—if we live out so lovely and consistent a religion that they may long to reflect it in their own lives—if we consecrate our children to God as well as ourselves—then we may truly expect to rejoice in the early conversion of our offspring to Jesus, and in an after-career of usefulness and honour.

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

"MOTHER, I want to get ready to go to heaven." So said a little black-eyed boy to a mother who loved him very dearly. She was startled at the remark, and for a moment looked at him fondly, thoughtfully, sadly. Well she knew he would be happier, safer in heaven; but there was an invisible tie which bound her heart to that child, and she felt that if anything should cut it, the sunshine would darken on her pathway ever afterwards. "What do you mean, my dear?" she answered, "of course we must all get ready for heaven." "Mother, I have been to the graveyard, and I saw that many of the graves were not so tall as I am, so I thought I should like to be ready." So answered the boy. Perhaps some of our young friends have never thought of this: will you come with me in fancy to the cemetery? A short ride will take us from the restless, noisy, busy, dying city, to the beautiful city of the dead, where the sleepers rest beneath the grass, the flowers, the trees, until God shall bid them come forth, and they will wake to sleep no more. As we wander about, how strange it seems to find so many little graves! In every little corner, fenced round and tended by affection, some tiny monument ris

to tell of a child gone to heaven. When we find the names of father and mother we are almost sure to see, also, the records of some youngling of their flock who went before them, and left them behind to weep and follow. We pass from hill to hill, from dale to dale, under the shelter of great trees and in the broad sunlight, but everywhere we find the little graves more numerous than the large ones. We come now to a place called "Twilight Dell." There is a corner here in which I love to linger. It has a neat iron fence round it. Within this enclosure are five little monuments erected to children belonging to the same family. Let us read them. The first is "Erected to the Memory of our Little Sarah, who departed this life at the age of three years and six months;" the second, "To Ellie, aged twelve years;" the third, "To our baby;" the fourth, "To Gerard S—, aged nine years;" and the fifth, "To Walter, aged one year and sixteen days." The name is not written in full on some of them, but the words "Our Little Sarah," and "Our baby" speak volumes to the parents, if they have any hearts.

We pass on, and now we come to a very large square lot. This is the public lot for children. It will contain an immense number, but it is almost full. Every day the little ones are brought there and put in their final home. The last time I was in this place I found a poor German woman sobbing over a newly-made grave, and on coming near to her, hoping that I might speak some word of comfort, I found she had some very coarse flowers which she brought to plant; but she could not do it, she held the flowers in her hand, and covered them with tears. I helped her to plant them. She told me that she had buried her three children in that grave in one week, and now she was alone. I tried to point her to Jesus, and told her she must think that He had taken them, and would do better for them than she could; that if she loved Him, He would keep them for her, and restore them to her by-and-by. Many of these little graves have no monuments, but all of them have monuments in another place, for whenever a child goes to heaven, in its father's and mother's heart a little gravestone arises, and the name of their child is written upon it. No one can obliterate it, no time can wear it away. It has been estimated that at least one-half of those born into the world die before they have reached

the age of five years. I never look at the little graves without thankful feelings that Christ so loves little children that He takes so many of them to live with Him and to dwell in His presence.

TOUCHING JESUS.

How many mothers there are who love not Jesus! Though afflicted with a worse disease than the woman who sought to touch the hem of His garment, they haste not, like her, to touch a loving Saviour, full of pity and compassion, waiting to administer the same balm of healing, and to speak the same words of comfort; "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole." Numbers besides her thronged around Jesus, but it was only she who sought to touch Him. Numbers now meet in the house of prayer, but 'tis only a *few* who really touch Jesus. Many mothers, of all classes, flock to hear about Him, yet only a few go with the *earnest wish* to touch the hem of His robe. Her merely touching Jesus would have prevailed nothing without her faith in the Saviour's power. Many try to touch Jesus without exercising faith, without believing, and thus their failure. A well-known writer says, "No one is saved who does not believe; but *faith* is the instrument and not the power that saves." Mother! have you touched Jesus? This is a serious question, and demands serious thought. If you have not, seek to do so without delay. How can you lead your dear children to Him if you have not found Him yourself? It matters not how great a sinner you have been; if you *truly repent* and seek Jesus, resolved to serve Him all the days of your life, He will receive you and make you whole.

"In God's sacred house of prayer
Who hath touched the Saviour there?
'Tis not all who bend the knee
Before His glorious majesty,
'Tis not all who their voices raise
Fraught with sounds of outward praise;
Nay, but Jesus, Thou canst see
'Mid the crowd *who toucheth* Thee!
He whose heart is raised above,
He whose prayer is winged by love—
Who, with humble contrite soul
Seeketh grace to make him whole—

These are they who *touch* the Lord,
These shall hear His gracious word :
Mercy He shall freely give,
Bid their trembling spirits live.

W. O.

THE LITTLE FRENCH ORPHAN.

THE HISTORY OF LOUIS CAVENAL.—No. 8.

By going to the baron and to some other members of the corporation, I obtained two more francs a month for the support of poor little Louis. For that, an honest family consented to take him on condition that he begged for the rest of his food. But it was impossible to persuade him to do this, every time it was mentioned he refused, preferring to suffer hunger rather than ask for a piece of bread. Two friends and myself then resolved to add something to the sum, and I sent for the maternal grandmother of Louis, who, notwithstanding her great age, was in service in a neighbouring village, and she promised to add a small amount monthly. By means of the joint sum we were able to procure a clean and comfortable home for the little orphan, but he had yet neither bed nor clothing. I procured a bed, and Miss B. and I made him some shirts and a blouse; the board of magistrates helped me to buy him some clothes, and, thanks to the good care of the woman who had charge of him, he was soon as clean as possible. In order that he might not be allowed to run the streets all the day, I tried to get him received gratuitously into the public school. In this I succeeded also. The master said to him one day, I have no doubt it was at the instigation of the priests, "Do you know that if you continue to go to the house of Protestants, you will go to hell?" "They teach me nothing bad," the child replied. Happily for him, things remained thus for some time. He was so small, so insignificant in the eyes of his fellows that they took no notice of him except to find fault with him. I own he was not free from the faults and vices of boys of his age. Urged by his master and by those who took care of him he went to the classes to prepare for what they called his "first communion." To counteract the false doctrines he there learned I made him repeat his catechism to me, and showed

him the errors by comparing it with the Bible, which I accustomed him to regard as the word of God. He said to me one day, looking to see what effect it would have upon me, "I shall be a Protestant." No, no, Louis," I said, "we do not wish such Protestants as that, you must first learn to love God and obey Him, and to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ!" For more than a year now he had regularly attended our morning worship, and in the evening he began his lessons by reading a chapter in the Bible, upon which I asked him questions suited to his capacity. He reads quickly and with intelligence, learns to write and cipher, and excels especially in the latter; he lacks no ability. He is now eleven years old, enjoys good health, but does not grow much. His hands are so small and feeble that we cannot think of sending him to the mines for a long time. However, it is to be feared that the public will soon be tired of aiding him and will try to send him to work in the mines, which is the only resource of the poor. In that case, if I can obtain the consent of the corporation and the relations of Louis to send him away to school, I shall try to make arrangements for doing so. This will probably cost a hundred and fifty or two hundred francs a year. We hope, with the help of friends, to raise this sum, so that the child may be trained to be an honest servant, a good artisan, or if God deigns to bless his studies and convert him he may be a teacher or an evangelist. This was the path we marked out for him, but the sequel brings to our mind the words of Solomon, "The heart of a man deviseth his steps, but the Lord directeth his way."

ALL CAN DO SOMETHING.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the mightiest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
When they launch the boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountains steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by.

You can chaunt in happy measure,
 As they slowly pass along,
 Though they may forget the singer
 They may not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
 Ever ready at command,
 If you cannot towards the needy
 Reach the ever open hand,
 You can visit the afflicted,
 O'er the erring you can weep,
 You can be a true disciple,
 Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict,
 Prove yourself a soldier true,
 If when fire and smoke are thickest
 There's no work for you to do :—
 When the battle-field is silent,
 You can go with gentle tread,
 And can bear away the wounded,
 Or can cover up the dead.

If you cannot in the harvest
 Garner in the richest sheaves ;
 Many a grain, both ripe and golden
 Oft the careless reaper leaves.
 You can glean among the briars
 Growing rank against the wall,
 And it may be that the shadows
 Hide the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not stand then idly waiting
 For some greater work to do
 For your Heavenly Father's glory,
 Ever earnest, ever true,
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Work in patience and in prayer,
 If you want a field of labour
 You can find it anywhere.

UNEQUALLY YOKED.

SOME time ago when I was visiting the invalid mother of one of my Sunday scholars, a Christian woman, she said, "Miss R—, I want you to call and see a sister of mine, who has just come home to my father and mother, we fear, to die, for she seems to be

in a decline. She is a widow, with three little children. You know that some years since we lived at L——? My sister was then a decided Christian; she taught in the Sabbath-school, and was very active in the Church. Unfortunately she formed an attachment for a young man above her station in life, certainly very respectably connected, but not a Christian. We remonstrated with her; it was all of no use—they were married. My sister soon lost all pleasure in religion, and no longer took any interest in the different works she had been engaged in. Her husband contracted gay habits, and became at last very dissipated; his health suffered in consequence, and he is now dead, leaving my sister with these three children, quite unprovided for, the youngest only a few months old, and the eldest about six years. Ellen has come home, as I said, in broken health, and without anything. She is trying to earn a little by working fancy collars; but of course that is only trifling help, and then my mother, as you know, is quite laid aside by rheumatism, unable to move; my poor [father] is overwhelmed with trouble." I was at the time feeling very much depressed, for we were, as a family, passing through severe trials, and I shrank from going to visit one so painfully circumstanced. I said to Mrs. C——, "But what good would my calling do? I am very sorry for your poor sister, but am afraid I could not assist her much." "Oh, you might be able to say something to comfort her, she is anxious to rest in Jesus as she once did; do go, dear Miss B——." I went, on leaving Mrs. C——, and found her sister, a young, interesting-looking person, sitting by the fire, wrapped in a large shawl. There was little doubt, judging from her appearance, that she was in a consumption; her two little girls were amusing themselves quietly beside their mother. I sat down by Mrs. N——, and explained why I had thus, as it were, intruded upon her; when I went away, after a short visit, she asked me to call again soon. The slight reserve felt at first, soon passed away, and it seemed a relief to Mrs. N—— to tell all her trouble to one she felt *was* her friend. I became much interested in her, and was glad to be able to dispose of many of the collars, &c., she made, amongst my friends, but her health failed so rapidly that she was soon unable to leave her room, and it was indeed painful to see both Mrs. N—— and her mother so entirely helpless.

But amidst all it was cheering to find that the young widow's affliction was being blessed to her; it was as if her Heavenly Father had brought her into the wilderness to speak comfortably to her. She regained her peace of mind, and rejoiced again in Jesus as her Saviour. It cost her much to give up her children, it was sad to leave them friendless, for her own family were unable to do anything for them, and her husband's friends were so annoyed at his having formed the connection that, beyond taking charge of the youngest child, they would not in any way assist. On the death of Mrs. N——, which took place a few months after my first visit, the little girls remained for a short time with their grandmother, and were then sent to the workhouse. My heart ached to think of their going, but there seemed no alternative. I went to see them; the matron told me she was struck with their evident superiority to the rest of the children, adding, "This is no place for them, ma'am," but they had no home. When old enough, suitable situations were provided for them, and when I last heard they were doing well, yet I have often thought if their mother had been satisfied to marry in her own station, and "*only in the Lord*," how different things might have been; how much anxiety and suffering she would have been spared. The Word of God is true, "They that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

KATH.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.—No. 2.

THE funeral was over, and Annie was alone in the world! a clinging, loving child, as far as human eye could see, ill-fitted to face a cold, unsympathizing world; a sensitive plant that should have been nurtured with tenderest care, and sheltered from every blast of unkindness, lest some rude storm should shiver it in pieces. But God, who seeth not as man seeth, had ordained it otherwise, He knew infinitely best, and this child of many prayers was His especial care—He had chosen her lot, and marked out the path in which her feet were to tread. Annie was now placed under the care of an uncle, her father's only brother; he thought he was very kind to the orphan girl, but a large family of his own claimed

his attention and support, so that it was little wonder that she found no sympathy with the deep yearnings of her nature. Two years passed, Annie was educated with her cousins, but when she had completed her fifteenth year it was thought advisable to place her in some house of business, and her natural taste fitting her for millinery, she became an inmate of the establishment of the Misses Walmar, Lynn House, as it was called. Very fresh in her mind was the memory of her mother, and very often the tears would come unbidden at the thought of the contrast her life might have presented if that mother had been spared to her. She never forgot the lessons learned in early childhood, and as she grew older, impressions deepened; she learned the instability and insufficiency of earthly joy, and in lowly trustfulness consecrated herself to the Saviour, and on her seventeenth birthday was united with His Church on earth. The aged pastor welcomed her with tears in his eyes, for he felt a peculiar interest in her welfare. Five years before he had stood by the death-bed of Mrs. Maitland and heard her last whispered prayer that her darling child might become a servant of Christ, and now he saw that child in the bloom of early womanhood giving herself to that blessed service, and a thankful song went up to that Great Father who had led her to Himself. On that memorable evening Annie seemed again to hear her mother's voice, it was almost as though she could see her smile of approbation at the solemn step she was taking, and she seemed to gain fresh courage and strength to battle with the innumerable difficulties which she knew would beset her in her onward course in the business of every-day life. Again, soft as angels' music, came floating on memory's tide the words quoted to her so long before, when as a child she stood on the threshold of life, the same trust-inspiring words that had cheered her mother's heart, "and that rock was Christ."

Earnestly Annie thanked God that at last she had found rest from the heat and toil of the day beneath the Shadow of the Rock; the Rock of Ages, proved and tried for so many generations and found to be immutably firm and enduring. She could not see the future, it was in mercy hidden from her view, but as she went forth, the earnest language of her heart was, "not by my own way, but in Thine, O Lord, lead me; only let me glorify Thee, and at

last join the family of the redeemed around the throne." Little did she think in what way God would answer her prayer.

* * * * *

Six months passed away, and in the workroom of Lynn House, about twelve girls, varying in age from fifteen to twenty-two, were engaged in millinery. It was evening, and the deep rays of the setting sun poured a flood of golden light in at the open window, tingeing the deep recesses of the room with a radiance which strangely contrasted with the troubled countenances around. One subject was evidently occupying the minds of all; some looked positively alarmed, all appeared troubled. At length the silence was broken by Emily Vaughan, one of the youngest, asking "Do you really think that it is true, Miss Maitland?" Annie glanced up, her face wore a different expression to most of the rest, slightly paler than usual, yet with a steady voice, she answered, "But too true I fear, dear Emily, I heard more than a week ago that the small-pox was making fearful progress in the neighbourhood, but until this morning I did not know it was so near as to be in the next house. But we may not take it; we must use all necessary precautions, and then leave ourselves in the guardian care of God; we know not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, how much more shall He take care of us, His children?" She paused, for all eyes were fixed on her, and from a distant corner a voice asked, "Are you not timid, Miss Maitland, dear?" A moment and then the answer came, "Yes, I am timid, dear, too much so, for I have always dreaded this disease so very much, but I am not afraid, though timid, for I know I shall not take this malady unless it is my Heavenly Father's will, and if He sees it best I know it will be all right, and I would strive earnestly for grace to say, 'Not my will but Thine be done.'" Silence ensued for some minutes; not a few envied Annie her childlike faith, and wished that like her they had no dread of death. Some were resolving to keep altogether away until contagion was over, and some were too frightened to be able to think. Among the first was Effie Gordon, a bright, fairy-like creature of seventeen, easily influenced, but, unfortunately for her sensitive, loving nature, an orphan. Annie felt a great interest in the beautiful girl, just growing up into life, sailing forth without a chart or compass, and

many were the means she tried to win her to Christ. In a measure she succeeded, for Effie was deeply attached to her, and seemed often as if the world were loosening its hold upon her. This evening she saw the reality of religion, she felt there must be something great in that faith which could give calm peace in the midst of pestilence and anxiety. The clock tolled forth the hour of eight, business was suspended, and the young people were free. In Miss Walmar's workroom "good-night" was said seriously, almost solemnly, and the girls separated. Annie gained the silence of her own room, and kneeled in earnest prayer before God; her spirits, which had been sustained before others, now utterly gave way, and, unable to articulate a word, tears came to her relief. She knew—what all the rest were ignorant of—that not only was the dreadful disease in the adjoining house, but in their own; the servant had been taken ill, medical advice had been procured, and the case pronounced to be small-pox of the most virulent kind. Nothing remained to be done but to remove the poor girl to a remote room, procure a nurse, and keep it as quiet as possible. Only Annie was taken into confidence, and her dread of it almost overpowered her faith; but it was only for a little while, better thoughts came and she grew calmer, until from the peace inscribed on her face none could ever have dreamed of the fierce conflict that had been raging within. She felt herself entirely in His hands who ever watcheth where His children be.

(To be continued.)

"GOOD-BYE, MOTHER, I'M GOING WHERE JESUS IS."

I READ these touching words carved on the simple head-stone of a child's grave. The name and date above told me that the little one had numbered but four years and a few months when he closed his eyes for his last long sleep. I stood a stranger in the graveyard of a far southern city, and all that concerned the inmate of this little violet-covered grave was of course unknown to me; yet with such power did this farewell appeal to me that I risked a question of one who stood near, and who seemed like myself disposed to quit for a while the busy world of life, and hold brief

communion with the dwellers in this "city of the silent." Yes, he could tell me of the child, for he had known him, and so had many others, and to their hearts his memory was beautiful and sacred, and the mention of his name still brought a tear to the eye and a kind word to the lip. He was the last treasure left to one from whom husband, children, and worldly goods had been swept in such quick succession, that the stricken child of God could scarcely in the brief intervals of exemption clear the tear-dimmed eye of faith sufficiently to recognize a Father's hand inflicting the sore and repeated chastisements. But this boy *was* left to the mother's heart, and as she looked upon the beauty of his face, the fine development of his little figure; as she noted evidences of mental capacity far beyond his years, and saw too that his loving heart turned to the true and good, she realized with deep thankfulness the sparing mercy of Him who doth not afflict willingly. "But *here*," and as he spoke he pointed to the little mound by which we stood, "here he lies," and then he told me how that child had lain for long, weary months, upon his bed of suffering; how consumption had done its slow, sure, wasting work upon his hardly more than infant frame; how the physician's skill had been set at nought, and prayers, tears, anxious watching and tender care had been powerless to stay the destroyer's hands. How at last the hope even in the mother's heart had grown dim and then gone out, and as each day she watched the little hand grow more slender and transparent, the wasted cheek burn with a brighter glow, and the large beautiful eyes gleam more gloriously in their brightness, she knew her boy was hastening to join the others in the better land. And then the last night came, the long watch of love was almost ended, and he who had borne so much and taught from that sick bed such lessons of patience, submission, and perfect trust in God, would in a little while pass through the mystery of death, and in the glorious after-life have done with all experience of suffering and disease. The kind friends who had so often ministered to the comfort of the child stood near his bed, and now stilled their very breath that they might not disturb what seemed the sleep of death. But the gentle eyes unclosed and looked full with their old tenderness upon his mother's face, the feeble arm encircled her neck, and

with the clear, steady voice of health, he said, "Good-bye, mother ; I'm going where Jesus is !" and then pressed his lips to hers for the *last kiss*.

THE CHILD'S WONDER.

" My mother, often when I think
Of what I am and do,
I wonder why I'm living here
With father dear and you.

" Of what use am I in the world ?
So small a child as I
Can nothing do but eat and sleep,
And play, and laugh, and cry."

" Why, Freddy, think again, my child ;
Who culls the daisies neat ?
The buttercups so yellow too,
Then runs with pattering feet

" To place within his mother's hands
The flowers she loves so well ?
My boy, such little loving acts,
Give joy tongue cannot tell.

" Who runs at twilight for a kiss,
When father's steps are heard ?
Who gets the slippers for his feet ?
And, ere he speaks a word,

" Draws to the fire his easy chair,
Then mounts the ready knee ;
And frolics until mother says,
'Tis time to come to tea ?'

" These acts of love shed light, my child,
Within our home of peace,
Their fragrance dissipates dull care,
Oh ! may they never cease.

" Oh ! may you thus a blessing be
Till Life's short day is past :
Then sweet in death your name shall live,
While mind and memory last."

E. S.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

LITTLE HUGH AND HIS MESSAGE TO HIS MAMMA IN HEAVEN.

No. 2.

LIKE a lovely flower smitten at its root, Hugh's mamma faded away ; and a few brief weeks afterwards she followed her soldier husband to an early and glorious immortality. Poor little Hugh ! one evening, on going as usual to his mamma's room, where he would sit until forced by his ayah to leave, how surprised and distressed he was to find that his mamma was so ill. "Look up, dear mamma," said the child, as he bent over the beautiful form, "look up, dear mamma, and see your own Hugh, come to kiss the pain all away." She opened her blue eyes, and a bright smile flitted across her face, which, however, faded away to one of sadness. "Come close, darling," she said, as she clasped her boy to her arms, "and be very quiet, and try not to cry. I was just going to send for my little son to tell him that mamma is going away to papa ; going away to be with Jesus in the happy home about which you and I have had so many talks." "Oh, mamma ! mamma !" began Hugh, tears rushing to his eyes as he threw his little arms convulsively round his mother's neck : "Oh, mamma ! mamma ! you go and leave Hugh all alone ?" "Not alone, darling," said his mamma, trying to be calm ; "and besides, Hugh, it is not mamma, it is God who is taking her away ; He wants her to go to Him, and she is quite ready, except——" and her voice quivered, "except for leaving Hugh and Mary. God is making me able for that too, and able to trust you both to Him." "Oh mamma ! let me go too ; I can never stay here without you and papa." "But *God wishes you to stay, darling,*" said his mother, "and I am sure you will be willing. You must take care of little Mary, and be sure to come and bring her with you. Ask Jesus to bring you both, and He will." Longer in this sacred scene we linger not. A small grave next to his papa's received the beloved form of his worshipped mother, yet as Hugh saw it put down into the dark place he knew quite well that she was not there ; but as he looked up to the bright blue sky with its fleecy clouds skimming across its

face, he pointed upwards and said to little Mary, "Mamma is yonder, and papa."

The two children were much beloved by the officers and ladies of their papa's regiment, and many a home was offered to them until tidings from England should come as to how they should proceed thither. Their mamma had written to her mother and friends at home arranging for the children to go there, and it was a great comfort to her to know how happily and carefully they would be brought up by her relatives. Soon Hugh and Mary were on their way, accompanied by their ayah, to England, sailing in the great ship. Every one on board loved these children, and all could tell from their frank and proper manners that they had been taught to do what was right. They had no mamma and papa to be always near them, but Hugh had never forgotten all his mamma had taught him, neither did he forget to pray every morning and evening to God that He would make him and Mary His own children, and wash away all their sins in the blood of Jesus, whom their mamma loved so much. He read his little Bible, and did everything he thought his mamma would have told him to do had she been with him. It was a touching sight to see these little orphans. They were always dressed in white; and as they ran about the ship and played sometimes with other children, and at other times talked to the ladies and officers, the hearts of all turned towards them. Very often after Hugh had seen Mary engaged with a little companion playing, or left her safe with their faithful Venkiah, he would seat himself in a quiet corner of the vessel, and there, with his large blue eyes gazing up to the sky, he would sit absorbed, inattentive to all around him. Thoughts of his papa and mamma filled his young heart, and his little pocket-handkerchief was often lifted to his eyes. A certain listlessness of expression would often settle on his face, but the sight of Mary always aroused him. As the breezes played with refreshing coolness, and the kind passengers vied with each other in their attention to the children, Hugh's eyes gradually grew brighter, and the sad shades on his young face wore away. He seemed to have mastered his former inability to control his grief, and to have within him a strong motive for remembering his mother's words. One thing, however, seemed to oppress him, and

that was a "longing," as he said, that "his mamma should know how hard he was trying to remember all she had said to him, and how much happier he was in being able to do more heartily what she had wished him to do."

**"HER CHILDREN SHALL RISE UP AND CALL
HER BLESSED."**

MOTHERS! you are doubtless desirous that this may be your experience, and we trust you are training your children in the right way for that blessed reward. Teach your little ones to say "Our Father," &c., and prove to them that He is indeed their Father, and not only teach them to pray, but pray with them, for if "mother does it," the little ones will follow her example. You will some day reap the fruit of the seeds you early sow, though the harvest be long delayed it will surely come. Sometimes, as in the following case, it arrives in a few years. A short time since, the grave was opened for one over whose head twelve summers had scarcely passed. His father became an inhabitant of a better clime while his son was yet a babe, and therefore his religious teaching devolved entirely upon his mother. Once he looked strong, but that insidious disease so incidental to this changeable climate fixed on his young form, and day by day that bright red spot upon his sunken cheek grew brighter, and it was evident to all he would not long be here. His dear mother knew what these signs meant, and prayed he might have but little pain. How overjoyed was her heart when she found that her darling boy dearly loved Jesus; how those young eyes sparkled as she told him of those joys that never fade, of that hope that never dies! She felt that the seed she had sown had sprung up fortyfold. As he grew weaker the pain increased, and he continually prayed, "Lord Jesus Christ, come soon and take me home." To his friends he was often saying, "Meet me in heaven, for I shall soon be there." As he drew nearer to death it was sweet to hear him talk of heaven and pray. After wishing all his friends farewell he suddenly started up and exclaimed, "Father, Arthur (his brother), I come!" and with a sweet smile he fell asleep. Though that mother sorrows over

her darling's grave, it is not as one without hope, for she knows that she will meet her dear ones again never more to part. Mothers! pray with your children, lead them in the way of life; if you see not the fruit of the seed you sow on earth, you will see it in a better clime—a land where there shall be many a glorious meeting between mother and child, where parting is unknown.

E. J. L.

WHAT WILL THE ANGELS THINK?

“MAMMA, don't it worry the angels so see you fretting so?” It was blue-eyed, curly-headed little George who said this to his mother as she entered the room where he was playing, with the same impatient step and anxious frowning eye which all that morning he had observed in wonder and silence. “Why, George? What put that thought in your head?” the mother asked, taken by surprise. “O! mother, I think it just happened in there as I was thinking what a beautiful morning it was, and how everything seemed to be smiling except you, Mamma, and you looked so troubled: was it naughty for me to say it?” “Not at all my dear, I was the naughty one; but do you know why I was feeling so fretful and troubled this morning?” “Yes, I heard you say that uncle and aunt and two ladies were coming in the noon train, and that your wood was gone, and there was no rice at the shop, and Hannah had gone off besides. I suppose, as Pa says sometimes, you are in a ‘peck of trouble.’” “Why, George, I did think I was, but since you come to name it over and specify the causes of my trouble, they seem rather small after all.” “Well, that's what I thought, only I did not know that I ought to say so. But it seems that such things must look so little to them—the angels I mean, Mamma, if they could see our actions, and as if it must worry them to see us so unhappy about trifles.” “They are indeed trifles, darling, the very least of trifles, and a woman like me ought to be ashamed to make myself miserable the whole forenoon for them, turning the brightness of this glorious spring morning into clouds and gloom. Now, George, have I scolded myself enough?” “Well, I should think you had, Mamma. Your forehead does not scold as it did. But I wish I could help you. I can stone the raisins and wash the potatoes, and flour the tins

for you to bake ; and what else can I do? Something, I think," and George rolled up his sleeves and went to work with a good will. George's mother, too ; the change that had come over her countenance was but the reflection of the brightened spirit within ; and though she might not regard the idea of "angels worrying" in precisely the same light as her sensitive little boy, it lifted her thoughts above household vexations.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE BABY WALKS! THE BABY WALKS!

Joy fills the house ; the baby stands

Alone upon her feet.

With quivering lip she lifts her little hands,
And wonderingly doth gaze into her mother's face ;
Thus timidly she starts upon life's fitful race.

How many hopes, how many fears,

How many smiles, how many tears

Hang o'er her dangerous path through coming years!

Almighty God, to Thee the child is given,

Guide home her weary steps at last to heaven.

SUBMISSION.

As the sick child takes obediently from his father's hand the bitter draught on the assurance that it is to do him good, so from our Heavenly Father's hand should we learn to accept thankfully the bitter as well as the sweet, knowing and trusting that under the divine and gracious influence of God, all must be well.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Two Dreams. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

An interesting little tract, containing a brief history of one who sank very deep in sin, but was ultimately led to Christ.

Outward Adorning. London: Partridge, Paternoster Row.

Practical hints for professing Christians.

Merry and Wise. By OLD MERRY. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Old Merry continues to cater well for his young friends. Many a dull winter evening will doubtless be enlivened with his mirth and wisdom.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

“ We take no note of time
But from its loss ; to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.”

TIME, ever rolling time, writes the fadeless impress of decay everywhere, and upon everything we behold in this beautiful world of ours—it is still a beautiful world, though sin has marred much of its moral loveliness. By the goodness and forbearance of our Heavenly Father, we are permitted to enter upon the last month of another year. Eighteen hundred and sixty-five will soon be numbered with the things which have passed away for ever. We are almost a year's march nearer home. There is nothing of earthly beauty or of earthly grandeur that can bid defiance to the storms of time ; nor anything too sacred or holy to elude the destruction of its fatal blast.

“ I saw him grasp the oak,
It fell ; the tower, it crumbled ; and the stone,
The sculptured monument that marked the grave,
Of fallen greatness, ceased its pompous strain
As time came by.”

Death is never idle, but is always at work among the rational and irrational. How sweet and beautiful the flowers that deck our gardens and meadows, but they bloom, fade, die ! How rich and lovely the foliage which clothes our forests and affords shelter to multitudes of God's creatures, but the unfriendly blasts of autumn sever the thousands of little leaves from their parent stem, and cause the green-clad earth to “ lay her glory by,” till the time shall again come for the reproduction of flowers, plants, and herbs upon the face of nature ! Change and decay are unfadingly impressed upon things earthly. The eye lingers not upon an object, however beautiful and lovely now, but that the breath of time shall one day mar and efface. Time does more. It invades a holier sanctuary, and introduces man to a happier or darker clime beyond the grave.

“ Roses bloom and then they wither,
Cheeks are bright and then they die ;
Shades of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by.

Quick as clouds at even driven,
O'er the many-coloured west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest."

How often has the youth—a beautiful flower in the domestic garden—been suddenly snatched away by the unfeeling hand of death, after having been tenderly and affectionately nursed and trained by a fond mother's hand! But nature shall be revived—the grass, the flowers, and the leaves shall come again.

"Reviving flowers anew shall paint the plain.

The woods shall hear the voice of spring and flourish green again."

"But man dieth and giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" He is gone never to return. We are hastening after those who have passed through the valley before us, and are "looking back for us to come." If it be wise to consider our latter end, then it becomes us to seek that wisdom at all times, but especially at the present season.

Parents! what think you of this period? Is it not a time for serious and penitent reflection? What has been your past conduct? What will probably be your future portion? Mothers! how have you acted towards your children in the past? You were very anxious about their personal appearance, but their spiritual and eternal happiness perhaps had no place in your thoughts. It may be that you dressed them in a very extravagant and unbecoming manner, and thus instilled into their young minds in childhood the love of dress, which too often proves in after years the ruin of the young. It may be that your concern has been for the body entirely, in the past, while the imperishable soul has been quite forgotten; they have been permitted to grow up without religious care or culture. Perhaps some of you have children who are gone forth into the world destitute of all pious sentiments and feelings to restrain their evil passions and propensities, destitute of that knowledge which is essential to present peace and comfort and future and eternal felicity. They are now gone from under your control, but your responsibility to God for their early training remains; you must meet them at the bar of God, when He will require an account of your stewardship, and what then? Let this question sink

deep into your hearts, so as to lead you to prostrate yourselves at the throne of Jehovah, seeking mercy for yourselves and for them.

Mothers! you whose children are young and teachable, who are learning every day from you, set a good example before them, instruct and train them in the ways of God. Tell them about Christ and His message to our world as soon as their tender minds begin to open, and they are capable of receiving such instructions. Retire with them daily into your chamber, and pray with them and for them, present them to God at the throne of His grace in the morning of their days. However anxious the fathers may feel about the souls of their children, they have not the opportunities you have of imparting to them religious instruction. It may be that they go forth to their labour in the morning when the children are sleeping, and find them in bed when they return in the evening, but you are with them all the day. If you then neglect to instruct them in those things while pertain to their spiritual and eternal well-being, and they grow up ignorant of themselves and God, and go forth into the world destitute of the grace of God, and exposed to every allurements of the world and temptation of Satan—what will they do? No marvel should they fall into sin, and plunge you and themselves into misery and shame. Instruct your dear children then, while you may, in the great and glorious truths of the Gospel, and beseech God to bless those truths to their conversion, and then you may hope to meet them at the right hand of God, to part no more for ever.

"DAILY WORRIES."

I LATELY met with a little book entitled "Daily Worries." I am not going to quote the excellent hints and comforting words contained in it, but merely to give a few thoughts which were suggested to my mind by the title. Perhaps no class of persons understand better than mothers the meaning of "daily worries." How often on rising in the morning after a disturbed night, feeling so unequal to the cares and duties of the day, your spirits sink,

and you feel as though you could hardly get through at all ; but it does not do to encourage such thoughts. I hope I am addressing some who are really the children of God ; you will remember His promise of help in time of need. "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." You will go and tell Jesus all, and leave your room cheered and refreshed by His presence—feeling that you have His sympathy and help to lean upon. One mother with whom we are acquainted has often gone thus in her weakness to the throne of grace, and has always found that God does indeed give power to the faint. Her eight children, seven of them boys, are now almost all grown up. I am tempted to give an extract from a letter she wrote to a friend ; she says, referring to their annual family gathering at Christmas,—“ I am looking forward to the return of my dear children, whom I hope to have clustered around me in about five weeks. We have excellent reports from all, and toil and anxieties are lessened as we reflect how good the Lord is to us. Dear H—— has become decided. E—— writes me, ‘ I can indeed say, “ O happy day that fixed my choice, on thee, my Saviour and my God ! ” I feel my sins are all forgiven, and that I am not afraid to die.’ Thus I may say that seven out of my eight have given their hearts to God, and my youngest pet, W——, loves the right way, I believe.” Perhaps this little extract may encourage some anxious mothers, who amidst much to discourage are seeking to bring up their children for God. Now is the sowing time, but if the seed be sown carefully with earnest prayer the harvest shall be a time of rejoicing. When I see the deep affection and respect, almost reverence, the family I have referred to show towards their parents, I think they must indeed feel repaid for all their care and anxiety ; and I think, too, that others should take courage and seek to train up their little ones in the way they should go.

KATE.

SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

Oh ! I have been running a gallant career,
 On a courser that needeth no bridle nor goad ;
 But he'll soon change his rider, and leave the Old Year,
 Lying low on the dust of Eternity's road,

Very wide has my track been, and rapid my haste ;
 But whoever takes heed of my journey will find
 That in marble-built city and camel-trod waste,
 I have left a fair set of bold waymarks behind.
 I have choked up the earth with the sturdy elm board ;
 I have chaquered the air with the banners of strife ;
 Quite fresh are the tombstones I've scattered abroad,
 And bright are the young eyes I've opened to life.
 My race is nigh o'er on Time's iron-grey steed,
 Yet he'll still gallop on as he gallops with me ;
 And you'll see that his mane will be flying again,
 Ere you've buried me under the green holly-tree.

If I've added gray threads to the worldly-wise heads,
 I have deepened the chestnut of Infancy's curl ;
 If I've cherished the germ of the shipwrecking worm,
 I have quickened the growth of the crown-studding pearl ;
 If I've lengthened the yew till it brushes the pall,
 I have bid the sweet shoots of the orange-bloom swell ;
 If I've thickened the moss on the ruin's dark wall,
 I have strengthened the love bower tendrils as well.
 Then speak of me fairly, and give the Old Year
 A light-hearted parting in kindness and glee,
 Chant a roundelay over my laurel-decked bier,
 And bury me under the green holly-tree.

Ye have murmured of late at my gloom-laden hours,
 And looked on my pale, wrinkled face with a frown ;
 But ye laughed when I spangled your pathway with flowers,
 And flung the red clover and yellow corn down.
 Ye shrink from my breathing and say that I bite,
 So I do, but forget not how friendly we were
 When I fanned your warm cheek in the soft summer night,
 And just toyed with the rose in the merry girl's hair.
 Just a word in your ear from the passing Old Year,
 'Tis the last time he'll teach ye, " Be merry and wise ;"
 Lift your heart and your voice as my wailing tones sink,
 Let my last breath bear upward your thanks to the skies.
 Then sing while I'm sighing my latest farewell :
 The log-lighted ingle my death-pyre shall be ;
 Then sing while I am dying, blend carol and bell,
 And bury me under the green holly-tree.

THE LITTLE FRENCH ORPHAN.

THE HISTORY OF LOUIS CAVENAL.—No. 4.

"The heart of a man deviseth his steps, but the Lord directeth his way." It was with this text I ended my last paper, and you will see the truth of these words very clearly when you know all the

difficulties we have had to surmount to carry out the plan we proposed. I told you that Louis attended the religious instruction of the clergyman; he one day threatened not to receive him at the Communion if he continued to frequent our house. "That shall be as you like, monsieur," he replied. This was another motive for the priest not to repulse him, but from that moment he had his eye upon him. Some days after, the woman where he lived was loaded with reproaches by her landlord, and threatened to be turned out of her house if she continued to allow the child to go among the Protestants. Notwithstanding this, Louis continued to come to take his lessons, and to be present at our morning worship, which did not hinder him from being admitted to the communion of the Romish Church. Soon after this, some of the money which had been allowed for him was withdrawn, on the plea that he ought now to support himself. As I had always been anxious to educate him and to separate him from the bad companions by whom he was surrounded, I now thought seriously of sending him quite away, and without much difficulty I was fortunate enough to obtain the promise of the admission of my *protégé* into the Protestant refuge at Bruxelles. Accordingly, one Sunday afternoon, I went to his father, who gave me at once in writing and duly signed, his permission to send Louis where I thought best. Louis' grandmother was present, and either from the pleasure she felt or from spite, she went to tell one of her daughters, who at once informed the priest. He hastened to the house of François Cavenal, the father of Louis, and knowing well that he would gain nothing by a threat, he promised him a complete suit of clothing and employment for his son if he would withdraw his authority from us, and the poor drunkard soon retracted. The same evening, accompanied by this wicked priest and a member of the corporation, he went to the house of the person who took charge of Louis to oblige her at once to give up his son. She opposed them very strongly, holding the child by the arm, and addressing herself to his father, she reproached him as he deserved, adding, "If my husband were here he would drive you out with the tongs." (It should be remembered that this couple were Catholics.) Louis cried and clung to the wall, but he was violently dragged out of doors, and taken to his father's house.

There they made all sorts of promises. The priest undertook to procure him work, and he was to have his meals at his house. The next day, instead of accepting the invitation of the priest, the child came as usual to our morning worship; not knowing where to go, he prepared to pass the morning at our house, when about ten o'clock a bailiff came, sent by the priest, and brought the written retraction of the father, ordering us to give up the child; this man excused himself as well as he could for having such a mission to fulfil. We told him we had no intention of keeping the child by force, and that he could take him away. I went to the kitchen, where Louis was crouching on the ground, to tell him to follow the bailiff, when I encountered his cries and lamentations, and an obstinate refusal to obey. My husband came in, and by our united persuasion we at last succeeded in deciding him to go. Louis was taken to the house of the priest, where he began again to cry more than ever. He was offered something to eat and drink, but all in vain; and as he made a great noise, the priest said to him, "If you will come with me to the cellar I will give you some wine;" and the cries of the child being increased by this, he said, "Stay, I will go and fetch you a nice book." As he went out Louis wanted to escape, but the door was shut. Then he cried so much that the priest deemed it prudent to open the door.

"CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN."

It was a dreary December afternoon. The wind howled mournfully through the leafless trees, and even seemed to penetrate the walls of Mrs. Wilson's cottage, snug and warm as it was. On a couch drawn close to the fire in the comfortable parlour lay a little girl about eleven years old. There was a bright scarlet flush on her thin cheek, her small figure was wasted almost to a shadow, and her short, hard breathing was every now and then interrupted by a dry, hacking cough. Mrs. Wilson sat anxiously watching the little sufferer. She was a widow, and Lilly her only child. Presently the blue eyes unclosed, and her name was faintly articulated. "Yes, my love, I am here; you have had a nice sleep." "Yes, mamma, and such a happy dream, and now I

feel so glad myself. Do you know I heard Dr. Seymour tell you I was worse this morning, and that I should never be well any more?" "But he may be wrong," replied Mrs. Wilson, eagerly, "he said so, and I am sure your cough is better." "I do not think it is, mamma, and I feel very weak, as though my strength would soon be quite gone. How long is it to Christmas Day?" "A fortnight to-day, my darling." "I do not think I shall live as long as that, dear mamma, and if I die I shall keep Christmas with the Lord Jesus and the holy angels this year, for I am sure God will take me to heaven for His sake." And, clasping her thin hands, she repeated;—

"In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Christmas Day came bright and clear, but little Lilly's happy spirit had fled. Dear young friends, if you were called to die very soon, can you feel, like her, that your Christmas would be spent in Heaven?

H. T. H.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.—No. 3.

A SLIGHT tap at the door and Effie Morton entered, looking very unlike herself, usually she was so bright, for large tears stood in her eyes as she seated herself on a footstool by Annie and tremblingly said as she hid her face in her lap, "I was obliged to come, Miss Maitland, dear; I stayed in the dining-room until I grew so dreadfully nervous that I was frightened at myself, and I knew I should find you here, but I half expected you would be afraid to-night, for, Annie, I am certain Mary either has or is going to have this sad disease." "Why do you think so, dear?" was the quiet question. Effie looked up, she saw in Annie's face no sign of trouble there, she replied, "Dr. Taylor has been here more than half an hour since business, and some strange woman is sitting about upstairs. Annie, I believe you know all about it—is it so? Is Mary ill? O what shall we do?" and Effie burst into an agony of tears. "Trust in God, dear Effie, our duty is quite

clear, we have not rashly gone into danger, it has come to us, and all that remains for us to do is to trust the love of our Father in heaven." "Then it is true, and you did know it, Annie? and you to be so quietly calm while all the rest were so terrified! I would give worlds for your calmness, your self-possession; what is it makes you so, Annie? tell me the secret." Annie answered by laying her hand on the open Bible which rested on the table, and in a subdued clear voice, read aloud the 91st Psalm. It was scarcely light enough to see, but well were those words of comfort inscribed on her memory, and as the last rays of the now hidden sun shone a farewell into the window, they revealed a face uplifted with a peace, even a joy, not born of earth. In silent wonder, Effie sat gazing up at Annie, her warm impulsive spirit soothed and calmed by those words of holy writ; as they ceased, Annie said as she fondly stroked the sunny curls, "How can I doubt, Effie, when I know a loving hand is over-ruling all for good? and then I have these precious promises to console and comfort me. Oh! Effie dear, if you only knew what strength it gives to be united to Christ by a living faith, strength to bear almost anything; it is so sweet, so inexpressibly sweet to know that whatever comes it will be all right, sickness or health, life or death." "But, Annie, you do not seem to think of taking this disease, and I think it most likely some of us will; are you not a bit afraid, Annie?" she added enquiringly. "But we shall not take it unless it is our Father's will; dear, do you know those lines in one of Ryland's hymns?"

"Plagues and death around me fly,
"Till He bids I cannot die,
Not a single shaft can hit
"Till the God of love sees fit."

We are really as safe, dear Effie, as if it were miles from us unless God sees it best that we should be stricken by it." For some time they sat looking out in silence, each one thinking. Annie's thoughts had gone back to the old days of childhood, and as she recalled them, intuitively her thoughts turned to the happy home where father and mother were both dwelling. She looked up at the sky, it was gloriously beautiful, and in fancy she seemed almost to see the portals of the celestial city, and earth seemed

so insignificant, so infinitely little, the more she mused on the glory of the Father's house where the many mansions be. A slight sob recalled her, and passing her arm round Effie's fragile form and looking at her, she perceived she had been weeping bitterly. "What is it, dear?" she asked tenderly. The only answer was a fresh sob and flood of tears; until soothed into comparative quietness, she said, "O Miss Maitland, I have been thinking what if God should take you away from me, if you should take this infection and die?" Annie shuddered visibly, and a deadly paleness overspread her face as a vision of herself stricken by this dire disease presented itself to her mind, as she thought of herself dying without a mother's hand to smooth her pillow—an orphan and alone in the world, and burying her face in her hands it was some minutes ere she could command her voice sufficiently to speak. But during the short silence that ensued, broken only by Effie's sobs, better thoughts came, she remembered the words quoted so long ago by her now sainted mother, "And that rock was Christ!" She felt she could not fear, for her hope was built upon that rock, and the floods might come, the billows roll, even the waves of the river of death might flow over her, but nothing could remove her from that everlasting foundation; and raising herself she said so calmly that she was astonished at herself, "If it should be so, my dear Effie, it will not be so very dreadful, I shall only go a little sooner to my home where you, dear, must come and join me. O Effie, this may be the last time, for ought we know, that we shall ever have a talk together; we cannot tell what may happen; promise me that you will seek Christ; never rest until you have given yourself to Him my earnest prayer for you is that you may be His own dear child. Effie, dear, let us pray together!" And in the twilight they knelt and the evening shadows fell on two young heads bowed in prayer. Earnestly Annie prayed, a strength not her own seemed to be given to her. Effie never forgot that hour; ever after it seemed to stand forth as the first link of a new life—a life more lonely than heretofore, but brightened with the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Wearied with the excitement of the evening, Effie soon fell asleep, but hour after hour passed and Annie lay awake, not only

was she worn and tired, but she really felt ill, and a strange presentiment came over her and so strongly took possession of her mind, that she rose and placed on the table a list of articles from her pocket that would she knew be required the following morning, for she felt she would not be able to rise for business.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

LITTLE HUGH AND HIS MESSAGE TO HIS MAMMA IN HEAVEN.

No. 8.

"HUGH," said Lady Gray, one beautiful afternoon as she sat down beside the little boy, who for the last hour had been gazing up at the azure sky; "Hugh, darling, what do you think of when you look up into that beautiful blue sky?" Lady Gray was Hugh's favourite lady on board ship, partly because of a real or fancied resemblance to his mother, and partly because the way she spoke to him reminded him so much of that beloved parent. "Think of, Lady Gray?" said the child, as if surprised at the question, "of mamma, and Jesus, and heaven." "Sweet thoughts, dear boy," said his friend, much touched. "How happy mamma must be with Jesus in heaven!" "Yes, ah yes, and yet," said Hugh slowly and hesitatingly, "I think she would be so much happier if she knew that her own Hugh was trying to do all she had told him—trying to keep near to Jesus, and to do everything for little Mary." Lady Gray smiled, but Hugh did not observe it. "And I have been thinking," he continued, "as I have looked at these beautiful white clouds in the sky, how I could tell her—how I could send mamma a message." "Dear Hugh," said the lady as she noticed the flushed cheek and the anxious look on the little boy's face, "I am sure mamma is perfectly happy. You know there is no sorrow in heaven." "But," said Hugh, "I know she would be so glad to hear that Mary and I love Jesus more, even since she went away, and that we tell Him everything, and He helps us and takes care of us, and that He will take us home altogether some day, some happy, happy day!" he added almost convulsively. At this moment, Sir Harry Gray came hastily to his wife and said, earnestly, "Bella, Mrs. Parker is very ill; she cannot survive many hours, the doctor says." "Indeed! she must"

have got rapidly worse within the last hour since I was with her, I will go to her. Poor thing! it is sad indeed;" and hastily kissing Hugh, Lady Gray went down to the dying sufferer's cabin. Young Mrs. Parker, who had come on board exceedingly ill, had been little seen by any of her fellow passengers. Yet there was much sincere interest felt by all for her. Her husband was unable to accompany her home, and alone with her ayah she set out for England. She had received much attention from some of the ladies, and chiefly from Lady Gray; and now their kind offices seemed on the eve of being dispensed with, for she had but a short time to live. Hugh had been very much interested about her, and now sat very quietly looking out upon the sea. Suddenly, he jumped up and bounded to Sir Harry Gray, saying "Is Mrs. Parker going to heaven, Sir Harry?" The baronet looked surprised, but answered, "Yes, O yes, to be sure." "O then take me to her; do, Sir Harry; I must see her!" he added more quietly, trying to keep calm. "I do not think it would do to disturb her, my dear Hugh," began Sir Harry; but yielding at last to the earnest pleadings of the boy, he went for his wife. She seemed to enter into the child's feelings, although she said nothing, but having assured her husband that it would do Mrs. Parker no harm to see Hugh, she returned to the sick cabin accompanied by the boy. He had scarcely got in there when, fixing his large eyes upon the dying lady, he said, "Are you going to heaven, Mrs. Parker?" "Yes," she replied, looking tenderly on the child, "I am going there; Jesus is taking me in His arms." "O then, will you take a kiss to my dear mamma? and tell her, tell her," said the little fellow, "that I am trying to do all she told me about loving Jesus and taking care of little Mary. Will you take my message?" he added. "O how I have wished to get it sent, and have prayed to God to give me some way, and He has answered my prayer." And, as if overpowered by this very unexpected way of getting all his longings, and day-dreams, and prayers answered, little Hugh burst into tears. "Mamma will be so glad to get my message!" he said, a smile gleaming through the tears. It seemed all he wanted to complete his peace, and henceforth clouds seldom rested on his young face; and, young friends, his peace and happiness increased as his simple trust in

Jesus grew ; and to Him, his mother's Saviour, he clung, and from Him nothing could separate him. As he grew older and wiser and began to think more about things, he sometimes wondered whether or not his message did really reach his dear mamma, sent by the dying lady. Although he could not help hoping that it did, he now felt sure that she was quite happy, yet he also believed that when he and Mary entered heaven she would be a great deal happier, and till then he determined, God helping him, to try and live upon earth as Christ's child, and live for Him here with whom he hopes to live throughout an endless eternity. One result of this message of little Hugh's I must tell my young friends before I close. Two young officers who were standing near Sir Harry on board the great ship when Hugh asked him "if Mrs. Parker were going to heaven," overhead the question. Simple as it was it made a deep and lasting impression on their minds. The possibility of the reverse—the awful consequences of the reverse—pressed upon their minds, and the question went home to each of their hearts, individually, "Shall *I* be going to heaven when *I* come to die ? " It ended in their soul's conversion and entire dedication to the service and love of the Lord Jesus Christ.

C.

LONG-REMEMBERED LESSONS.

THE following little incidents may serve as an encouragement to mothers who desire to store the minds of young children with spiritual songs and hymns. We are often told that the aged *remember* best what they learned when quite young.. An old lady, upwards of eighty years of age, said to her daughter, "when I cannot sleep I repeat the catechism I learned when a child, question and answer." She only made one mistake. She will also repeat long pieces of poetry she learned more than seventy years ago.

Another instance is of an old lady more than ninety years of age, and almost blind. Her daughter, who is engaged in teaching, said to her one day, "Mother, is the time long and wearisome to you ? " "No, my child, no ; when Elizabeth (her attendant) is away I amuse myself by repeating hymns *I learned when a child*. *I can say all Watts's,*" alluding to his songs for children.

STANZAS FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

O God of our fathers, to Thee,
 Our grateful ascriptions we raise;
 Thou art and Thou wast and shalt be,
 Eternal "Great Ancient of days."
 Thy throne is established above,
 'Midst realms of ineffable light;
 Suns, seasons, and systems revolve,
 Sustained by this wisdom and might.

Thy power is controlling the spheres,
 Where saints robed in majesty dwell;
 Thy love is enlightening our years;
 Thy goodness what mortal can tell?
 Fresh born from the womb of old Time,
 New visions of mercy we trace;
 A vista, bright, glorious, sublime,
 Is lit by the beams of Thy grace.

Our kindred, how many are gone,
 To join the crown'd harpers above!
 Pure victors, they stand round Thy throne;
 Pour forth the sweet anthems of love.
 Now ended their sorrows and sighs.
 Their tears are all wiped away;
 No storms of temptation arise;
 Their pleasures can never decay.

Thy militant church has to mourn
 The loss of the pious and brave,
 Whose counsels were treated with scorn;
 Their enterprise mortals to save.
 They lived for Thy glory on earth;
 They laboured that others may live.
 Oh! help us to walk in their path,
 That we their reward may receive.

Our moments are flitting away,
 Our friends are departing around;
 Man lives— but it is to decay,
 And start at the grasshopper's sound,
 The dark day of death is at hand;
 The trials of time will soon cease,
 Oh! bring us to that better land
 Of sunshine, enjoyment, and peace.

O God! we adore Thee for all
 Thy mercies, so sovereign, and free;
 Whatever on earth may befall,
 Oh! help us to lean upon Thee,

When Life's final struggle is o'er,
 The pulses have ceased to play;
 Oh! land us on that happy shore,
 To live through an infinite day.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A HINT FOR PARENTS.

SPEAK to a child in a calm, clear, positive voice, and he will be sure to obey you, if you speak once, and only once.

EXAMPLE.

THE best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrance and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning.

PLEASE all men in the truth, but wound not the truth to please any.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Come Home, Mother. By NELSIE BROOK. London; Partridge & Co. Paternoster Row.

A touching little tale, specially suitable for mothers. The name of its author is a sufficient guarantee of its interest.

Procrastinating Mary. By Mrs. WALLER. London: Partridge, & Co., Paternoster Row.

A useful lesson taught in an interesting way.

The Butterfly's Gospel and Other Stories. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARGARET HOWITT. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

An admirable Christmas present for the young. It is elegantly got up, and contains interesting and instructive matter.

Maude's Visit to Sandybeach. By Mrs. WALLER. London: Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row.

Another nice little volume for our young friends. The tale is very pleasing and well told. It is calculated to instil some good principles into the mind.

A Woman's Secret. Woman's Work. London: Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard.

These little books may well be classed together. They deserve a place in every cottage home. Many a mother will find them to be treasures.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

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THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND.



"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED."

(NINETEENTH VOLUME.)

VOLUME VII.—NEW SERIES. ,

London:
JACKSON, WALFORD, & HODDER, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1866.

PREFACE

TO THE

SEVENTH VOLUME

NEW SERIES

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PREFACE

TO THE

SEVENTH VOLUME.

NEW SERIES.

THE wheels of time are rolling rapidly onward; the days are shortening, the leaves are fallen, the trees are unrobed of their beautiful garments of many colours, and the birds are left shelterless to meet the storms and colds of winter. These things tell us that the year is hastening to a close. Wisdom dictates that we should review the past with sentiments of grateful remembrance for sparing mercy and sustaining love. Many of our fellow-travellers have fallen by our side, while our lives have been graciously prolonged to continue our labours. "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" still lives, and finds its way into many a home, imparting instruction, we hope, to mothers, and encouraging them to persevere in their labours and prayers on behalf of those they love. We know of many instances of good resulting from it which cheer our hearts and incite us to greater effort, and more than compensate for past labour. We earnestly solicit all the professed friends of Christ to aid us in our attempts to impart instruction to parents and children. They can help us

both by contributing to its pages and by seeking to increase its circulation, as it is now comparatively little known. To mothers, tract distributors, and Sabbath-school teachers we say come and help us, that we may be co-workers in the vineyard of the Lord, and may the Divine blessing rest upon our efforts, and render them instrumental in extending the Redeemer's kingdom.

December, 1866.

"WORK WHILE IT IS DAY."

We are permitted to see the commencement of another year; we are spared, while many of our friends and relatives have been taken from earth. It may be that they still take an interest in our proceedings, and note our actions. Who shall say that the inhabitants of heaven are ignorant of the things which are now transpiring around us? Angels are not unmindful of the penitent sigh which emanates from the contrite heart. We are expressly told by the Great Teacher that the conversion of a sinner gives new impulse to angelic joy: may we not, then, justly infer that the redeemed in heaven feel equally interested in the success of redemption, and the triumphs of the Cross? Seeing then, that we are encompassed by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us now, at the commencement of this year, start afresh in the great and glorious work assigned us by our Heavenly Master, and become imitators of Him who said, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day." Time is short! let us fear lest the night come upon us before the work of the day is done, for then it must remain for ever undone. To-day's work must not be put off till to-morrow. We are, as it were, daily writing our own history, which will be read in eternity. We commence a fresh page every morning. Let us be careful not to write anything that we shall be ashamed to have read at the last day. A review of much that we have written makes us sad. On one page we find duties neglected; on another, mercies despised; or favourable opportunities for promoting the happiness of our families, the spiritual good of our fellow-men, and the glory of our Saviour, lost through indolence. Our conscience reproaches us, and we resolve to be more diligent in future; but, alas! we fail to keep this resolution, and thus more deeply grieve our souls.

How many parents have thus acted, and have had cause bitterly to regret their non-fulfilment of duty! A minister calling one day at the house of a friend, found him and his wife in deep sorrow and distress, occasioned by the sudden death of their only child. The minister of course endeavoured to console them in their affliction. In reply to his comforting remarks, the mother

said, "Oh! sir, what you say may lighten my sorrows for the loss of my beloved child, but it cannot blunt the stings of my conscience, which are as poisoned arrows in my heart. It was only last week I was thinking, 'my precious boy is now just twelve years old, his mind is rapidly expanding, and I am quite sure that he thinks and feels more than lads of his age generally do, but I have criminally neglected up to the present moment to enter into close conversation with him, to ascertain what was the state of his mind, and to direct his young heart to God.' I frequently resolved to embrace the first opportunity to discharge my duty as a Christian mother, and to relieve my conscience from the burden which pressed so heavily upon it, but I put it off from day to day, saying, 'I will do it to-morrow.' I at length resolved to speak that very night; night came, but it was too late, the child was taken very ill." The poor mother, not anticipating anything very serious, and hoping that the affliction would soon pass away, felt rather pleased than otherwise that it had come, because she thought that it would dispose him to listen more attentively to what she had to say; but the fever increased so rapidly that she was compelled to put him to bed immediately, and as he felt inclined to doze, she left him to rest. From that time he became insensible, and therefore she could have no conversation with him; he was gone beyond a mother's instructions, and his spirit quickly passed into another world. The mother felt awfully anxious respecting the salvation of her precious boy, exclaiming with bitterness, "Had it not been for my own sin, I might have been consoling myself with the satisfaction that I had discharged the duties of a Christian mother, and cherishing the delightful anticipation of meeting my child before the throne of God, and now I shall never have the opportunity of speaking to my child again!" Oh! sad delusion, putting off till to-morrow the work of to-day! It may be that many mothers are equally guilty, with the mother just referred to, of putting off those duties which claim their first attention every day. Dear friends! delay not for another day to speak to your children of those things which are inseparably connected with their spiritual and eternal interests, fearing lest they should be suddenly seized with some direful disease which would render them unconscious,

and thus unfit them for any religious instruction or conversation. Embrace the present moment, it may be the last—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Teach them diligently God's truth, direct them daily to the Cross of Christ for pardon and acceptance through His blood, and present them to God in earnest and fervent prayer, who has graciously promised to answer your petitions. Then come what may you will have the pleasure of feeling that you have prayerfully done your duty to the tender ones committed to your care.

NELLIE'S NEW YEAR.

THE last hour of the Old Year was passing away! A pale woman, the inhabitant of a poor cottage, was sitting at her work. An open Bible rested upon the table by her side, and casting her eyes upon it, she read aloud this beautiful verse—"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." She had not removed her eyes from the page when her attention was attracted by hearing a childish voice exclaim, "Mother, were you reading?" "Yes, my dear; did I disturb you?" "No, mother; but your voice sounded so sweetly. Do read some more; I love to hear you." "I will presently, my child." Mrs. Greyson proceeded to fold up her work, and having done so, she crossed the room to where the old-fashioned timepiece stood, and remarked, as if to herself, "'Tis almost twelve o'clock. Am I nearer heaven than I was a year ago? God grant that it may be so!" Upon a low couch in the corner of the apartment a little girl was reclining. Her bright eyes and dark hair were a striking contrast to the pallid hue of her face; while her emaciated frame and listless position were the sure evidence of disease. Again she addressed her parent. Each word was uttered distinctly, yet so slowly as to indicate that she exerted herself to speak. "Mother, has the Old Year gone?" "Not yet, my daughter, but he will soon breathe his last." "Then come and read to me quickly, I will be in heaven when the new one comes." "Nellie, would you leave your lonely mother?" "To make a home in heaven!" she replied, in a thrilling tone.

"You would not have me stay here, when I could be so much happier there, would you, mother?" she added, in a pleading tone, her face expressing all the spirit felt. "No, no, my darling child; but it would be so hard to give you up! Who would love me? Who would be my friend were I bereft of you?" "God will love you when I am gone, and He will be your friend. Put your trust in Him, and He will keep you." "Are you not afraid to die, my child?" "No, mother; 'the Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.' But read to me quickly, I must begin the New Year in His own house." Mrs. Greyson seated herself on the side of her child's dying bed. Reopening her Bible, she read, in trembling accents, the sixty-seventh Psalm. As the concluding verse fell upon the ear of the child, she murmured "Amen!" and closed her eyes as if in slumber. A moment passed—the striking of the clock aroused her. Throwing her arms upward, raising her eyes, to which the light and purity of eternal life had been given, she exclaimed, in a low, thrilling tone, "The Old Year is gone! The New one finds me at home—in heaven!" Falling back upon her pillow as the last words escaped her lips, her spirit breathed its last, and the realms of bliss contained an angel more.

GOD'S CARE OVER THE MOTHERLESS.

A HAPPY HOME! What sweet words, and what pleasant recollections do they recall to some of us of years gone by; we love to dwell on the past, on the many bright days of childhood. Not long ago, when staying at one of our beautiful English watering-places, we were struck by the very neat appearance of the servants, who we found were sisters. Their dress showed they had lost some near relative, and when I learned it was their mother, my interest in them was increased. It was very evident they had been carefully trained, though they were still young. I felt anxious to hear something of their mother, and one day, when Ellen, the elder of the two, happened to come into the room when my friends were out, I made some enquiries respecting the mother. "Is it long since you lost her?" I asked. "Seven

months, ma'am," Ellen answered. "Was she long ill?" "Yes, a long time. It was consumption, and often she was so feeble that she could not leave her room, but when she could come down stairs, we were all so delighted; the little ones, my sisters, would run and climb on her knees, or bring stools that they might sit close to her, and she used to speak so sweetly to us about Jesus. Oh! I shall never forget!" and the poor girl's eyes filled with tears. "Then she was anxious you should learn to love the Saviour, Ellen?" "Oh! yes, ma'am." I spoke to her of Christ's love to her, and had some further conversation with her. I asked who took care of her younger sisters, and attended to her father, who I found had caused his poor wife much anxiety. Ellen said, "My eldest sister left a very good situation to come home to nurse mother, and she promised to stay to try to fill mother's place. She makes all so comfortable for my father, and often when she sees him preparing to go to the public-house at night, she will begin to talk about something that interests him, and he will forget all about going out—no one has such influence over my father as she has." As Ellen left the room, I thought what an unspeakable blessing it was to have had such a mother, and how she must have felt repaid for all her care and anxiety to see her children growing up so promising. She is at rest, but her memory is still and I trust ever will be precious to them. God has raised up kind friends for her children, who are seeking to train them as she would have them trained. I hope they may meet, an unbroken family, in our Father's house above. I remember other instances of God's care over motherless ones, but I must mention them another time.

TO MY MOTHER,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A new year comes, my mother,
 Its opening hours I sing;
 And faith and hope are busy
 To guess what joys 'twill bring.

It seems to fancy's vision
 An angel's form to wear,
 And thousand nameless blessings
 On its white wings to bear.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.

One sad thought comes, my mother,
Now while I think of thee,
Perchance this is my last song
Under this roof to be.

My trembling feet must wander
From this beloved spot,
And scenes that long have known me
Will seem to know me not.

Why does the love of childhood,
And riper girlish years,
Fill all my heart this moment,
And dim my eyes with tears?

E'en when I leave thee, mother,
Oh ! call me still thy own ;
Let me not miss the blessing
That lingers in thy tone.

Though duty parts our pathway
And newer ties are mine,
No earthly love, my mother,
Must part my heart from thine.

And when the path grows rugged
And faith can scarcely see ;
When friends forget their mantle
Of heavenly charity,

How will my weary spirit
Long once again to rest
Where faults are all forgiven,
Upon my mother's breast.

Heaven send thee, dearest mother,
Upon this New Year's Day,
The blessings I would wish thee—
And more I cannot say.

MINNIE.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.

How very often do we find men and women ascribing their conversion to the prayers of holy mothers. A pious mother will, doubtless, "give herself to prayer;" and the love she bears to her child, sanctified by Divine grace, will prompt her "without ceasing to make mention of it in her prayers night and day." While her child is a mere infant she can employ no other means for its spiritual good; and the very thought that this is all she can do will make her the more fervent and frequent in her

supplications. But her prayers for her children will be prolonged beyond the period of their infancy ; she will continue to pray for them as they grow up, and not cease till death remove her from them, or take them away from her. She will rejoice to strive, together with her godly husband, " in prayers to God for them ; " or, if her husband is a stranger to godliness, or if she is a widow, she will be yet more earnestly desirous after their spiritual welfare in her daily supplications. She will pray not only *for* but *with* her children ; she will " let them see her speaking to her God," and hear how anxiously and ardently she " seeks their good " at the throne of grace. " Nothing," says a son, " used to impress upon my mind so strongly the reality and excellence of religion as my mother's counsels and prayers. Very frequently she retired with her children to a private room, and, after she had read the Bible with us, and given us some good instruction and advice, knelt down with us and offered a prayer, which, for earnestness and fervour, I have seldom known equalled. These seasons were always pleasant to us, and sometimes we looked forward to them with impatience. My mother seemed to me almost an angel ; her language, her manner, the very expression of her countenance indicating great nearness to the throne of grace. I could not have shown levity at such times. It would have been impossible. I felt then that it was a great blessing to have a praying mother, and I have felt it more sensibly since. Those counsels and prayers time will never efface from my memory. They form, as it were, a part of my very constitution."

Now, by thus praying for her children, a pious mother may effect great things in their behalf. The thought that she is daily wrestling with God for the salvation of their souls may excite them to earnestness in seeking salvation themselves ; and salutary impressions, deep and lasting, are still more likely to be produced, when by praying with them she makes them witnesses of her solicitude. One mother, who has now gone to rest, was accustomed to take her children with her into her chamber whenever an hour from the busy day could be found. There she would read a Bible story to them ; then she would question, and converse, and explain, till the mind had caught the truths contained in it, and the conscience had felt it. She kneeled then

by the chair, and the children knelt with her; she prayed with them, and taught them to repeat as their own requests to an unseen God, the petitions short and simple which she uttered. So years passed on, and those children cannot forget even now the power of those seasons. She respected her engagement with her Saviour, to train up her children for Him. She spoke of it, and urged it, and lived in it, and had such confidence in Him that He would answer her petitions, that her words were carved in the slab over her grave—"My covenant-keeping God." The influence of a mother's prayers cannot be over-rated. Sailors on the sea, soldiers in the field, prisoners in the penitentiaries, and even maniacs in the asylums, are invulnerable to their remembrance. Some years ago, a mother with eight children, five of them under the age of fourteen, was left to trust the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless. She called them around her regularly, and led them in *family worship*; and often, in the dead of night, her low voice was calling on her Heavenly Father to have mercy upon them. Before the youngest had reached the age of twenty-one, all, except one son, had hope in Christ. That son early in life left the family circle to learn a trade; but when about twenty-one he had serious impressions; the sound of his mother's voice at night, when he slept in the chamber with her, came back to his mind and reached his heart. He, too, found peace in Christ, and has long been a useful labourer in His vineyard. It was the practice of the pious mother of the late John Angell James to take her children one by one into her closet with her, and there supplicate God's blessing upon their progress in after life. Deep impressions were made upon the mind of her son; and, though the new associations to which he was introduced when he left his father's house to become an apprentice to a draper, had the effect of deadening these impressions, so that for a time he neglected the reading of his Bible, disregarded the Sabbath, and never called upon God, yet, ere long they were revived, and he was arrested in his downward course by seeing a new apprentice who had come, kneeling down at night by his bedside to pray. While a mother's prayers may thus benefit her children by their own influence upon them, they derive a still higher importance

from the consideration of the efficacy of prayer in obtaining blessings from God.

"My mother's voice ! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours !
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly ;
But in the still, unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by ;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee."

THE LITTLE FRENCH ORPHAN.

THE HISTORY OF LOUIS CAVENAL.—No. 5.

THE same afternoon after Louis' release from the priest's he presented himself at our house again. Tired out by the difficulties and obstacles thrown in my way, I called the servant and told her to take the child to the house of the priest, and ask him what he intended to do with him. "No, no !" cried Louis, "leave me here, I will sleep in the court here upon the stones, hide me in your stable. Pray leave me here." We were immovable, and made Louis set out with the maid. Finding no one at the priest's house, she soon brought him away again. Then I sent him to his father's ; there they found the priest, who would hear no explanation from our servant, and pushed her from the door, repeatedly saying, "Go, go away ; it does not concern you." The next day I wrote a letter to the priest. For many weeks we saw no more of Louis ; they had at last procured him work,—picking stones from the coals just drawn from the pits ; and he went every day to the house of the priest, where they gave him nothing to eat, but a glass or two of beer. This lasted only eight days ; then, whether Louis would not work or whether work was scarce I know not, but his father, after beating him, turned him again out of doors, saying that he would do nothing more for him. The poor unhappy child was again without a shelter, wandering here and there, for some weeks eating what people gave him, sleeping about in barns,

hay-lofts, and stables, enduring hunger and thirst, and all sorts of privations. One evening, pressed no doubt by want, we saw him coming, thin, dirty, and all in rags. After some explanations I told him that we could do nothing more for him, while his father prevented us from sending him to Bruxelles; if, however, he would again give us his consent, we might be able to try again. The next day one of his aunts came to offer to procure for us the writing we wished, which was done in a few days. In the interval, and while we were preparing his little wardrobe, Louis came to see us every day. At last all was ready for his departure, and a good way of sending him having presented itself, we started him one morning, alone, and without any display, just beyond the village, having sent his parcel on before to the house of a person in whom we had confidence, where the friend waited who was to take him to Bruxelles, to this refuge, where for a small remuneration, our little orphan will have shelter, food, clothing, and instruction. His persecutors took no further steps in the matter. Every time that I have been to see him I have had the pleasure of hearing him praised for his docility, his application, and his progress. I have never had any complaint of him, and by the letter which he writes occasionally, we can judge of his advancement in writing. We have good reason to hope too that he has religious impressions. In the month of June, having occasion to go to see him, and wishing to give him a little recreation as a reward for his good conduct, I asked Mr. A., the master of the refuge, to allow him to go away with me; the child appeared very anxious to see Dour again, where he had not been since his first entrance into the refuge. Mr. A. said that as the holidays were in September he would prefer waiting until then to give Louis the pleasure. This idea seemed too just for me to oppose it, and the child acceded to Mr. A.'s wish with a very good grace. The master took me into the school-room and showed me Louis' copy-books, and he asked him many questions in my presence, to all of which he replied in a very satisfactory manner. He is one of the first in arithmetic, knows orthography well, and has made good progress in German.

When the holidays commenced I wrote to ask leave for Louis

to come. I soon received a favourable answer, with a letter from Louis telling me the day and hour of his arrival at the station at Boussu. However, his arrival at Dour was accompanied with many tears, for he found that his uncle, with whom he had lodged, had been killed by an explosion in the mine; his aunt received him, nevertheless, as well as her present circumstances would permit. Louis is now sixteen years of age; he is small for his age, but is exceedingly well-behaved. We could wish him to be a little less reserved, for he almost always contents himself by answering briefly questions which are put to him. More inclined to sadness than to gaiety, he appears to suffer at the sight of family joys such as he has never known. He likes reading and study, and would willingly spend the greater part of each day in taking lessons if we had more time to devote to him. My husband has been much pleased with the answers he has given to questions put to him connected with religion. Attacked by his relatives upon his supposed apostacy, he replied with firmness, "I have chosen that which appears to me right." Although he has given me no other proof of a Christian life, he appears to be a staunch Protestant. The day came when mass was to be said for the repose of the soul of his uncle. Pressed to go, he refused at first energetically, but his aunt insisted upon it, and he was obliged to submit and go to this mass, as he frankly admitted the next day, when he came as usual to our domestic worship. As much as possible he kept away from all connexion with the Catholics, and spent nearly all his time at our house. From the first week of his sojourn here he appeared anxious to return to the refuge and to his studies, promising himself the pleasure of purchasing books with the little money which had been given to him. He set out again for Bruxelles with my son, who went to spend some days there. If the Lord would open now a door to send him into some school or Christian family in Germany, it would be very useful to perfect him in that language. I have already made some attempts, but not having succeeded we propose leaving him another year at Bruxelles, under the care of the new master of the refuge, who appears to be a true Christian. Let us hope and pray that he may become not only a firm Protestant, but a sincere and faithful Christian.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

IT was the last evening of the year. Mrs. Leslie and her two children were sitting before the fire; the children had been talking gaily of the New Year and its pleasures, their expected ride to their grandfather's, six miles distant, and the usual dinner party there, including the merry meeting with their numerous cousins. Then there were anxious conjectures in regard to New Year's presents. Ellen thought that they could not expect any, because they had so many at Christmas. Edward said he thought so too, but he did not know but that they *might* have some, just *because* they did not expect any. And then he glanced roguishly at his mother's face; but the sad look which he saw upon it changed his whole demeanour. "Dear Mother," he whispered, as he put his arms around her neck, "I know what you are thinking about,—our little Charlie was with us last year." Ellen laid her head upon her mother's knee, and burst into tears, the more bitter, because in her hopes and pleasures she had for the moment forgotten their common sorrow, which the mother could never forget, and it seemed to the child's affectionate heart like a neglect of both the departed child and the sorrowing mother.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Leslie, "we must not give way to such feelings. It was natural on looking back on the past year that the thought of our dear Charlie should be very vivid, but it should not interfere with our enjoyment or thankfulness." "But it seems to make everything gloomy," said Edward; "last year he was with us, so sweet and happy, and we all loved him so dearly. I do not enjoy anything now as I used to when he was with us." "And then," said Ellen, "I think how suddenly he died, and how hard it was to lay his beautiful face in the cold ground. I cannot bear to think of it. It makes me feel too that we can't depend upon anything. Don't you feel so, mother?" "It has taught me to depend upon *one* thing, I hope, my dear, the only thing which is sure, and I think I never felt so safe from the fear of evil, as since your dear little brother's death. Dangers and death are all around us. We cannot

escape them, but we need not fear them, for nothing comes to us but what God our Father sends, and He makes all things work together for good to them that love Him." "But do you think we can really be as happy, when we think so much about death and sorrow?" asked Edward. "Death and sorrow are real," replied his mother, "and there is no true happiness in shutting our eyes to realities. I do not mean that we should be always thinking of them and of nothing else, for there are other great realities—life, and its blessings and duties, God and His kingdom, and the life to come. How little our sorrows will seem to us in another life! Sometimes even now, I think of little Charlie's death with more gratitude than grief; and I thankfully give him up. Now, my dear children, we will not let the thought of our happy little Charlie disturb our happiness. We cannot and we ought not to forget the grief which our Heavenly Father has sent, but we can trust Him just as firmly as ever, can we not?" Ellen's tearful look and long embrace were her only answer, and if hot tears fell from the mother's eyes upon the daughter's head, they did not belie her words. The faith were little without the trial.

Mr. Leslie was away from home, and his wife sat up till after midnight awaiting his return. She thought as she sat alone, of the silent lapse of time, year after year—onward to eternity; of the guardian care of God, and of His wise providence; and she gave herself up anew to live not in her own joys and sorrows, but for God and His Kingdom. How little then seemed the bereavement which had made her heart so desolate; that, too, should be borne willingly because God had sent it.

We will see how Ellen and Edward spent the New Year's Day next month.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.—No. 4.

MORNING dawned—the morning of Midsummer Day—and contrary to her own expectations, Annie, though feeling wretchedly ill, took her place in the workroom. Only seven out of the usual twelve were present. The rest fear had detained at home:

for notwithstanding every effort at secrecy, suspicion had been aroused, and the true state of things revealed. They passed a very quiet morning; a certain something, a kind of awe sealed the lips of all, and Annie felt too unwell to say anything more than was absolutely necessary for the furtherance of the work. Several orders of consequence were on hand, and it was not until she saw a prospect of completion that she gave way, and sought rest for the weary, aching pain which oppressed her, which she had vainly fought against all day. Pleading headache, she then left the room and gained the quiet of her own chamber, and laid her burning, throbbing head upon the pillow, where Effie found her at tea-time almost insensible from the pain, tossing restlessly to and fro. Alarmed and terrified, Effie soon found Miss Walmar, who followed her to the room, and quickly summoned Dr. Taylor. He was a kind, Christian old gentleman, but his many good qualities were hidden under a roughness of manner which made many dislike him until they had thoroughly proved his sterling worth. He came, and his practised eye read all at a glance. "When did she fail?" was his first question. "Until about ten minutes ago I did not even know she was ill. I noticed she did not appear at the dinner-table, but she suffers very much from headache, and I attributed her non-appearance to that; you cannot really think it is *that*, doctor?" added Miss Walmar, significantly and anxiously. "I don't *think* anything about it, I am *sure*," was the somewhat gruff reply. "Poor girl! what she must have suffered to-day no one can tell, if, as you say, she has kept up. Has she any friends in the town?" Miss Walmar looked almost beside herself as she answered, "None whatever; in fact, the only relative she has is an uncle, who lives about forty miles away. She is an orphan, doctor." "More's the pity, but she sha'n't suffer for that; send nurse up here, Miss Walmar. I will not answer for her life if she is moved—and send that child away," he added, as he caught a glimpse of Effie's pale, horror-stricken countenance. Miss Walmar left the room, but Effie did not move; she seemed like one in a dream. Dr. Taylor's face softened as he looked at her. "Is she your sister, child?" he asked. Effie clasped her hands convulsively as she answered, "More than any sister; she is all the world to me—

the only real friend I have on earth. O! save her, Dr. Taylor, do try and save her! I feel as if I cannot live without her. I am afraid it is wicked, but—but I cannot bear it—it is too hard to lose her!" Dr. Taylor placed his hand on her arm, and as he gently led her from the room, closing the door behind him, he said in a low, almost tender voice, "My child, do not say, 'I cannot bear it;' believe me, there is nothing, however hard and painful, but we can bear if God gives us strength. The bitterest trial may be borne patiently, submissively, even cheerfully, if we will but take it as necessary discipline from the hand of a loving, heavenly Father. I will do my best, but results are in the hand of God. You must try and trust Him. Do you know where to go for strength, my child?" Effie could only answer in broken utterance, pointing to the door, "*She* taught me where to go." A thankful expression lit up Dr. Taylor's face; he had been wondering if his patient had still to make her peace with God, but that short sentence gladdened his heart, for it told him Annie was one of the followers of the Lamb. "Now you must go," he said to Effie, "but do not give way to fretting; it will render you all the more liable to infection. Drink this before you go down. Now, good-bye. Remember *all* His paths are mercy and truth."

"Is Miss Maitland ill?" was the question which greeted Effie as she entered the workroom. She was silent, but her silence gave the affirmative to their suspicions, and Emily Vaughan said in a low, fearful voice, "Pestilence is indeed among us, and if Miss Maitland has the small-pox my firm belief is it will kill her; she is not at all strong, and I do not for a moment think her constitution will rally through it; dear Annie! I am sure I love her dearly." "And I!" "And I!" echoed through the room, but Effie dared not trust herself to speak. She was thinking, or trying to think, of Dr. Taylor's words, when Janet Cardeaux, the proudest girl in Lynn House, who sat next her, whispered in quite a gentle voice, "You would miss her most of all, I think, dear." Large tears gathered in Effie's blue eyes, and unable any longer to control the surging tide of emotion, she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed convulsively. It was some minutes ere she regained composure. Then, not daring

to trust her voice, she silently continued her work. Janet Cardeaux first broke the silence. "Girls," she said, in quiet tones, "I have a confession to make. I never saw the power of religion so fully exemplified as I did last night. Had it not been for Annie Maitland I should not have been here to-day; but her calm courage shamed me. Often have I laughed at her when she would not join us in our plans and schemes, and thought her over-scrupulous, because she drew such a clear mark between right and wrong; but all the time I have honoured her in my heart, and last night I saw the blessedness of true Christianity. If Annie had been as troubled and fearful as the rest of us, I should have doubted the reality of her faith, but now I firmly believe in it, and if ever there was a true Christian, I think Miss Maitland is one. All I wish is that I were more like her, and had the same trust and faith. "Effie," she continued, in a low tone, as preparations commenced for clearing, "you have been most with her. Will you teach me?" Effie's heart was full as she slid her hand into Janet's, saying, "We will try to learn together, dear Janet, to be more like our dear Annie's Master."

(To be continued.)

THE NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

As yesternight, around the fire
With many a noisy shout,
The children wished the New Year in,
And sang the Old Year out;
How could they hear the trembling sigh,
Or note the silent tear
Which memory wrung from older hearts
And gave the dying year?

This morn as at the early meal
They gathered in their joy,
No dreary memories of the past,
Nor shadows by the future cast,
Disturbed the girl or boy.
The Old had been a merry year—
Why should they doubt the New,
Since every day had brought its play,
Or something else to do?

O happy hearts! O happy life!
Of hope and love so full;
What lessons might your elders learn
In such a simple school!
With each *to-day* ye are content,
Forecasting not the morrow,
From whence so oft our faithless hearts
Their heaviest burdens borrow!

"The dear old year, the dead old year!"
So hath the poet sung;
But now the happy New Year song
Falls tripping from the tongue:
And yet how many sit to-day
In households dark and drear!
And some with heavy griefs are full,
And some are full of fear!

O, friend with light and merry song!
O, friend of grief and doubt!
Read what the New Year brings you in,
And what the Old bears out!
For brightest day, the night may give
The driving wind or rain;
For darkest night the morning bring
The sunlight back again.

It is not years that make us old,
Nor youth that makes us young;
By childish lips and sorest hearts
The sweetest songs are sung;
To him who has the simplest faith
The mightiest powers belong;
And his the noblest life of all
Who suffers and is strong!

Look in your heart, O friend! and see
The new page opened there:
What by the waiting hand of Time
Shall be recorded there?
Think what the hour demands of all,
Of all it claims from you;
It is no time for idle dreams
When there is work to do!

Let all the year that opens here
With deeds of mercy glow,
And every day a stronger faith
A heavenly purpose show;
So shall the time speed swift away,
So blessings crown the life,
With God, o'er all to give the strength
For resting or for strife.

FATHER NEVER PRAYS.

Mr. L— is a wealthy man, and with his wife and young family resides in a large town. Mrs. L— a few years since became the subject of Divine grace, and is a humble and devoted follower of her Saviour. For a long time her husband's heart remained untouched. Morning and evening the pious mother gathered her little household around her, and the incense acceptable to God went up daily from that family altar to His mercy-seat. But the husband and father of this family was never one of the happy group. How many Christian mothers among us every day assemble their loved ones about the family altar to ask for the Divine blessing and pardon for sins, and to give thanks, when he who should be the head of the family turns his back upon these sacred duties! One morning, when Mrs. L— was gathering her little flock about her for prayer, Willie, the youngest, a boy three years old, steadily resisted the call, and started to go down stairs with a very manly strut. "Come to prayer, Willie," said the mother gently. "No, Ma! and I don't want to say my prayers. I am a gentleman. Gentlemen never say their prayers. I am going to be a gentleman; so I am not going to say my prayers any more." "But gentlemen do say their prayers, Willie," said the mother; "they pray to God to take care of them; and I want my Willie to be a good boy, that God may love him; and you can't be a good boy if you don't pray." "Father never prays," answered the little fellow; "father is good, and father *never* prays." "Oh! little Willie, don't say so," said the tearful mother; "you do not know about that: father does not meet with us night and morning, but I trust he prays." The little boy yielded, and the thoughtful mother pondered the saying in her heart—"Father never prays." That evening, after the little ones had lain them down to sleep, and prayed to the Lord, Mr. L— and his wife sat quietly together, and the gentle wife told her husband the story of little Willie, and his argument—"Father never prays." The strong man bowed his head, while tears dropped upon his open book. The father was conquered. He acknowledged his sinful example, and the two knelt down together and offered up their *first united* sacrifice of praise and

prayer. From that time Mr. L— was never absent from the family altar. However pressed with business, he *made* time to serve God. It is now a most happy, pious family. We pray that God's blessing may ever rest upon them. May it never be said of any husband or father who reads this true account, "Father never prays." Children are great observers, and ponder things in their little hearts. What a fearful responsibility for a father to bring up a young family with no love or fear of God in his own heart! Rather let all stand forth in God's service, knowing that their prayers and their labours are not in vain in the Lord.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

A FATHER came home from his business at early evening, and took his little girl upon his knee. After a few caresses, she nestled in his bosom, and fell asleep. He carried her himself to her room, and said, "Nelly would not like to go to bed and not say her prayers?" Half opening her large blue eyes, she dreamily articulated—

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord——"

Then adding, in a sweet murmur, "He knows the rest," she sank on her pillow in the watchful care of Him who "giveth his beloved sleep."

RELIGION AT HOME.

"LET them learn first," says Paul, "to shew piety at home." Religion begins in the family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins at the fireside. The principle of love which is to be carried through the universe is first unfolded in the family.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

"WHAT would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth for one day, to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain!"

A HINT FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

One who signs himself "A Working Man," seems very anxious that the circulation of the "**MOTHER'S FRIEND**" should be increased, and he writes to us suggesting that if each Subscriber would take two of the January Number, and present one to a friend or fellow workman, it might be the means of increasing the sale. Perhaps some of our friends will take the hint.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Old Merry's Annual. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

An admirable New Year's gift or birthday present; handsomely bound, and with numbers of illustrations. The reading is select as well as interesting and amusing.

The Children's Friend, 1865. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday; S. W. Partridge, Paternoster-row.

The coloured engraving on the outside is just the thing to please the little ones; many, more sedate than children, cannot repress a laugh at the sight of it. The volume is full of pictures and nice little tales; it is well adapted for the nursery.

Benaiah: a Tale of the Captivity. By Mrs. Webb. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We have read this tale with great pleasure and avidity. The characters and habits of the Jews and Arabs are so well depicted that it almost seems as if the writer must have known those whose history she writes.

Katherine Woodrington; or, Talents Neglected. By Harriet D'Oyley Howe. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

An affecting and true history of one who found out, when too late, that she had lived in vain. A little book calculated to be useful to the young.

The Pitmen. A narrative founded on fact. London: William Macintosh, Paternoster-row.

A touching little tale, showing the power of religion on hard hearts, and the influence of even a passage of Scripture to impress the mind.

The Bible Island. London: William Macintosh.

A description of an island where the inhabitants took the Bible for their rule and law on every occasion.

How shall we Order the Child? By William Tate. London: Morgan and Chase, Ludgate Hill.

What it professes to be—a help to Christian parents.

Old Jonathan's Almanack. London: Collingridge.

A nicely selected sheet for the cottage, the kitchen, or the bedroom.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.—No. 2.

THE pious mother! the golden cement of the whole building of the Christian home! Her influence—calm, quiet, gentle—creeps into everything, sheds a sweet atmosphere of peace upon all, and her children growing up around her “call her blessed.” Her prayers, like incense, mingle with every day’s duties. At early dawn her waking thoughts are uttered in prayer; in the noon-day hour prayer is her joy and her strength. As the shades of evening fall, she teaches her little ones the sweet accents of prayer; and often, when sleep has closed their infant eyes, she kneels beside them, pouring out her heart in earnest supplication for a blessing on them. A mother when on her death-bed, mentioned for the first time a covenant which she had made with God just previous to her marriage. She promised, like Hannah, that if God gave her any children, she would wish them only on the condition that they would all be “born again;” and she never ceased to pray for each. Her prayers have been answered, and all her nine children are devoted to the service of God. What a revolution there would be in society if all young mothers would follow this example! Mother! if you have never yet called your little ones around you, and knelt with them at a throne of grace, begin *to-day*. Should you die to-morrow, let them not be able to say, “Perhaps my mother did value prayer, but she never prayed with me.” Or if one of your dear ones should be taken from you, let not this thought be added to your deep sorrow: “I did not teach those infant lips to pray.” If there were more praying mothers, how different would many of our homes be. Poor they may be, and often clouded with sorrow; but nevertheless, the abodes of peace and comfort, because the Holy Spirit would dwell there, an invited guest, and the hearts within would have become His temples. But perhaps you say, “I know not how to pray; I have never tried to pray, and now I cannot.” Ask God to teach you, then, and if you have hitherto been a prayerless mother, turn to Him now with all your heart, and say, “Lord, teach *me* to pray.” Remember that a *prayerless* mother has no reason to look for anything from God. She *asks*

for nothing, she *expects* nothing; how can she *reap* anything? A *prayerful* mother, on the contrary, may look for everything from God. She has on her side the command, the promise, the experience of Christians, and, moreover, her own experience, to teach her that whatever she asks for her children according to God's will, He heareth her. "I was seven years old when my mother died," said an aged man one day; "but she died praying for me. I grew up a careless lad, and for forty years indulged in all kinds of wickedness." But the fruit of faith and prayer was about to appear. This poor man was afflicted with disease of the eyes, which rendered him nearly blind. In this state he was brought to the workhouse; there heavenly light was poured into his mind; his sins oppressed him; he rested not till he found the "sinners' Friend." "And now I *feel* my sins forgiven," he said one day, with his sightless eyes filled with tears; "how good the Lord is! my mother's prayers are being answered now." What blessings have been shed down on thousands and thousands of hearts in answer to a mother's prayers! Years ago there lived in the backwoods of America a lady, loved and honoured by those who knew her, for her fine mind, sweet manners, and true piety. Children were growing up around her. One entry in her journal ran thus: "Rose early this morning to pray for my children, and was led to ask that my five sons might become ministers or missionaries for Jesus Christ." On her death-bed—for she was taken away before they grew up—she charged her husband to persevere in training them for heaven; and then with her last breath commended them to God,

"and sought
For them, with looks that seemed to penetrate
The heavens, utterable blessings, such
As God to dying parents only grants
For infants left behind them in this world."

Her five sons lived to be faithful and zealous preachers of the Gospel. "I was blessed," says a missionary, "with a mother who frequently took me and my sister aside to pray with us; and often have I heard her pray with such earnestness, mingling her tears with her petitions, and throwing so much of the feelings of the mother into her prayers, that, young as I was, it went to my

very heart." Thus plead with God on their behalf. Bring them with you to the mercy-seat. "Hold the little hands in prayer; teach the weak knees their kneeling; let him see thee speaking to thy God: he will not forget it afterwards. When old and grey will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety; and the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin."

A wealthy and dissipated man was one evening observed at the gaming-table to be unusually sad. His companions rallied him, and he tried again and again to throw off the gloom; but in vain. As they jeered and taunted him, he at last said, "Well, to tell the truth, I cannot help thinking every now and then of the prayers my mother used to offer for me at my bedside when I was a child. Old as I am, I cannot forget the impressions of those early years." Though dead, his mother still spoke in tender and solemn rebuke to her dissolute son.

A mother's prayer! the angels stoop to listen,
 As through the earth they wing their unseen flight;
 In their bright eyes the sparkling joy-drops glisten
 Like gems of light.
 Gladly they pause to catch the accents lowly;
 And mounting upward on their pinions, bear
 Like incense, to the throne of the most Holy
 A mother's prayer!

A mother's prayer! as evening dew descendeth
 On Horeb's mount, the sorrow-stricken child
 Yields to the heavenly influence it lendeth;
 And passions wild
 Are hushed to rest like tossing waves of ocean
 When oil is poured. Oh! blest are they who share
 Amid the trying scenes of life's commotion,
 A mother's prayer!

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.—No. 2.

BRIGHT and calm dawned the New Year's day,—bright and calm, as if the solemn midnight had not closed upon the joys, and sorrows, and irrevocable deeds of another year. Rosy clouds were in the east, and the sun shone clearly. There had been a

light fall of snow in the night, and the whole broad landscape was covered with its spotless purity. Little feet soon sounded in the passage, and the New Year's greeting came through the door of Mrs. Leslie's room. She opened it, and in a moment her arms clasped her happy children. She sat down in an easy-chair, with both in her lap, an arm round each. She was soon talking with them as Christian mothers talk; and then they knelt, and with a full heart she thanked God for the joys and sorrows of the past year, for the children who were left, and the one who was taken, and gave them up to His care and for His service, for all eternity. And if those young hearts shared in the sadness, yet they caught too something of the serenity and holy joy of the faith which overcometh all things.

Before going down-stairs, Mrs. Leslie opened a drawer, and took from it two miniature portraits, faithful likenesses of Charlie's beautiful face. Within each was a curl of his soft, golden hair, all, alas! that was left of the precious one. On the backs were engraved the words: "My brother Charlie." "Suffer little children to come unto me." Then, with serene face, giving a hand to each, she accompanied her children to the breakfast-room, where their father awaited them. Of the greetings of that New Year's morning no happy family needs to be told, and the sadness, tempering their joy, many a lessened household knows too well. The ride to their grandfather's was all that the children had anticipated. The newly fallen snow, if it did not add to the ease of the horse's progress, certainly added to the beauty of the scenery. Far and wide, over the broad expanse, lay the soft white mantle. The dark branches of the trees hung drooping under their weight of snow; little bushes were shaking off the unwonted burden; fences were tipped with a pure white slab; houses had on a new roof, like spotless marble, and old barns looked very black under their very white covering. A New Year's dinner-party at Squire Leslie's was a thing long to be remembered. Grandfather and grandmother, uncles and aunts, grown-up cousins, children cousins, and baby cousins, made up a large company. There was no lack of good cheer or good appetites. Ellen and Edward were great favourites among the cousins. Their mother, by an occasional quiet glance, perceived

that they were "behaving" with propriety at the table,—indeed, she could always trust them to do that. After dinner, the children had some merry games in the large hall. Children must use their bodies in rejoicing; boys especially know nothing of silent happiness. Ellen several times stole to her mother's side, and gave her a quiet kiss and a gentle glance, well understood. Tea came at five o'clock. One would have thought that the great dinner such a short time since might have availed somewhat towards satisfying those youthful appetites; but no, they are ready for tea. Dear me, grandmother, how long has it taken you to make all these good things? It does not take long for them to vanish.

Soon comes the time now for the ride home. Horses and chaises are at the door, lanterns moving about, children crowded in and tucked up in the warm furs, good-byes shouted, and then the rapid drive over the snow and under the light of the innumerable stars.

And this was the way Ellen and Edward spent the New Year's day.

MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

SINCE all of brightest promise here is earliest to decay,
I marvel not, sweet babe, that thou so soon wert called away;
For never did a lovelier form delight a parent's eye,
Nor ever seemed a thing of earth more fitted for the sky.

The rose just budding on thy cheek, thy clear and polished brow,
Thy faultless symmetry of form—of these I think not now;
The language of thy sunny smile I would not now recall,
Which told that all were dear to thee and thou wert dear to all!

I knew not how I loved thee then, while on thy opening bloom
I gazed, without a fear of change, or presage of the tomb;
It was not till the spoiler came, till Death had aimed his dart,
I learned what bonds of love had linked my daughter to my heart.

Yes, she was dearest to my soul when pale and cold she lay,
Close clasped to her fond mother's breast and breathing life away;
Her infant loveliness and grace had charmed my eyes before,
But in the patience of her death I felt I loved her more.

For 'twas but by the murmured moan, the short convulsive sigh,
The pressure of the damp chill grasp, the dim and tearful eye,—
'Twas but by these we guessed how strong was Nature's strife within;
How she, who could not share the crime, had shared the curse of sin

She died ; we laid her in her shroud, and strewed fresh flow'rets there,
Meet emblems of a flower so latemore fragrant and more fair ;
This soothed our woes ; we looked again on our departed one,
And wept afresh, and strove in vain to say "Thy will be done."

For in that brief and hurried glance, though dimmed by gushing tears,
Came o'er our spirits like a dream, the forms of future years !
We thought what charms of womanhood, fair infant, had been thine !
Alas ! we could not look to heaven and see thee now divine.

Years since have rolled and Time hath lent its balm to Nature's smart,
But none hath filled thy first fond place within thy father's heart.
O, if thy form of health and life were blotted from my breast,
I never, never could forget the image of thy rest !

But hush !—who would not tread the path which thou, sweet babe, hast
trod,
To reach thy home where thou art now,—the bosom of thy God ?
Who would not bear what we have borne, to whom, like us 'twas given
Awhile to love a spotless child, then give a saint to heaven ?

D.

LITTLE JOE'S CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas-eve, a bright, beautiful, starlight night, clear and frosty. Over the slippery London pavements many pedestrians hurried to and fro, bent on various errands. Among other passers-by, you might have seen a little boy, thinly and poorly clad, with a basket of oranges on his arm. Wearily he toiled along, shivering with cold, and at short intervals wiping away from his cheeks the half frozen tears, while between broken sobs he called "Oranges, fine oranges!—buy my fruit." Few seemed to heed him, and as one and another pushed by and jostled him in passing he ceased crying his oranges, and sitting down upon a door-step sobbed as if his heart would break. Child though he was he could not refrain from contrasting his wretchedness with that of the many who passed by, wrapped in their warm garments, and with comfort and contentment written upon their faces. Poor little Joe ! he knew that when he went home it would be to a fireless hearth and a suffering, invalid mother. Christmas-day would dawn for him with no pleasure, cold and hunger and privation were all he could expect. Thinking of such things when as these, was our little Joe, as he sat crying on the door-

step. Suddenly, however, he was aroused and checked in the very midst of a great sob by the unbarring of the house door above the step on which he was sitting ; it opened, and a flood of warm light poured down upon the child and made him raise his tearful eyes in wonder and bewilderment. In the door-way stood a little girl of about his own age, but dressed in white, and with golden ringlets falling over her dimpled shoulders. He almost thought that he must be dying and that God had sent one of His beautiful angels to take him away to heaven. How long in his worn-out, weary, dreamy state he might have indulged this thought is uncertain, but he was recalled to a sense of his situation by hearing the child call to him in a sweet, clear voice, " Poor little boy ! What do you want ? I heard you sobbing as I was coming through the hall. What is the matter with you ? Why don't you go home ? " So the little lady rattled on, not giving the boy time to answer any one question, and before he could rouse himself to speak, another voice was heard in the hall calling out—" Miss Eva, what are you doing ? You will get your death of cold ! " Then Joe heard an earnest expostulation on the part of his little angel, and once more the silvery tones came ringing down to him. " Poor boy ! come in here and get warm. " Slowly he rose to obey the kind command ; once more resuming his basket of oranges he ascended the steps and entered the brilliantly-lighted hall. To take him by the hand, to lead him through, what seemed to Joe, a complete labyrinth of passages into a beautiful, warm kitchen, was to Eva the work of a moment. Here, much to the amusement of the fat old cook whose especial pet she was, she drew a comfortable seat near the fire, unceremoniously but kindly pushed the bewildered boy into it, and then turning abruptly to the cook said, " Now, Mason, what have you got for this poor little boy to eat, it must be something nice and hot ? " Mrs. Mason waddled up to the half-starved child, raised his face with her fat hand, until his great hungry eyes gazed into her own little bright ones, and said gently—" I will give him a good basin full of hot milk and bread, Miss Eva, that will be the best thing for him, I think. " In a few moments, then, behold our little Joe comfortably seated, and before him a pretty blue bowl of warm food, the like of which he

had not tasted for many a long day. Once warmed and fed, his next thought was of his poor mother, who he knew must be awaiting his return with considerable anxiety. Hastily rising as he set down the empty bowl he turned to Eva, who still stood by him, and said, while a warm colour spread over his cheeks, "I thank you a thousand times, kind lady, for your goodness to me. I must go home to mother now, or she won't know what has become of me." After a few words of parting, Joe took up his basket and prepared to leave, but greatly to his surprise he found it empty, and at the same moment Eva's little hand slipped into his a bright crown-piece as she said, "There, poor boy, mamma has bought all your oranges, and she would like to know where you live." Joe gave the exact address, then once more mingling adieus and thanks he suffered himself to be guided again through the maze of passages, and on the opening of the hall door sprang down the steps with a glow on his cheek and a light in his eye which it would have done you good to see.

Bent upon giving his mother a pleasant surprise, he slackened his step a little as he neared their humble dwelling. Gently he lifted the latch and went in, taking with him sundry parcels bought with a portion of the crown-piece on his way home. A faint voice greeted him as he entered; the room was dark, but Joe knew just where every bit of their scanty furniture was placed, and setting down his packages very softly he stole to his mother's side and stooping down kissed her cold forehead. "O, my boy!" she whispered sadly, as he raised himself and groped round the room in search of an old candlestick in which to fix one of his newly-bought candles! "O, my boy, I grieve to have you come back to such a cold, wretched home; my poor child! yours is a hard life!" "Not at all, mother!" replied Joe, with an inward chuckle, as he struck a match, and lighting the candle, placed it on the little old table standing near the bed; then, without waiting a moment, he hastened to the fire-place, threw down a little sack of coals and a bundle of wood, and soon a bright fire was burning cheerily and a tiny kettle singing over the flaming coals. Joe's other treasures were soon produced, and as his mother partook of a comfortable evening meal they talked over the events of the day.

THE FATHER WHO COULD NOT PRAY FOR HIS DYING CHILD.

Domestic worship is of much importance to the Church and to the world. It frequently has a mighty influence on the mind of children and servants. Many servants have been brought to the Saviour by means of domestic prayer who were very thoughtless and irreligious previous to their entering into a pious family; many more have become the subjects of serious impressions though not really changed characters. It has exercised a restraining influence where it has not been the means of true conversion, and thus it has proved a great blessing. We had an impression in our early days that all professedly pious parents and masters of families never failed to gather around the domestic altar the various members of the family, young and old, but we have found that this was an erroneous impression, and that there are many parents and masters professedly pious who wholly neglect domestic worship, and where it is not altogether neglected it has become a mere formal exercise which renders their piety, we consider, very doubtful. With regard to their sincerity we are almost tempted to adopt the language of the Apostle, "We stand in doubt of you." We are disposed to think that the truly pious father will not permit trifles to prevent him from gathering his family around the domestic altar morning and evening. A more lovely sight is not to be beheld than a whole family kneeling before the mercy-seat of Jehovah, the father presenting his little ones to God, committing them to His care and protection, and beseeching Him to bestow upon them all needful blessings through the day, or the night. Would not such a sight arrest the wing of an angel when on an embassy of mercy to some poor perishing sinner? How pleasing too to Him who loves to hear the prayers of His people, and to whom there is music in the sigh of the contrite heart! Many pious and excellent fathers are so circumstanced as to be utterly unable to meet their family at the throne of heavenly grace except on the Lord's-day; they leave home very early in the morning and do not return until late in the evening, when

the children are gone to rest; when this is the case the duty devolves upon the mother, and she should by no means neglect it, for it is of the greatest importance that children should have their minds early impressed with the importance and necessity of prayer. There are fathers who are most circumspect in their outward demeanour and general conduct, men of high probity and integrity, affectionate husbands and fond parents; they generally read portions of the Bible, especially on the Lord's-day; they are what the world would pronounce good men, but the voice of prayer is not heard in their home. There is the fig-tree covered with leaves, but no fruit, the external character but not the internal principle; a body without a soul, a shell without a kernel, a pious father who never prayed with his children! Alas! we fear there are too many such fathers. What a melancholy thought! There was a father who was deemed, and that rightly, to be strictly moral, a most upright and honourable man in all his intercourse with his fellow men, a loving husband and a tender father, but he was not a truly pious man, the voice of prayer was not heard in his house except when visited by some neighbouring minister or pious friend, and religious conversation was seldom indulged in there. He generally read portions of the Bible on the Sabbath-day, and also some religious books which occasionally called forth some remarks. When his eldest son, a strong, hale young man, was about eighteen years of age, he was seized with typhus fever, which increased so rapidly that in a very short time fatal symptoms made their appearance. The painful intelligence was communicated to the father in the evening, and during the night to the son, who received it with some surprise but not discomposure. He inquired for his father, but when told that he was asleep he would not have him disturbed. Early in the morning the father was at the bedside of his dying child, who thus addressed him—"Father, the doctors tell me that I must die, they say they can do no more for me." "I know it," said the father. "Well, father, I have one and only one favour to ask you, will you grant it?" "I will, my son, if it is possible; ask me anything I can do, and it shall be done." "Father, I want you to kneel down by my bedside and pray for me." "I cannot, my son, I

cannot!" "Do, father, pray for me, you never have; pray for me while I can yet hear." "I cannot, my son, oh, I cannot!" "Dear father, you never taught me to pray to the Lord Jesus, and now I die; you never prayed for me, pray this once, oh, let me not die without my father's prayers!" In an agony of weeping the father rushed out of the room. He had been a kind and indulgent but not a *praying* father; he had neglected his own soul and the soul of his child, who was now dying, and could not at his urgent request offer one prayer to the God of all mercy for him! What a scene! a dying child and prayerless father! Fathers! pray for your children, bring them daily to the mercy-seat, and ask God to renew and sanctify them, and He will surely answer your requests.

GOD'S CARE OVER THE MOTHERLESS.—No. 2.

It has often cheered me to see how our Heavenly Father cares for those who are deprived of a loving mother's care. When spending a few weeks amidst the lovely scenery of W——, we noticed a little girl at our lodgings about four years of age, and as we were coming in from a walk one day, I said to our landlady, seeing the child at the door, "I suppose that is your little girl?" "No, not mine exactly, still she is in one sense, though no relation, for I have adopted her. She is an orphan, but I love her as my own; she calls me 'aunt;' she can just remember her mother, though she was very young when she died. I was talking to her one day about her, when the little thing said—'My mother *will* thank you when you get to heaven for being so kind to me.' 'But,' I answered, 'your mother won't know me, Mary.' 'Ah, but I shall know *her*, and I will take you to her when we get to heaven and tell her about you.'" The child had gone away before this conversation took place. I expressed my pleasure that she had met with such a happy home where she was being so judiciously trained. I trust she will grow up to be a great comfort to her kind friend. We could often hear her teaching the little one hymns and pieces of poetry, or reading to her and then asking her questions. No mother could have

trained her more kindly and suitably than Mrs. N— seemed to be doing, both for this world and the next. Surely she shall have her reward from Him who has said, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.”

THERE'S NOTHING LOST.

THERE'S nothing lost. The tiniest flower
That grows within the darkest vale,
Though lost to view, has still the power
The rarest perfume to exhale;
That perfume, borne on Zephyr's wings,
May visit some lone sick one's bed,
And like the balm affection brings,
May scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing lost. The drop of dew
That trembles in the rose-bud's breast,
Will seek its home of ether blue,
And fall again as pure, as blest,
Perchance to revel in the flower
Or moisten the dry, parching sod,
Or mingle in the fountain spray,
Or sparkle in the bow of God.

There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast
By careless hands upon the ground
Will yet take root, and may at last
A green and glorious tree be found;
Beneath its shade some pilgrim may
Seek shelter from the sun of noon,
While in its boughs the breezes play,
And song-birds hymn their sweetest tune.

There's nothing lost. The slightest tone
Or whisper from a loved one's voice,
May melt a heart of hardest stone
And make the saddened heart rejoice;
And then again the careless word
Our thoughtless lips too often speak,
May touch a heart already stirred,
And cause that troubled heart to break.

There's nothing lost. The faintest strain
Of breathings from some dear one's lute,
In memory's dream may come again
Though every mournful string be mute.
The music of some happier hour,
The harp that swells with love's own words,
May thrill the soul with deepest power
When still the hand that sweeps its chords.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.—No. 5.

JANET CARDEAUX stood by the open window of the work-room. She was alone, for it was already more than half-past eight, and business was over. She was a tall girl, with a profusion of dark glossy hair coiled in luxuriant plaits round her head, and dark earnest eyes, which seemed almost to speak when lit up with expression, but which just now were thoughtfully gazing on the sunset. Janet was an only daughter, the pride of her parents, who were very gay, worldly people, seeking for nought beyond this world, and caring not for anything higher than frivolous dissipation. Their whole object in life seemed to be to kill time, and plunge into as much of gaiety as the returns of business would permit. In such an atmosphere had Janet Cardeaux and her brother Harry, two years her senior, been trained; and as might naturally be expected, both had grown up into youth unsheltered by the Rock of Ages, the whole foundation of their hopes and schemes only built on sand. When Janet had attained her eighteenth year, a cousin, a young, gay, worldly creature, was seized by fever, and carried to the grave. Her death made a deep impression upon Janet; she could not rid herself of the thought that the time would come when she too must die; when those limbs of hers, now so full of life and activity, must be laid in the silent grave. Often she thought of all this, and longed for some one to whom she could speak; but she was exceedingly proud and reserved, and so she hid the matter in her own heart, and strove, by entering into light conversation, to banish thought. But Annie's gentle, consistent line of conduct insensibly told on Janet, as we have seen by her own confession, and almost she was persuaded to be a Christian. But Janet's home influence was against Christ, and what better thoughts she had gained during the day were crushed into nothingness at night; and so we find her, eleven days after Annie was first taken ill, standing at the window with a conflict of thoughts passing in her mind. She did not wish to hurry home; for visitors were to arrive that evening, and well did she know the kind of intercourse it would be; so she stood wishing she were different, longing to be happy, but yet not willing to give up *all* to Christ,—not willing to go to

Him in His own way. There she stood till the twilight shadows deepened all around; and longer still would she have lingered, but Effie entered to find some scissors, and was so surprised, that she exclaimed, as she went up and laid her hand on the one of Janet's that rested upon the sash, "My dear Miss Cardeaux, is anything the matter? Are you not well, dear? do tell me?" Janet's reserve was fairly overcome, and she took Effie's hand in her own, and said, in a voice tremulous and low, "Effie, I am wretched; I was never so unhappy in my life; willingly would I change places with dear Annie, if I might only have her faith and trust; it seems to me almost easier to trust God when death seems just before you, than to serve Him in the midst of a life surrounded by hostile influences. O, Effie, I have been counting the cost; I cannot be a Christian!" Effie's sweet, bright face looked up at Janet as she answered very quietly: "Dear, dear Janet, do not say so, but resolve in God's strength that henceforth you will be His child, then leave everything else; whatever may come, He will give you strength to bear it." "Effie, have you given yourself to Him?" asked Janet, as she looked wonderingly on the fair face upturned to hers, and lighted with a brightness unknown of yore. Effie spoke reverently and low as she answered: "Yes, I trust I know I am one of His lambs, and I am very happy; only one thing clouds all my happiness, that perhaps dear Annie will never know on earth that the child for whom she prayed so often and so earnestly has been led to the Saviour by her example." "She will know in heaven," murmured Janet, softly; then she continued: "Annie has indeed been a blessing in our work-room; how many her smile and ready words of sympathy have cheered."

HELP FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MOTHER, are you ever troubled to find amusement and employment for your little children on Sunday? I have often found it a difficult matter. Last Sunday morning two little girls came running up to me: "Do give us something to do." I told them to bring their letters. I dare say you know what these are; the

letters of the alphabet on separate little pieces of wood, some capital letters, and some small ones,—two or three of each letter. If you have not any of this kind, you can easily make some by cutting out the letters from a printed bill, or by writing them clearly on thick paper, and then cutting them apart. These two little girls ran away, and soon returned with their boxes of letters. I then picked out certain letters making a short sentence, and shook them all up together, and put them down on the table. I said, "Now then, put these letters in order, and make a sentence of them." So they tried and tried, and sometimes laughed at the funny words the letters made; then asked if it was one word, or several; if it was a text or a verse; but I would not tell them. "Oh, I *can't* find out," said Mary. "Try, try, try again," I replied; and so after a little while I heard—"I've done it; isn't that right?" "Yes, quite right." "Now do give us another; give us each one, and we'll see who can do it first." So I mixed up two lots of letters, and gave one set to each. One was rather difficult, and it took a long time to do, so I will give you the letters, and see if your little children can make a sentence out of them: R. T. H. I. N. R. E. O. U. H. T. S. N. D. A. E. E. T. U. M. F. R. O. O. E. B. N. H. N. E. U. L. T. S. O. I. F. F. I. C. E. O. O. M. S. D. L. T. F. I. C. F. L. E. T. C. T. O. R. H. D. M. D. H. T. A. N. M. E. O. O. N. F. G. E. H. V. E. K.

These *are* a number of letters! I hope they will not frighten the children; but they must not give it up for a whole month. Next month I will tell them what the sentence is, and I wonder how many will have found it out. I think I had better give one more short one for the *very* little ones. Here it is: D. I. O. O. V. G. E. L. S.

When they have found out one or two sentences, let them give you a number of letters for you to make a sentence. It is not very easy at first; but after a little time it becomes easier, and is not only amusing but instructive, helping them to spell correctly, and teaching them to use their thoughts. I will try to give you some other employment for the Sundays next month.

HORACE.

MARY AND HER MOTHER.

WHILST reading the little paper entitled "Our Mothers' Love," in the number for July last, my mind immediately wandered to a little girl of my acquaintance. She is a clever child, she has read a great deal and has such a good memory that she is ever ready with a piece of information in history or some other science, where grown up people are at fault. She has great facility, united with taste, for music and languages, and she is just as clever in needle and fancy work. Now that she is beginning to grow up she is particularly handy and orderly in the house, and able to tend her baby-brother very skilfully; besides this, she is certainly a discreet, truthful, and conscientious child. Now you will say, what are her faults, for she is surely not without some? Alas! no. Mary has caused her parents many an hour of sadness through her sinful conduct. A fault which often seemed to drown all my little friend's good qualities was her love of domineering and contradiction. Her mother says she learned to pronounce the words "no" and "I won't" before any of her other children, and she can relate instances of her little girl's attempt to direct her mamma how to act when she was only nineteen months old. Many times has her mother had to punish her for roughness to her sisters and impertinence to herself, sometimes being obliged to go as far as corporal punishment. Mrs. S. began to fear that her little girl might accuse her of loving her less than her other children, and what pained her even more was that she saw that Mary's path through life would be rendered peculiarly difficult and painful through her strong self-will. Notwithstanding her parents' serious admonitions and entreaties, even with tears, Mary's nettlesome disposition seemed to increase with her years, her love of having the first place everywhere made her appear selfish; in everything ordered or said by her elders she must needs have her word, and from being frequently reproved she began to wear habitually a discontented expression, which grieved her friends sadly. Every one but Mary's mother declared that she had no heart at all, and that if she could be guided in any way, it must be only through reason. But God employed His own wonderful means. When

Mary was thirteen years old Mrs. S. had another little son, her youngest child before was seven. It had been settled that at the birth of this child, Mary and her sisters were to spend a few weeks at the rectory of a neighbouring town, some ten miles distant, but the small-pox broke out in that place, so that it was not thought advisable for the little girls to go there; consequently they were obliged to remain at home, and from that period an entire change has come over Mary. She was so struck to see all the trouble and fatigue her mother had to bear for this little baby. Now having very little help indeed, as they lived in a retired spot, far from all her friends, Mrs. S. had to attend upon her new baby herself before she was strong enough to do so. Mary was so astonished to witness her mother's love in this new light that her heart was melted. To her oft-repeated question whether her mamma had done just the same for Mary and her sisters, Mrs. S. could only reply in the affirmative, and henceforth Mary did everything in her power to help and cheer her mother. She would gladly abandon her favourite pursuits, or give up a pleasure if she could be of *any* use at home. She was ready for any sort of work, full of tender care for her sisters and baby-brother, and the most delicate attentions to her mother. A few months later she had occasion to travel for two or three days with her papa, and he was struck with her complete absence of will. "If you like," and "as you wish," seem to have quite taken the place of "I won't" with Mary; she consults her parents in all her little affairs, and abides by their decision. Her little brother is now a year old, and Mary is at school. Her parents were obliged to send her away because in the village in which they live there is not the least resource for the education of their children. In her new abode Mary is beloved by her teachers and school-fellows. She has made many friends, whereas formerly she was shunned by other girls of her own age on account of her love of domineering. What rejoices Mr. and Mrs. S. more than anything else is that they have reason to believe that their little Mary is earnestly seeking the pearl of great price, and that like Mary of old she will soon be sitting meekly at the feet of Jesus, for she is indeed the child of many prayers.

PARENTS AND SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THERE are many mothers who are so engrossed with the cares and anxieties of a large family that they plead this as a reason why they cannot devote much time to the spiritual interests of their little ones ; there are others, whose children attend the Sabbath School, who seem to feel that their responsibility is in a measure transferred to the Sunday-school teacher to whose care, for a short time once a week, they are entrusted. This is an error. Who is so well fitted to teach the infant lip to lisp the name of Jesus, or the little tongue to breathe its simple prayer to the tender Shepherd, as a mother ? It is the mother to whose tender care the little one is taught in its earliest days to trust ; to her will it naturally look for guidance and counsel through its youthful career ; to her the little child looks for sympathy in childhood's sorrows, and she it is who participates in its infant joys. In many cases, the labours of the earnest Sabbath-school teacher have been, and still are, blest to the conversion of the dear children committed to their charge, and, doubtless, thousands of the happy glorified spirits around the Throne of God can ascribe their appearance there to the instruction imparted to them in the Sabbath School. But, mothers ! the Sabbath-school teacher cannot take from you the deep and solemn responsibility which rests upon you ; it behoves you to be also striving to guide your little ones in the Saviour's footsteps. Should the cares of a numerous family occupy so much of your time as to leave but a limited portion at your disposal to devote to the religious training of your children, then seek to aid the Sabbath-school teacher in every available way, in his efforts to lead them to the heavenly fold. Pray for him ; remember the teacher of your little ones in your approaches to the Throne of Grace ; pray for him when in secret you draw near your Heavenly Father ; pray for him when around the family altar you bend the knee in the earnest outpourings of your soul before God ; and when in the great congregation your minister asks for a blessing on the Sabbath School, and the dear children who gather there, then let your heart ascend with his in earnest supplication to God that your children may be taught to know and love Jesus. This is your duty, as well as your privilege. What an awful position is

that of the parents who, having neglected to train their children in early youth in the way they should go, see them growing up regardless of God or of his commands, and perhaps die broken-hearted by the wicked conduct of their own offspring. Contrast this with the happy portion of the parents who made it their highest, holiest aim to impress the minds of their youthful charge with things of God, to tell them of the love of Jesus, and to inspire them with ardent desires after the joys and happiness of heaven, and to wrestle hard, like Jacob of old, for their conversion. If their children are spared to them, as they advance in years, they become a source of comfort and a solace to them ; and, at the last great day, in one re-united band, they will together hymn the praises of God in heaven. Happy father ! happy mother ! What joy can rival yours ? Parents ! let no worldly advantages which you may have in view for your children, however bright the prospect may be, tempt you to neglect the "one thing needful : " cease not from earnest prayer for them until you see them seeking the Saviour. Sabbath-school teachers ! labour on with renewed diligence in your Redeemer's cause, knowing that time is fast hastening away : discouragements may sometimes damp your ardour, and trials are sure to overtake you somewhere on the road, but "be not weary in well-doing." Look to Jesus for strength, and every needed blessing, remembering that even a cup of cold water, given in His name, shall not lose its reward.

B. T.

THE MOTHER'S GUIDE BOOK.

THE mother of a family had a husband who was an infidel, who made jest of religion before his own children, yet she succeeded in *bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord*. She was one day asked *how* she had preserved them from the influence of such a father. She replied, "Because to the authority of a father, I *did not* oppose the authority of a mother, *but of God*. From their earliest infancy my children have always seen my Bible upon my table. This Holy Book has formed the whole of their religious instruction ; I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit a fault did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible, an

answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures, with the Holy Spirit's teaching, have alone wrought the wonder which astonishes you.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE LITTLE QUESTION.

A little Sabbath-school boy on his death-bed was urging his father to love the Saviour, and fearing he had made no impression, said, "Father, I am going to heaven! What shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you don't love Him?" The father burst into tears, but before he could give the answer his dear boy had fallen asleep in death.

PARENTAL LOVE.

"A doting parent lives

In many lives; through many a nerve she feels;

From child to child the quick affections spread,

For ever wandering yet forever fixed;

Nor does division weaken, nor the force

Of constant operation e'er exhaust

Parental love. All other passions change

With changing circumstances; rise or fall

Dependent on their object; claim returns;

Live on reciprocation, and expire

United by hope. In mother's fondness reigns

Without a rival and without an end."

AN infallible way to make a child miserable is to satisfy all his demands. Passion swells by gratification, and the impossibility of satisfying every one of his desires will oblige you to stop short at last, when he has become headstrong.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Poor George; or, The World of Love. By Miss Sargent. London: William Macintosh, Paternoster-row.

A pretty written account of a young cripple, and how he learnt the way to the "home of love."

Little Katy and Jolly Jim. London: Nisbet and Co.

A very interestingly written history of two little children gathered in from the dens of poverty and misery. Their characters are very naturally depicted.

The Pilgrim's Farewell; or, A Message from God unto Thee. London: William Macintosh, Paternoster-row.

A little pamphlet likely to be very useful. It is suitable for lending as a tract. City missionaries and tract distributors will find it of service.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

God Loves You—Whom Will You Serve? London: Macintosh, Paternoster-row.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.—No. 3.

THE influence of a pious mother is felt, not only in the heart of a happy Christian home, but where infidelity and error prevail—where the noxious roots of scepticism have imbedded themselves, and their bitter fruits are shedding poison around ; then, like an oasis in the desert, the pure, clear stream of a mother's consistent piety works its way, silently, it may be, but *surely*, until the wilderness around her begins to "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

There lived, not long since, a pious, praying mother, with two loved sons growing up into manhood. For many a long year had she prayed and wept in secret, and poured out her sorrowful soul to the Lord, for her husband was *an avowed infidel*. The world called him an upright man, deemed him happy, wise in his generation, moral, prosperous ; but of him the Psalmist would have written, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." The younger son eagerly drank in the lessons of a mother's teaching—lessons of a Saviour's love. He learned to adore that God whom his father despised, and to hold communion with that Saviour whom his father rejected. The pious mother rejoiced over her younger son, while she still wrestled with God in secret for the elder, who had imbibed his father's pernicious teaching and sceptical views. One evening, shortly before these two sons were to leave their home to be launched forth into life's busy world, their pious mother stole silently up into the room of her eldest boy, and, after gazing at him with that exquisite love which a mother's heart alone can understand, she (believing him to be asleep) knelt by his bedside, and earnestly and audibly supplicated the Lord for his salvation. She then rose, and softly kissing the cheek of her precious son, departed. "Before they call, I will answer ; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." It was fulfilled in this case. The son had heard that prayer—his mother's prayer—had felt her warm kiss of love. His soul was deeply stirred within him ; he yearned to throw his arms around his mother's neck, but, to use his own expression, "My father stood between me and my God." Sleep forsook his eyes ; restless in mind and body, hour after hour passed on, and yet no peace came to his troubled soul. Alternately his mother's piety and

his father's infidelity occupied his whole mind. Strong was the inward conflict, deep were the exercises of his soul; but grace triumphed. Ere the morning sun had sent harbinger of his approach, another voice of prayer had issued from that chamber. This time, too, it was an earnest wrestling with God: it was no longer the mother pleading for the conversion of her son, but the humble, penitent, broken-hearted prayer of that son for himself! and when morning came, he was prepared to *declare himself a Christian!* This young man's confession was a striking one: he said, "I have had many a mental struggle between religion and infidelity. *My dear mother's life has been a continual plea for religion!* When away from her truth, and patience, and purity, I grew indifferent to holiness; and when conscience occasionally disturbed me I threw over it the petrifying waters of infidelity, and sought to fortify myself by using infidel arguments, and referring to my father's character of morality and uprightness. But my father's views no longer stand between me and heaven. Mother, pray for me; I would be a Christian!" "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Not long after this, the infidel father, softened, humbled, penitent, praying and converted, was seen in God's house, kneeling beside his happy wife and his two beloved sons. Together they devoted their hearts to the Lord, and offered up their praises to Him; and that late infidel, but now Christian father was heard to exclaim, "ONE PRAYING MOTHER HAS SAVED A HOUSEHOLD!"

Believing, sorrowing mothers, faint not! follow your loved ones in all their wanderings with *hopeful prayer*. We nowhere find in God's Word a promise that the children of praying parents, *when children*, are to be brought to know the Lord. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and *when he is old* he shall not depart from it." Oh! how many a son of a praying mother has grown up a wayward child—a froward, wild, and thoughtless youth, and even apparently a godless man? But though torn with the briars of sin, footsore and weary with the dust of his life's sad pilgrimage, the remembrance of a mother, the thought of the infant prayer which he lisped at her knees, the recollection of her *patient, enduring, and tearful* prayers for him, have, in after years, made the strong man to tremble, to think, to weep,

to pray, and to go forth earnest in purpose and full of love for that Saviour who redeemed him and gave him a praying mother. It is recorded by one who was eminently blessed in leading to Jesus wretched, hardened convicts who were leaving our shores, that in numberless instances where teaching had fallen unheeded, God's Word had been scoffed at, and kindness rejected, the simple words—"Have you a mother?" would touch the inmost chord of the soul; the hardened man would become a child, tears would start in his eyes, chase each other down his weather-beaten cheeks, and in deep emotion he would exclaim, "Ah! I had a mother who used to teach me to pray; and how she used to pray for me when I was a child! Then would glide in a little seed of truth through this golden aperture of a mother's love, and it would find a softened spot of soil which the world's defilement could not touch."

TOO LATE.

"I have not prayed for Annie as I should have done."

"I am going to be married on Thursday!" "Annie, don't say so. Do your folks at home know anything about it?" "No; it is a mad thing; but it is done! I can't help it now; it is too late!" "But your mother, dear? think of her, afflicted as she is now; what will become of her? It will break her heart." "Yes, I expect it will be her death." "I can't trust myself to think. It is a wild thing—a mad thing; but it can't be helped now; it is too late!" So Annie paced about the room, amid the wild utterances of desperation or bursts of tears.

"Oh! Annie, is that you, my child?" "Yes, mother; here is your breakfast." The mother gazed out into vacancy for the phantom of her child had flitted past her, and the little tray with her meal was placed by her side. "Annie! Annie! you'll not go to Harcourt to-day?" "Oh! I must; I've promised Basil. I shall be back in the evening!" Again she rushed into the room, gave her mother a kiss, and as quickly hurried off.

"And so, Annie dear, you really are going to be married, and

going to leave England! how does your mother hear it?" "Oh, she does not know! she expects me back to-night; I did intend returning when I left! I came to-day to see about my things; but Basil says it is of no use, my going back, we must be married to-morrow morning. I am staying at—~~the~~ and must hurry back for the dressmaker to try on my dress; but I did wish to see you, so I have stolen off a minute for two. Oh! you will go and see mother, won't you? Do please go and see her!" "And they expect you back to-night?" "Yes, but they won't see me. They won't think much of that. They'll look for Annie on Saturday, but they won't see poor Annie!" My heart was too full to permit me to say much to the poor girl, and I felt too bewildered; it had burst upon me suddenly; but as she went out of the door, and I pressed her pale cheek to mine, I said softly, "Annie dear, when days of trouble come, and they will come—remember, there is but one refuge. Call upon God in the time of trouble, and be thankful that you may. The time will come when He will be your only refuge. In your helplessness, cling to Him. You'll think of this? Good-bye."

That night I slept but little, for I thought and dreamed of Annie. The many things I ought to have said to her so pressed upon my spirits that I felt as though I must get up and write to her, and try to send it before she left in the morning. But I was not sure as to where she was staying, and had no idea where they were going to be married; so the time was allowed to pass in indecision, till I woke to the consciousness that it was "too late." Alas! these fearful indecisions—these lost opportunities!

Oh! Mrs. W. said news—sad news!" "What, pray?" "The vessel in which poor Annie sailed is a total wreck." "Never! but are you sure?" "All gone to the bottom, my dear; all sunk—everything sunk!" I was dumb; I opened not my mouth. "I have not prayed for Annie as I should have done" was the first thought; and again I seemed to hear that fearful echo, "Too late—too late!" Oh! that every one whose eye glances over these pages may wake up to the full importance of embracing every passing opportunity which God gives to work for Him.

Annie was possibly, and, I fear, probably, but a type of a large class. A high-spirited, impulsive girl, with a generous but wayward nature, totally lacking the wholesome restraints of judicious early training. Her mother, a refined, intelligent, sensitive woman, of delicate nervous organisation, had been mated to a man of harsh and dominant temper; her own energies had become inert; her health failed, and her family were left to circumstances. Annie, being the youngest, was left more to her idle will than had been the lot of the others. Had hers been a firm, religious training, she would have been a noble character; for she was generous and affectionate in the extreme; but evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as by want of heart. What complicated evils arise from the lack of right principles early implanted? In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall both alike be good! May not this incident suggest to mothers the need of unselfish devotion to the best interests of those committed to their care, for the sake of their after-life and future well-being, and for the value the effort is to themselves. I have been much struck with the power of endurance and the cheerfulness visible in a family under various bereavements, privations and trials, from the circumstance of each conscientiously sustaining themselves and cheering the others; and how wonderfully it is in the power of the mother to strike the key-note! To daughters and sisters may it not suggest, not only the duty, but the beauty of those entwining charities of life which bind the solitary in families? Break not those bonds harshly or hastily. How many bitter memories may be hoarded up for after thought! One who married, not unhappily, has often confessed that for years she wet her nightly pillow with her tears because she left a widowed mother alone. Never forget that Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, is the first commandment with promise. May it not suggest to us all the need there is to cultivate the spirit which shall bear one another's burdens? Life has much of care, much of sorrow, for the sunniest of us. Might we not lighten the weight and brighten the cloud which

makes another drag so heavily? In our own circles there are many for whom, if we can do nothing else, we can pray. Let us do so, more and more earnestly. Year after year passes swiftly over us; changes are taking place in all our family circles; each fireside shows a vacant chair. If we cannot always calculate on renewed meetings here, let us so live and act that we may hope to meet in the one home above.

Annie's mother yet lives. How much longer she may, in the mysterious providence of God, continue to have sorrow upon sorrow we cannot tell. Hitherto, she traces His hand in all the vicissitudes of her life, and, longing, waits for her release, for she is one of the most piteously helpless invalids imagination can picture. Mothers who read this! will you not respond in her case to Job's plaintive plea, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O, ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me!" Have pity, and PRAY.

BLANCHE.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

WHEN the day and its labour is ended,
And the little ones frolic no more,
When the patter of feet on the carpet,
And the laughing and chattering are o'er,
As they peacefully rest in sweet slumber,
And thou sittest stitching away,
Oh! think with calm, deep meditation
On what has been done in the day.

A day—how soon over, yet surely
Some impress its hours doth impart;
Some lessons of good or of evil
Have been written on each little heart,
Some seed that may spring up and flourish,
Or a weed that, unchecked, may grow wild,
Some hope or some joy or some sorrow,
Stirred the breast of each innocent child.

Oh! what has thy conduct been towards them?
They have wearied and tried thee, perchance;
But hast thou in anger rebuked them,
By harsh words or a passionate glance?
Oh! deal with them tenderly, kindly,
Thorns will press their young feet when they rove,
But strive that their childhood be happy,
Watched over and blest by thy love.

When those tiny arms clasp thee so tightly,

Oh! does it not touch thee to see,
And to feel as those rosy lips press thee

How their young love is centred in thee?

They will leave all their games in the nursery,

The doll and the top and the ball,

Or their romps in the garden and orchard,

To come at their mother's lov'd call.

Oh! do not thou treasure it lightly,

The love so devotedly given, to console thy sorrow

It may be as a beacon to guide them, (as John's star did)

Through their wanderings on earth into heaven.

Be patient, be prayerful, be holy,

And Jesus thy helper will be, from earth to sky

For He on earth, blessed little children,

And said, "Let them come unto me."

A YOUNG MOTHER.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

TRUTHFUL SARAH.

I HAD an aunt Sarah whom I loved very dearly, and she would often tell me stories, and there was one which I liked better than the others, so I hope you will like it, and will also learn something from it as I did. My aunt was always called "Truthful Sarah," and when I was old enough to know how lovely and beautiful the truth is in the sight of God, and how much He abhors liars, I began to think this a very pretty name, and to wonder how my aunt obtained it. One day she came to see my father and mother, but they were both gone out, and she went into the parlour to await their return. I was at school, but at five o'clock I came home. When I had taken off my things and put them away, for we were obliged to be very tidy, I went into the parlour, and to my great delight there sat aunt Sarah. She kissed me kindly, and said, "Well, my little namesake, are you quite well?" "Yes, thank you, aunt," I replied, "but you have brought something to my mind that I often think about. I wish I could always be quite truthful like you, and never tell the least little story, so that I might deserve to be your namesake altogether,

and be called "Truthful Sarah." My aunt looked grave at this, and said, "My dear child, I hope you will always be truthful, and that you ask God to help you to be so. I believe that when I was a child I loved the truth, but I once did a very wrong thing, and by the mercy of our Heavenly Father I received a very severe lesson for it, which I never forgot." Just at this moment my father and mother came home, and I was not able to talk to aunt Sarah any more that evening. To prevent myself from feeling cross I got my books and worked very hard to learn my lessons for the next day. When I was in bed I began to wonder about aunt Sarah; she always seemed so good that I could not fancy she had ever done wrong. I longed to see her again, but my wishes were not gratified for three months. Then she invited me to her house for a week during the midsummer holidays, and in the course of this visit she told me what I so much wanted to hear. Aunt Sarah and my mother were sisters; their father was a farmer. He was very well off, for the land he farmed was his own; he had several children, and they were all made to work, for my grandmother thought idleness bad for everybody. Aunt Sarah was early taught to be useful as well as her brothers and sisters. One day her mother was sent for in a great hurry to see a sick relation who lived at some distance. Sarah promised to manage everything well, and as she was now thirteen, and was always very steady, my grandmother went away with a tolerably easy mind. Now Sarah was rather pleased to be mistress, and she worked very hard, that her mother might be satisfied when she came back. One thing she had to do was to make the butter and take it to market. She worked and worked with the churn till she was completely tired, but it seemed of no use, the butter did not come. Just then her father came to look at her before going to the fields to see after his men. Seeing the state of distress she was in, he churned for a few minutes, and Sarah, revived by this short rest, took fresh courage and worked again bravely, and at last the butter came. She knew well how to wash and weigh it, because she had been carefully taught by her mother, whose butter was famous in the market. My aunt had just begun the weighing when her father came in again.

"Mind you give good weight, my dear, let the scale go quite down." "Yes, father," replied Sarah. Now Sarah took a very extraordinary idea into her head, which was that she would be very clever and make the butter go farther; to accomplish this, as soon as she had weighed a lump of butter, and made the scale go down, she took a little piece off it; then she made up her pats, stamped them, and put them in some fresh green leaves in her basket. She had often been to market with her mother, and she was not at all afraid of going by herself, so she took her pony and rode off. The place where she stood was soon surrounded, for, as I told you, my grandmother's butter was famous; it sold rapidly, and at last all was gone but three pounds. The little girl was exulting greatly in her good fortune, when an old gentleman came up, and having enquired the price, offered to buy the whole if it was good weight, if she would let him weigh it. This made her feel rather uncomfortable, but she determined to put a good face on the matter, thinking that he only wanted to see what she would say, and also that he was not likely to have scales in his pocket. She answered, "Certainly, but I have no scales." "Never mind," replied he, and to her utter dismay, added, "come with me to Mr. Brown's, he will do it for us." Sarah took up her basket and went with him, but she was now wretched indeed. Her cheeks were burning with shame and fear; her whole frame trembled, her knees smooed together, and she had quite a longing to throw down her basket and run away. "Oh," she thought, "I wish I had given good weight!" Mr. Brown lived near the market; he kept a large shop, and sold all sorts of things. On market days it was generally crowded, because when the women had sold their butter and eggs, they used to buy tapes, calico, buttons and such things, to take home with them. When my aunt and her conductor reached the shop it was so full of people that they could not get in, but were obliged to stand at the door. Her shame and terror increased every moment; she fancied how horrible it would be for all those people to hear her pronounced a cheat, and she felt that, come what might, she had deserved it. "What will my father and mother say?" she thought, "and how shall I ever hold up my head

again?" The old gentleman, finding that he could not enter, called out his request to Mr. Brown, who desired his apprentice to weigh the butter. The basket was taken from Sarah's trembling hands and passed over the heads of the people to the lad. She became quite sick and faint, and stood expecting every moment to be called a cheat, when she heard the words, "It is weight, sir!" And it was so, though only bare weight, not what her mother had taught her to give. The butter was bought and paid for, and Sarah went home rejoicing at her escape, but much humbled by her adventure. She inwardly resolved that by the help of God, she would from that day be strictly honest in everything she did, and in every word she said.

THE LOSS OF THE "LONDON."

"Thy way is in the sea, thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."

THE noble steamship "London" sailed from Plymouth on the 6th of January for Australia, with two hundred and thirty-nine souls on board, including the passengers and crew. On the 11th she sank in the Bay of Biscay, taking with her two hundred and twenty immortal beings: sixteen of the crew and three of the passengers escaped in one of the ship's boats, and were mercifully spared to tell us the melancholy tale. In the morning, when the captain told those on board that there was no hope of deliverance, for they were gradually sinking, a most marvellous spirit of resignation seemed to possess them all. There was no rushing about, no screaming, no frantic cries, no wringing of the hands; but a profound resignation to the will of Heaven, which we are inclined to think must have been given to them in answer to prayer, for they had been in imminent danger almost all the time they had been at sea. There were mothers who could not refrain from shedding tears over their precious children; while the latter were perpetually inquiring and wondering what it all meant, and why their parents looked so pale. Friends were bidding friends farewell, as if preparing for a long journey; and it was indeed long, for they will never return to tell us of the way. Many, we are told, were reading their Bibles, in

search, doubtless, of some sweet word of promise, that would afford them a little comfort and consolation at that awful time. Some of those Bibles, it may be, were placed in their trunks by a fond mother's hand. Such has often been the case, and they have been found to be inestimable treasures. Can a more painful situation be imagined? a more distressing scene pictured? We are informed that an elderly passenger, when he heard the solemn announcement drop from the lips of the captain, "There is no hope but in heaven," fetched his carpet-bag from the cabin, and brought it upon deck, which act called forth from the captain a melancholy smile. No one could say what were really his thoughts at the time; many would infer, perhaps, that he was a thoughtless man, and was more concerned at that awful moment about the perishing things of earth than the more important things of eternity; that God had no place in his thoughts and affections. It might have been so, we cannot say; but is it not very possible that he was in such a state of mind as not to know what he did? One of the passengers, who had with him his wife and four children, was urged by a friend to go with those who were about to venture in the boat; but he nobly refused, saying, "No, I have promised my wife and children to stay with them, and I will do so." The water had then reached the saloon in which they were, and in a short time afterwards they were in the presence of God. We would fain hope they are now a whole family in heaven. The captain would not leave his ship. When asked to go in the boat, he said, "No, I will go down with the passengers." He instructed those who were in the boat which way to steer to reach the nearest place of safety. Just as the boat was leaving, he said to his men on board, "Boys, now is the time for you to say your prayers." We trust it was not too late, but prayer should not be delayed until dying moments; the prayerless soul must be a Christless soul. Many in that awful hour hastened to the Rev. Mr. Draper, who was their companion in tribulation, and earnestly besought him to pray for them. Many, perhaps, had been scoffers up to that time; but as "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," may we not encourage the hope that his prayers,

"Lord, if there be any here not converted, may they be converted now, Lord, by hundreds," were answered; and that they found mercy when sinking in the mighty deep? There was a young man on board whom a pious clergyman had endeavoured by all means in his power to bring to a decision for Christ previous to his leaving. When they parted, he most affectionately entreated him to offer up a prayer daily which he gave him; and as the boat was leaving the ship, that young man called out to one of the survivors, saying, "Tell Mr. — that I have used that prayer he gave me ever since; and now I can say of Christ, 'My beloved is mine, and I am his.'" Young man! we will not mourn for thee; thou art doubtless gone to a better land. A young woman put a scrap of paper into the hand of one of the survivors just as he left the ship; on it was written, "Dear mother, you must not grieve for me; I am going to Jesus." Happy girl! her voyage was rough and stormy, but short. Now on the deck of the "London," and anon reclining on the bosom of Jesus.

There was one aged couple on board, who, when they found they must sink, retired to their cabin to die by themselves. A young man was there who left his betrothed behind to go by the next ship. He went first to prepare a home for her: instead of her bridal dress she must now assume the robes of mourning. We are told that just before the boat left, one of the passengers went to ascertain if there were any others who wished to go with them. One young lady expressed a desire to do so; but when she saw the distance she had to jump from the ship's side to the boat, she said, "Oh, I can't do that!" so she was obliged to be left behind. When the boat had gone a little way, a young lady came to the edge of the vessel, and frantically cried out, "A thousand guineas if you'll take me in!" But it was too late; for the boat to return then would have been its certain destruction, as it must have been engulfed with the vessel, which was fast sinking.

We are solemnly taught by this melancholy catastrophe the importance and value of religion. Whatever persons may be in life and health, when surrounded by danger and death they want religion. When their lives are in jeopardy, they become

terrified and alarmed, and in their dismay, they run to God for refuge. It may be that there were those on board the "London" who had spent all their days among the foolish and gay, without reflection and prayer; but in the hour of danger they lifted up their voices in solemn supplication to Him who controls the winds and the seas, and we hope their prayers were heard. We may not sink in the abyss of waters, but we must plunge into eternity; we may not be driven from earth by the storm, but we must appear in the presence of God, and we know not how soon; therefore it is important that we should be prepared to meet our God.

HELP FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—No. 2.

I WONDER how many have found out the letter puzzle of last month? Perhaps some will say, "Oh, we soon found it out; that is not difficult." But I daresay others have been puzzling again and again over it, and I fear some have given it up altogether without much trying. But I promised to tell you next month; and now next month is come. The words are, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Now those who have not found it out for themselves should put the letters out, and see if this is right, and then perhaps they would like another. They must not have a difficult one; suppose we try these letters: T. L. N. O. H. N. E. O. R. V. A. E. E. O.; and when they have found that out, we will come and sit round the fire. The one at the end begins and repeats a text commencing with the letter A; the next one beginning with B; the next with C, and so on all through the alphabet. Another time they can take the name of a Bible character, one for each letter; another time the places mentioned in the Bible. Another way of amusing themselves and each other is for one to say one line of a hymn, the next the second line, the next the third, and so on. In the dusk, just before the lamp or candle is lighted on Saturday or on Sunday evening, when father is at home, and mother wants a little rest, this is a very interesting way of spending half an hour. I was

very fond of it when I was a little boy, and my children now enjoy it. If your children are old enough, I can tell you of another very good and useful employment. Give them a piece of paper, and a pencil, and their own Bible; let them find out and put down the passages of all the *nights* that are mentioned in the New Testament. Perhaps they will say, "That's soon done; there are not many." Let them try, but not too long at a time. Then on another day they can find out all the places where *children* are spoken of; or all the *mountains* mentioned, and what took place on them; then the *lakes* and *seas*, and so on. But if your children are too young to read or to spell, why I must try next month to find something for them to do. The second sentence in last month's number was, "God is love."

HORACE.

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED, NEITHER
LET IT BE AFRAID."

If heavy is thy weary heart, if fears and doubts arise,
To heaven, then, weeping Christian, to heaven then lift thine eyes;
But if thy spirit's anguish will not give thee words to pray,
If through the darkness of thy soul shines not one cheering ray,
Just think of thy Redeemer, and remember how He said,
"Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid."

If cares and sorrows weigh thee down, if sickness rend thy frame,
Oh! pray in faith, thou wilt be heard in the Redeemer's name;
Or if thy heart is well-nigh crushed by some o'erwhelming blow,
If some beloved and cherished one by Death has been laid low,
Then think of thy Redeemer, and remember how He said,
"Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid."

If thou art anxious for the soul of some beloved by thee,
If thou dost grieve for friends who drink their cup of agony,
If a deep sorrow falls on thee that seems too hard to bear
If thy heart is breaking with a woe no *earthly* friend may share,
Go tell it all to Jesus, just remembering how He said,
"Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid."

In any trying hour of life when nature *will* have sway,
And dark despair or bitter grief remove the power to pray,
That power will come, thy heart be calmed, faith will return again,
If in that hour of conflict, of woe, or racking pain,
Thou shalt but think of Jesus, and remember how He said,
"Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid."

A. O. E. A.

LITTLE JOE'S CHRISTMAS.—No. 2.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned more happily for poor Joe and his mother than they had anticipated. A cheerful fire was soon kindled, and presently a cup of hot tea and a nice slice of toast were ready for the invalid woman. "O, my boy!" she said, as Joe came and drew his seat near the bed, "Learn while you are young to trust God. Yesterday, as I lay here alone all day, without fire or food, rebellious thoughts came into my heart, and I felt how hardly we were dealt with, while others had enough and to spare. But when you came home and brought with you so many comforts, I saw how wrong I had been, and felt that our Heavenly Father never forgets His children; and now I trust that whatever comes I shall not doubt Him again."

It was rather later than usual that morning before Joe left home, and having bought his oranges, set off on his daily rounds. Briskly he walked along, occupied with looking at the people who passed, and offering them his fruit. Very few stayed to buy; many seemed to be going to church, others were out apparently for a stroll, and did not want oranges. Two or three passers-by threw a copper into his basket with a kind word, but these were very few. Joe bought a penny roll for his dinner, but did not go home at mid-day; he knew that his mother had within reach all that she required, and a neighbour had kindly promised to attend to the fire; besides, he was anxious to complete the sale of his oranges, so as to take home money enough for the support of the next day. As evening drew near, however, he began to feel desponding; he had sold no more fruit, and to add to his discomfort a cold fog had settled down over the city, and chilled him through and through. With a sad heart he at length turned his steps homewards, while the basket on his arm seemed to grow heavier every moment. A dark, cold walk of about half an hour brought him to the door of his home; raising the latch, he entered, and then stood almost petrified with astonishment at the sight that met his gaze. On the little round table was spread a snowy cloth, and upon this was laid out the most beautiful Christmas dinner that Joe had ever seen. A nice piece of cold roast beef, and *such a plum-*

pudding! But this was not all, though we must forgive poor Joe for seeing his dinner before he discovered anything else. Sitting by his mother's bed, and holding one of her thin hands, was the little girl who had been so good to him on the previous day, and near her stood the portly, good-natured, old cook, Mrs. Mason, who hearing that Eva wished to visit the young orange-vendor, asked leave to accompany her. I will not attempt to describe Joe's delight at this unexpected meeting with his kind friends, or his rapture when he found they had brought a nice warm shawl for his poor mother, and some woollen socks for him. Besides all this, they were the bearers to Joe of an offer of far better employment than that of selling oranges in the street, so that it seemed to the boy as if he had been suddenly admitted into a new world where there was nothing but joy. Very soon the two visitors took their departure, leaving behind them such warmth and gladness, that Joe and his mother could do nothing for some time but cry for joy, agreeing while they wiped away the fast-falling tears, that this was the very happiest Christmas-day they had ever spent, and feeling more than ever that those who trust and hope in God need never fear even in the darkness of affliction, for He whose own they are and who has provided for their eternal welfare, will also provide for their temporal good all that He sees best. This, my young friends, is the little lesson to be learned from my simple story; think of it even long after you have forgotten Little Joe's Christmas.

M. E. R.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.—No. 6.

"Do you know how Annie is to-night?" asked Janet, as she and Effie were conversing on the evening we last left them. "The crisis is not past, Dr. Taylor is here very often during the night as well as day, but I think there is no hope of her entire recovery, dear. Last week I could not bear the thought, but I feel differently about it now, because there will be the meeting time for us above, when nothing shall separate, and I am content to trust God's will; I feel unusually calm to-night."

"Calm! I wish I could be calm," said Janet, passionately, "instead of the Christian's peace, I have a canker eating at my heart; instead of happiness I have misery, and there is no place to rest from it all." Swift as lightning came into Effie's mind a conversation she had with Annie a few weeks before, and she said, "There is a place where you can go for rest from all weariness, dear Janet; under the shadow of the Rock no evil can come; once resting in that, no sun can scorch, nothing can ever harm; its long deep shadow falls refreshingly on all who have any love for Christ, wherever they may be, under all circumstances and in all places, rest may be found under the shadow of the Rock. Annie told me this, dear," said Effie, in answer to the questioning earnest gaze, for Janet was looking at Effie with a countenance full of wonder. Could it be possible it was Effie Morton, the quiet timid child of such a little time back; the wayward, impulsive Effie of a month ago? Janet did not know the constraining love of Christ, and so she was amazed, but as she walked home in the dim twilight she thought of the words about the shadow of the Rock, and when she reached her home she kneeled, and in a few words asked that its shadow might rest on her spirit amid the gaiety of home. It was a needful prayer, for when she descended to the parlour the party were gathered round the table playing cards. Janet's thoughts immediately turned to the sick room in Lynn House, where even now Annie might be hovering between life and death, even now might be crossing the dark river, and she sighed heavily as she contrasted the two. "Come, Janet," said Mrs. Cardeaux, "we have been waiting for you; how late you are, my dear! I hoped you would have come home early to-night." "I could not, mamma," answered Janet in a low voice, "and mamma, I would much rather go to bed now; I cannot join in your merriment this evening, Annie Maitland is so very ill." Mrs. Cardeaux looked annoyed, but she answered, "You are low-spirited to-night; you must strive against these morbid fancies, or they will get the better of you, and it would be a great trouble to me to see my only daughter a narrow-minded religionist, for you know, if this Miss Maitland, of whom you

talk so much, is at the point of death, you are not; you are in the midst of life and full of health. But," she added, observing Janet's pale countenance, "you may retire if you like; I will excuse you to our guests, so good-night." "Good-night, mamma;" and Janet turned to her own room, murmuring to herself,

" 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

The quietness of her room gained, she fastened the door and sat down by the opened window, and thoughts of peace stole over her aching heart; again the still small voice said, "Why not *now*? Why not decide *now*?" And as the darkness deepened around, Janet still sat there. None can ever tell what passed between herself and God, but that night was the turning-point in the history of her life.

MARY'S PRAYER.

LITTLE Mary's mother had occasion to correct her the other night. Mary was angry, and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless Papa and Mamma as she was wont to do, she said, "God bless Papa, and don't bless Mamma." Her mother took no notice, and Mary jumped into bed without her good-night kiss. By-and-by she began to breathe hard, and at last she whispered, "Mamma, are you going to live a great while?" "I don't know," was the answer. "Do you think you shall?" "I cannot tell." "Do many mothers die and leave their children?" "A great many." "Mamma," said Mary, with a trembling voice, "I am going to say another prayer," and clasping her little hands, she cried, "God bless Papa, and the dearest, best Mamma any little girl ever had in the world."

"That's the way, children. If you knew your mothers were shortly going to die, you could not be half kind enough to them. But do you not know that be they long or short-lived, there lies before you, written so plainly that he who runs may read, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

"A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME."

O WHERE will be the birds that sing?
 A hundred years to come?
 The flowers that now in beauty spring
 A hundred years to come?
 The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
 The heart that beats so gaily now?
 O! where will be love's beaming eye,
 Joy's pleasant smile and sorrow's sigh
 A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
 A hundred years to come?
 Who'll tread yon church with willing feet
 A hundred years to come?
 Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
 And childhood with its brow of truth,
 The rich and poor, on land, on sea,
 Where will the mighty millions be
 A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
 A hundred years to come!
 No living soul for us will weep
 A hundred years to come!
 But other men our lands shall till,
 And others then our streets will fill,
 While other birds will sing as gay,
 As bright the sunshine as to-day,
 A hundred years to come!

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

A MAN with a family was left a widower. In process of time he formed a connexion with a woman who, having children of her own, treated his slightly. On the day of her marriage new dresses were bought for the children of the bride, but none for the others. The poor little things, having no one to take their part or share with them in their grief, were seen to go to the grave of their departed mother, as if to tell her what had befallen them, and to ask her to help them, pouring out their agony of mind in floods of bitter tears.

A CHILD'S LOGIC.

ONE day a little girl about five years old heard a preacher praying very loudly, till the roof seemed to ring with the strength of his supplication. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking distance, she whispered, "Mother, don't you think if he lived nearer to God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

MOMENTS.

LET us have very much care for our moments, since some moments must land us in eternity, and no moment is so short as to be entirely free from responsibility.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Uncle Sam's Visit. London: Pitman, Paternoster Row.

A nice little addition to the school-room Library. "Uncle Sam's Visit" will be welcome, doubtless, in many homes.

The Household. London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster-row.

A new Magazine, especially intended to bring help as well as amusement and pastime into our homes.

Homely Readings on Homely Subjects. London: William Macintosh.

An unpretending little volume, containing much interesting reading in simple words, admirably adapted for cottage homes and village libraries.

Merry and Wise. By Old Merry. London: Jackson, Walford and Hodder.

This little periodical has come out in an enlarged form, which speaks well for the reception it has met with from our young friends. Old Merry knows well how to please the young folks and instruct them at the same time,

I wish I were in Heaven. Dalton, Churchman and Co.

A little hymn on tinted paper, suitable for sending in letters. Our young friends will like to sing it to the tune "I would be like an Angel."

Occasional Papers of the Association of Female Workers. No. 1. London: Morgan and Chase.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.—No. 4.

IN our paper last month we gave an instance of the power of a mother's prayers to save a household. Another such instance may serve to encourage those mothers who have those dear to them still unconverted. A mother had been for years the only Christian in the family; her husband and nine children were not immoral, but none of them gave evidence of piety. Had this mother been less firm in character, and less resolute in purpose she might have yielded to the current, pleading that resistance was unavailing. But she was qualified to meet the responsibility of her position. She felt that God had committed to her care *ten* unconverted souls dear as her own life, and that she must so fulfil the obligations resting on her, that if any were lost it should not be through her neglect of duty. She carefully endeavoured that her own life should be consistent with her profession, and she also improved every propitious season in giving judicious instruction and warning. She used all appropriate means, and in her various efforts love was the dominant power. But her great reliance was upon fervent, unceasing prayer, sent upward to the mercy-seat with unwavering faith in the divine promises. In the many supplications offered in secret, the strength of maternal love added fervour to devotion. Long did this mother *seem* to pray in vain, and her faith was sorely tried through years of "hope deferred." Yet, at length, the reaping-time drew near. She who had gone forth weeping, sowing the precious seed, was to return again bringing her sheaves with her. The first convert was the eldest daughter; the two eldest sons soon after obtained the good hope through grace, and successively at intervals, the whole of the nine children made a profession of religion. Unbounded thankfulness and joy filled the mother's heart, but one sorrow remained. The husband and father was still impenitent. There was great despondency on his account, for he was now advancing in years, and had begun to form the habit of intemperance. For him, the many prayers remained unanswered. Had the supplicating wife in the abundance of her blessings received all that God was willing to grant?

Must the father see all his family in the kingdom of heaven and be himself "thrust out?" This thought was a burden too heavy to be borne, and yet she, who by the "effectual fervent prayer of the righteous," had availed so much, feared that her last desire, the salvation of her husband, might not be granted. All her tears, entreaties, and prayers had not prevailed; and might not the harvest be past? After much painful reflection the faithful wife resolved to make one final effort, and then leave the case with God. She spent a night of anguish, with a fervour of supplication she had never before experienced; and in the morning she thus addressed her husband: "I have offered for you many prayers; have often entreated you to attend to your salvation, but it has all been in vain. God has given me my children, but you are without hope. I can do no more. We have lived happily together in time, but I fear we must be separated in eternity. I have but one more request to make, and then I must leave you with God. *Do, this moment, seek the salvation of your soul.*" This message, brought down from the mount of God, was irresistible. The husband seemed for a moment paralysed and speechless. Finding utterance, he simply replied with singular emphasis, "*I will.*" He immediately left his work and retired to a field, resolving, as he afterwards said, never to return till he had become a Christian. The whole long summer day down to the deep shades of night was he absent, to the alarm of his family, who sought, but found him not. Thinking himself that they would be distressed at his absence, he returned,—not a Christian, but deeply burdened with a sense of sin. Some days passed away, and then he experienced a change from death to life. He dared not at first trust the evidences of conversion, but the light increased as he followed on to know the Lord, and fear was overpowered by joy. The cup of the praying mother could hold no more. God had granted all that she asked, and she could now hope to sit down at last with all her family in heaven. Oh, infinite reward of faith and prayer! What glory of earth can be named with this? That praying mother lived to see her children connected with pious families, and to listen to some of them as preachers of the gospel; most

of her grandchildren, too, are members of the Christian Church, and one is a missionary to a foreign land. Christian mothers, see in this example what power God has granted you. Use it faithfully and well, for great is "the recompence of reward."

" Pray, pray, pray,
Always keep on praying,
In the brightest, darkest day,
Still His voice obeying.
Never from the gates of prayer
Turn with doubting sorrow,
For the One who standeth there
May answer you to-morrow."

SOLEMN, BUT TRUE.

LUCY L—— was the daughter of a farmer who resided near the village of C——. Her parents were worldly people, who brought up their family without the fear of God. The love of dress and vanity was early implanted in their bosoms. Music, dancing, midnight parties, and every other round of amusement within their reach was eagerly attended. At length Lucy L—— yielded to the wiles of a gay seducer and became a disgrace to her family, by whom she was now looked upon as an outcast. At this period she sought and obtained a situation in a distant town, where her health began gradually to decline. Her spirits never recovered the shock they had sustained by her fall, and consumption marked her for its prey. About eighteen months ago she came home to die: a great change had taken place in the once gay and blooming Lucy L——. The pleasures of the world had lost their charm; she had found every sweet a snare. She was visited by her minister and other friends, and gave satisfying evidence of sorrow for sin; she sought and found pardon and peace, and became a "new creature in Christ Jesus." Thus, when wearisome days and nights were appointed unto her, she had that peace which the "world can neither give nor take away." We see the goodness of God in giving her time and space to repent, and the earnest desire for salvation. She lingered on in extreme weakness for many weeks, but the same

spirit of resignation to the divine will appeared in her daily, and as the body weakened the soul grew stronger, resting on Jesus. To her sisters she said on one occasion, "I see you are looking at my attire, but I shall soon change these garments for a robe of righteousness." To some friends who visited her she spoke with seeming pleasure of that better land to which she was fast hastening, concluding by bidding them "farewell," with the hope of meeting them in heaven. A short time before she died she requested to be raised on her pillow, and then with surprising strength and sweetness she sang—

"There is rest for the weary,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for me."

Soon after this exertion she entered on her rest, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. In the quiet churchyard of C—— she awaits the morning of the resurrection.

"When the new rising from the tomb
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline."

From the above narrative, we may see the danger of parents bringing up their children after the fashion of this fleeting world that soon passeth away; and the brief life of Lucy L——, who was cut off in the bloom of womanhood, speaks a volume of warning to the young, urging them to shun the society of the giddy and the gay.

E. R.

LITTLE GEORGE.

LITTLE George Wootton was only ten years old when he was taken ill,—an illness that ended in death. It was very sad to see his dear mother anxiously watching by his bedside, sometimes hoping, sometimes despairing. Although George's mother had a large family she did not like to part with one, but oh! she *must* give him up.

The afternoon of George's funeral I shall not easily forget. The children belonging to the schools with which he was connected were slowly walking two and two to meet the sad procession. They all knew little George, and wished to follow his body to the grave. Soon the little coffin appeared, borne by four. Now it reaches the church gates, where the clergyman met it, and went before reading the beautiful words, "I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord, he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live," &c. The service being read, the mournful band reach the grave, the earthly house is lowered, and as the words "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," are uttered, many a tear falls as the clay touches the coffin-lid. Oh! that sound! Mother! father! has it not sent a sorrowful thrill through your hearts? It did through mine, *then*. But I hoped that little George was in heaven, among angels and archangels, singing *His* praise who died for the lambs as well as the sheep. After the last Amen was uttered, silently each drew near to take a last look at the little coffin; then all was over, and the band dispersed to their homes.

Mother! some dear one may be taken from *you*, like little George. Are you training your beloved ones for heaven? Not many days before George died, he was quite well and joyous; no cheek bloomed with a fairer glow, and no eye was brighter than his; yet did Death's hand chill the fountain, and left his cold breath behind him. Those loving little hands so warm, so tightly clasped around thee, may lie powerless in their last resting-place. Oh! forget not this, and bring up your lambs for eternity. Fathers! are you setting a good example before your families? The little ones are watching you. An awful account will you have to render for every word you utter, every deed you commit, that leads the immortals committed to your care astray. *The last day will disclose all.*

Mother!

A jewel of thine is in heaven, a beautiful one and rare,
In richest lustre gleaming, 'twill shine for ever there;
The clasp of thy golden casket was open'd by a hand Divine,
And an eye benign and loving beheld thy jewels shine.
These gems were bright and radiant, and flashed the reflected rays.

From the holy eye that viewed them with steadfast, heavenly gaze.
 The One who stood beholding had a golden crown on His brow,
 Yet the hand that held the casket seemed bleeding and pierced through ;
 His crown was brightly circled with brilliants rich and rare,
 Yet round about the chasing some gemless spots there were.
 Awhile He viewed the casket, its clasp He fastened not,
 For oh ! the smaller jewel would fit one gemless spot.
 That wounded hand, all bleeding, removed the diadem,
 And then those fingers gently lifted the tiny gem ;
 It shone with heavenly radiance, flashing with lustre bright,
 As He, all loving, placed it deep in His crown of light.
 And then those holy fingers fastened the clasp again,
 And as they closed the casket trembled as though in pain,
 For He could not take that jewel away from the mother's hands,
 Which held in their grasp the casket, awaiting her Lord's commands,
 Until He a wound inflicted given by that bleeding hand,
 That she who was lent the brilliant might look towards the beauteous
 land

Whither the gem was carried, the hosts of heaven to swell,
 Decking with brightest radiance the brow of Immanuel.
 Then mother blest forget not the gem that hath passed to heaven,
 But look on the gems remaining a loan from thy Saviour given ;
 Remember in love He took it to regions surpassing fair,
 And will call thee soon to view it gleaming in splendour there,
 And know that the wound inflicted was *felt* by that hand of Love,
 Which bore to the heaven of heavens the jewel He came to remove ;
 The hand could not well wield a weapon unless *it* was pained and
 bruised,

For the wounded palm that held it must throb with the force it used.

S. O. M. C.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

It was late in the afternoon of a sultry day in July that I drew near to the secluded village where I was to pass the remainder of the summer. The weather had been intensely warm, and the city was almost deserted before I finally consented to exchange the comforts of my own home for the more primitive accommodations of a farm-house. My youngest child, a babe of sixteen months old, was passing through the perilous second summer, and within a few weeks the debilitating heat and the perils of teething had reduced the plump, merry cherub to a mere skeleton, and from the pale face the large eyes looked

mournfully into mine as if they would ask the meaning of her sufferings. The illness of the child decided me, and country air being recommended, my husband wrote to a relative residing in a village, and through his kindness we had secured board in a farm-house. It was in the farmer's covered waggon which had awaited us at the station, that we were approaching the end of our journey. We had been almost constantly ascending for the last few miles, and our road now lay through a beautiful country ; hill and dale, and woodland in the most delightful variety, with here and there glimpses of a winding river, made the scene enchanting to my eye, so long accustomed to the dull uniformity of the crowded city. But the pale, altered features of the little one who lay asleep on the nurse's lap, saddened even the beautiful face of nature, and as we reached the brow of a hill overlooking the village, the impression was deepened upon my mind by the solemn sound of a tolling bell. The village church stood on the slope of an opposite hill, the houses lay nestled in the village between, and the knell came from the distant spire over all those listening homes. One, two, then a brief pause ; again they sounded out, sharper, shorter notes—nineteen I counted, and all was still. The farmer had stopped his horse at the first sound of the bell, and as the last peal died away among the echoing hills, he tightened the reins, and drove on, saying, as if to himself, "So she's gone at last, poor girl!" "Who is dead?" I asked. "Squire Chase's daughter, ma'am, and a pretty girl she was, too." "And only nineteen!" I sighed, "was she long sick?" "She's been ailing this two years back," he answered ; "consumption, the doctor called it, but I reckon it was a broken heart as much as anything ; maybe the old Squire feels bad to-night, that he went agin her as he did. I wouldn't change places with him for all his money!" and Farmer Brown whipped his tired horse with emphasis. "How was it?" I asked, feeling a painful interest in the sufferings so lately ended by the dreaded comforter, Death. "Why you see, ma'am, Squire Chase is the richest man anywhere hereabouts. As he had only this one child, and she the handsomest girl in the village, he meant to make a great match for her.

There was a rich merchant from the city wanted to marry her, and the old man would have liked it very much, but the girl wouldn't consent, and then it came out that she was engaged to a poor young man, the schoolmaster. The Squire was very angry, and said he never would give her to a charity scholar, he'd see her in her grave first;—and so he will!" he muttered.

"But what sort of a man was this schoolmaster?" I asked, "was he worthy of her?" "That he was!" answered Mr. Brown, "as fine a fellow as ever was raised here. He was poor, an orphan, and many a meal has the boy eaten in my kitchen. There wasn't a house within ten miles of this where Henry Morrison wasn't welcome; at first for his dead father's sake—he was our minister when I was a boy, and a good man he was, too—and then we all loved the lad for his noble spirit; he *would* have an education, and he got it too, earning his own way, with now and then a little help, such as poor farmers like us can give; and then he came back to keep school awhile before he studied for the ministry. Ellen Chase was one of his pupils, and it ain't no wonder he loved her, or she him. They was just made for one another, as my old woman has said a great many times. But here we are," he exclaimed, "and there she is, waiting for us. You must get my wife to tell you the rest of the story. She knows all about it."

A MOTHER'S LOVE NEVER DIES.

"WHAT, my son?" These words were addressed by a fond mother to her beloved child. Do they not betray the tenderness of a mother's heart? Who can tell what that is? There is no heart like the mother's; the relation between the mother and child is so very close and dear that even death itself cannot destroy it; when the child is dead and deposited in the grave the mother claims him as her own. "*My child is in heaven,*" says the fond parent, with eyes suffused with tears and a heart throbbing with anguish. They will never cease to be mother and child. We see the wise and merciful arrangement of God in that undying love implanted in the bosom of parents towards

their tender little ones ; even before they really have an existence in the world, everything is provided for the comfort and happiness of the little stranger before he breathes the air of this earth. How is it that the mass of mothers are so careless about the religious and spiritual interests of their children ? Should one of them be unwell they are full of anxious thoughts respecting the little sufferer, but there is little, if any, anxiety concerning the child's future state beyond the grave ; that seems very marvellous. Must we not ascribe this indifference to that perversion of the mind which is the consequence of sin and alienation of heart from God ? It is not often we find a mother careless about the temporal wants of the child ; sometimes, indeed, mothers monsters prove, and neglect or destroy their tender offspring, but this is seldom the case ; such beings must lack that principle of natural affection which our Heavenly Father has planted in the maternal bosom. A mother's love, generally speaking, seems almost imperishable, therefore she is capable of exercising a mighty influence over the minds of her children for good or evil. What a blessing then a truly pious mother must be to the world !—a mother who feels deeply concerned for the eternal and spiritual well-being of her little ones.

“What, my son ?” These may be regarded as the words of expostulation. “What, my son ? What is this that I hear of thee ? Wilt thou pursue a course so contrary to my wishes, so opposed to my instructions and so offensive to my God ?” Such words proceeding from a mother's lips are almost irresistible ; the loving expostulations of an affectionate mother are not soon forgotten. “What, my son ! wilt thou not listen to my sayings ? Wilt thou not receive my instructions, refrain from evil and do good, and thus smooth my passage to the tomb ? Consider how near thou art to me ; thou art a part of myself. Consider my anxiety, my suffering and sorrow for thee, and wilt thou not receive my words and fulfil my wishes and desires ? At the gates of the grave I brought thee forth ; at the entrance to the valley of the shadow of death the lamp of life was kindled, as it were, in thy little breast, which shall never be put out. Now

tell me, my son, what are thy views, and what is that course of conduct which thou hast made up thy mind to pursue? Wilt then be the companion of the gay, the foolish, and the profligate? It is my duty to impart to thee lessons of temperance, purity, and chastity, and it is thy duty to receive thy mother's instructions." Mothers! give your children the oracles of God for their guide in childhood, and they will not depart from them in manhood. Seldom do the instructions and exhortations of the pious mother, accompanied by fervent and believing prayer, fail to accomplish, sooner or later, the desired end—the conversion of the child. We have many such proofs. A minister of the Gospel, speaking of the effects of maternal influence, says, "My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her admonitions; but in my most thoughtless days I never lost the impressions which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was away, and their house was occupied by my brother. The furniture remained just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before, but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand and said, 'Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer.' This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And oh! if every parent could but feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children as well as pray for them."

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

TRUTHFUL SARAH.—No. 2.

AFTER I had come home from my visit to aunt Sarah's, when she had told me the story about herself, I was one morning lying in my little bed awake, while my mother was dressing, and I told it to her, and asked her if she had ever heard it before. She replied that she had heard it, though not at the time it happened, and added, "It made your aunt very careful, and this was fortunate, for she nearly got into sad trouble a few months after that, and she then got the name of 'Truthful Sarah.'" "Oh, dear mother," I said, "do tell me about it," and my mother very kindly gratified my wish, and began: "At the end of that summer, your aunt Sarah and I were sent to a school which was three miles distant. There was no good school nearer, but we did not mind the walk, and were only too glad to learn. One day I was not well, and your aunt went alone. It was beautiful autumn weather, and the apples were just ripe. She enjoyed her walk so much that she went a different road which led past a neighbour's orchard, and which made it about a quarter of a mile further. Just as she was passing the orchard two boys loaded with apples got over the hedge. Sarah knew them well, and she knew also that they must have stolen the apples. They were frightened when they saw her, and one of them said, 'Don't tell, Sarah; we will give you some.' 'I won't have any of them,' she replied, 'and I will tell unless you put them back directly.' She tried to walk on, but the other boy seized her by the arm, declaring that she should not go until she promised not to tell. She would not promise, and at length he said, 'Very well, if you tell we will say that you helped us to steal the apples, and you will be put in prison.' 'No one will believe you,' said Sarah. 'Oh yes, they will,' replied the wicked boy, 'everybody knows that this is not the proper way for you to go home from school, and you will be late besides, because we have kept you here a long time. Will you promise?' Sarah made no reply, and he let her go, saying, 'Now, mind say nothing about it; if you are

asked, say you don't know, for if you tell, I'll declare that you helped us.' Without uttering a word she hurried away as fast as possible. After a short time she felt more composed, and she then became aware that there was something heavy in her pocket. Putting her hand into it, she found two large apples which one of the boys had contrived to put there while the other was talking with her. She threw them from her as though they had been serpents, and hastened home, scarcely knowing where she was going. No one took any notice of her, and she did her usual share of the work, but all the evening she was very unhappy, fearing that she would have to go to prison. Then she remembered her butter, and the thought arose in her mind, 'If any of the people who bought that weighed it when they got home, of course they will think I am very likely to be a thief!' In the night she had a horrible dream. She thought she had told of the boys, and that they had said, as they had threatened to do, that she had helped them. Then it seemed to her that she was taken before a magistrate, who hearing her story inquired whether she was an honest girl. Upon this, those persons who had bought her butter on that unfortunate day, came forward and stated that it was short weight. So the magistrate said most likely she was a thief, and he sent her to prison. Sarah awoke and cried, then she got up, and kneeling by her bedside, prayed that God would help her to do right, and after that she felt a little happier. The next day was Saturday, and there was no school. Sarah was busy helping her mother, when Farmer Richards came in and told my mother his orchard had been robbed the day before, and that he was determined to punish the thieves very severely if he could catch them. While he was speaking he looked at Sarah, who was hot and frightened, but all the time she went on making up her mind to tell. When he had finished, she began at once, and told what she had seen. He looked at her, she afterwards said, as if he would look her through, then when she was expecting something dreadful to happen, he patted her on the head, and said, laughing, 'Ah, my brave little maiden, you did not know that I was hiding close by and heard all that passed. I came this morning early to see if

you would have courage to tell the truth. Sarah was so overcome by surprise and gladness that she could only cry, she had been so very miserable, and the change was so sudden. Then my father came in, and Farmer Richards told him all the story, and ended by saying, 'I have three little girls at home, and I hope they will all grow up like your 'truthful Sarah.' It was in this way she got the name, and she has kept it ever since.' When my mother was ready to go downstairs, she gave me a text to learn, and desired me to say it before breakfast. I said it over all the time I was dressing that I might know it well. It was this,—“The lip of truth shall be established for ever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment.”

ONE OF CHRIST'S LITTLE ONES.

It was just at dusk of an autumn day,
That one of Christ's little ones threaded her way
Through the crowded streets of the city's din.
The clothes about her were ragged and thin,
The little face peeped from the hood so torn,
And, like the old clothes, it looked sad and worn.

Thousands and thousands passed the way
That the little one took “going home” that day.
The minister, dressed in his good warm clothes,
Passed her right by! How little he knows
When he prays for white robes his people to clad
That one of Christ's lambs wanders naked and sad.

Not long ere the little girl passed from sight
Into an alley, where even the light
Was ashamed to be found, and gave just one peep
In the earliest dawn when the rich were asleep.
Then up a rude staircase the tired feet sped,
And she threw herself down on an old straw bed.

Down the pale cheeks fell the tears one by one,
As she said to herself, “Why, what have I done,
That I am a beggar with clothes all torn;
My feet so cold, so weary, so worn;
Tramping the streets from morning till night,
For a few little pennies to buy me a bite?”

But the childish grief was soon forgot,
For that sad little one, though she knew it not,
With the tears in her eyes, had fallen asleep,
And angels were watching Christ's foundling to keep.
Yes, angels had come up those old back stairs,
And over Christ's little one watched unawares.

- Sweet is the sleep of the children, I ween,
In their warm little cribs, their faces just seen,
As they nestle above the clothes tucked so tight,
With the kiss on the cheek, and the mother's "good night."
But prettier far looked that dear little head
When angels pillowed the old straw bed.

The morning grey, through the dingy glass
Stole its faint rays. The night had passed.
The beggar-girl woke. "O, mother dear,
Do you know," she said, "somebody's been here ;
Two smiling ones, they were dressed in white,
And round their heads they wore wreaths of light.

- " They came in this room, and they didn't seem hurt
When their dresses swept through the sand and dirt.
And they passed not by, like the ladies in town,
Holding their clothes lest they touch my gown.
And, mother, they bade me not beg to-day ;
They are coming to-night to take me away.

- " They live in a place where the streets are of gold,
Where the children's feet never ache with the cold ;
And they have to cross a river so wide,
For the city is built on the other side.
On their wings they'll carry me all the way,
So I'll not be tired, you know, to-day.

- " They told me we'd pass through a pearly gate,
But I thought that outside they would bid me wait.
For, mother, my clothes are all tattered and thin,
And I could not think they would let me in.
But the shining ones said that a dress of white,
Would be waiting for me when I came to-night."

The little one waited, but not in vain,
For true to their promise, the angels came
Through the dark alley they softly stept,
While weary workers all soundly slept.
And they took from those haunts of want and sin,
One of Christ's little ones home to Him.

S. T. P.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.—No. 7.

FOUR months passed and the autumn birds sang a mournful cadence among the fading leaves of the tall elm-trees of Bayford. It was a lovely village, quiet and peaceful, nestling among high hills, and surrounded by lovely woodland scenery, with its pretty little cottages, its sheltered churchyard and rustic church, and to Bayford had Annie come to die. When the small-pox left her system, rapid consumption set in, and Dr. Taylor frankly told her her days were numbered. Annie was not alarmed, her illness had but deepened her trust in the Saviour she loved so well, and she almost longed for the rest which all His weary ones find on the shores of the better land. Earth with its unsatisfying and fleeting pleasures was nought to her, for her nearest and dearest ones were *there*, safe in the sunlight of His presence who fills heaven with love. She had few ties to bind her below, her treasures were safely garnered where no thieves break through or steal, and Annie was quite willing to go when the Master's time should come. Her uncle had been to Lynn House to see her once during her illness, but said he dared not take her to his home as his wife and daughters feared the danger of infection, but he would bear the expense that was incurred and provide lodgings. Annie's heart sank within her, but God was better to her than her fears, and had provided for His orphaned child. Mrs. Hamilton, a widow lady, who had known Annie from infancy, kindly offered her home and care to the fading flower, and to her house at Bayford Annie went as soon as removal was possible.

Greatly to Effie's disappointment she was not allowed to see Annie before her departure, but Miss Walmar promised that she should have an afternoon shortly to go down to Bayford to see her, and with this Effie was obliged to be contented. Poor child! she found it no easy work to be a Christian; she saw that to be consistent in one's walk and conversation, needs earnest prayer and ceaseless watching, and felt that only in Christ's strength could she walk at all closely with Him.

And Janet, too. She had begun to walk in the narrow way but the road proved very rough and stony to her feet. Father and mother looked coldly on her, and openly jeered her "new-fangled notions," as they were pleased to term them; her brother Harry made all possible fun of her, and altogether Janet was very solitary and isolated, but she would not let go her hold on Christ, though she longed for a return of the loves of the home circle, it made her life so desolate to feel estranged from them. Ah! God was training Janet; so He trains us all—some by one trial, some by another, that He may wean us from earth to Himself.

It was a clear, bright afternoon. The sun tinged the fallen leaves with hues of beauty as they blew along the avenue of Bayford Lane. On a low couch wheeled to the window lay Annie, looking anxiously out in the direction of the high road. The disease which had just left her had only slightly marked her face, which the hectic flush made more than ever fair to look upon, but it was a beauty not born of earth that shone from those lustrous hazel eyes, it was the look of one who would soon behold the King in His beauty, the look half of mortality, half of immortality, which sometimes comes over the face of [the believer whose battle is nearly over. In silent wonder, Mrs. Hamilton sat gazing earnestly on the sweet face before her. "It will not be long," she said to herself, "not long ere the messenger comes. I have never seen this look on her face before; it puts me in mind of those I have seen pass away," and a few quiet tears fell as she thought of the husband of her youth, who in the full vigour of manhood had gone up to be with the Master, in whom they were still one; only she was toiling on amid the roughnesses of life, and he was safely landed in the home of the blest.

Annie turned her eyes and in a low voice murmured, "I wish she would come!" Mrs. Hamilton knelt down, and took one of the restless hands in hers. "She will be here soon, darling, I heard the whistle of the train some minutes since. Are you feeling worse, dear Annie?" she continued, as she gazed anxiously at her. A faint yet radiant smile illumined Annie's face as the

answer came in a whisper, "I shall soon go home now, dear Mrs. Hamilton." An hour later, and Effie and Janet both stood by the side of their dying friend.

HELP FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—No. 3.

"I HAVE found out," said Mary, "the last letter-puzzle you gave me,—"Love one another,"—is that right?" "Yes, quite right." "What shall I do now? Will you mix up some more letters for me, or shall I do something different to-day?" "Where is Emily? I think we will do something quite different. Get your slates and pencils, and I will rule you some lines: come and sit down by me. Now, can you think of the name of a man or woman mentioned in the Bible beginning with A.?" "A.; let me see," said Emily, "O, I know—Abel." "Yes, write down Abel on your slates: can you tell me something about him?" "I can," said Mary, "his brother killed him." "Well, that is certainly something about him; but we will read the history of Abel out of the Bible; it is very short, and I think you will then be able to tell me something more: why he was killed, and so on. You will find it in the fourth chapter of Genesis,—write that down." "I know another name," said Emily, "Adam." "Yes, but to-day I only want one just to show you how to do what I mean; when you are alone you can find a great many, perhaps: now one beginning with B." Mary said, "Balaam." "Write it down." "B. A.; what comes next?" said Mary. "Now, try and think; but I daresay you will not be able to spell it without being told that there are three A's in his name." "Three A's," exclaimed Mary, "B. A. L. A. A. M." "Quite right; what do you know about him?" Emily said, "He was riding on an ass, and he beat the ass, and it spoke to him. I remember the picture in that nice book Auntie gave me." "The next letter is C," said Mary. "Christ; will that one do?" "Very well, indeed. Of course you can tell me a great deal about Him; try and tell me one thing." Mary and Emily,

both together,—“ Christ was Jesus, and He came to save us from sin, and He called little children to Him, and—.” “ Stop, stop, that will do, you will not have room on your slate for so much at once ; when you have written down that, think of D.” Mary said, “ David ; he was a shepherd-boy, and killed a lion and a giant.” “ I know a great deal more about David,” said Emily. “ Then when you want something to do, you can write down all you know.” “ I cannot write out all I know. I could tell you a great deal ; it would take all day, O, all *days* to write it, let me *tell* you.” “ Perhaps, till you can write more quickly, it would be the best plan ; we will leave that till next Sunday. The next letter is ‘ E.’ ” “ Eve.” “ She was taken out of the beautiful garden because she was disobedient.” “ Now F.” Mary said, “ Pharaoh.” “ No, no, that does not begin with F., though it sounds like it.” “ No, of course not,” said Emily, “ P. H. begins Pharaoh. I cannot think of one with F.” “ Very well then, we must stop here ; you must try and find one before next time.” “ And now,” said Emily, “ may I puzzle you with some letters I have picked out ? here they are,” and Mary ran and brought a handful, and threw them down on the table, saying, “ I don’t think you will find it out.” N. H. L. T. D. L. I. V. T. E. E. C. A. E. E. O. O. L. L. I. N. N. H. R. R. T. E. O. “ And I must give you one too,” said Mary, “ it is a text you gave me on my birthday. S. A. L. H. A. A. T. E. H. D. W. E. T. L. D. C. C. L. D. T. S. S. A. L. Y. G. E. H. L. K. T. E. N. H. L. I. Y. D. Y. M. N. A. I. H. W. I. O. N. R. A. N. Fifty-one letters.” “ Now run away and brush your hair ready for tea.”

HORACE.

THE LABOURER'S DEAD.

SCENE :—AN UNDERTAKER'S SHOP.

“ A CHILD’S, I think, you wanted ; well,
 How small a one, my man ? ”
 “ The smallest here ; and please to sell
 As cheap as e’er you can ;

We're very poor—our little one
 This morning from us passed."
 The father spoke in trembling tone,
 And blinding tears fell fast.

"Her little face seems everywhere,
 I've seen it all day long;
 And all day long upon the air
 I've heard her laugh and song."

The winter streets, in waning light,
 With storm and tramp were loud;
 But they beheld no sadder sight
 In all the hurrying crowd

Than a weary labourer, worn and pale,
 Going home to his humble meal,
 And sheltering from the sleety gale,
 A wee coffin made of deal.

G. C.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THEODORA.

THY brow so calm and fair, thy eye so full and mild,
 Bespoke the intellect within of nature's favourite child;
 How eloquent the tongue—the servant, not the slave,
 Of thoughts original and free, to which it utterance gave!
 How strange we could not see, in the bright and happy past,
 The web of life so finely spun, was far too frail to last.
 God saw thou wert not fit life's stormy sea to breast,
 And so He called thee home, to an eternal rest.
 How fair in death thou wert, how still and calm thy brow,
 We would not if we could, recall thee to us now.

THE DEAD BABY.

"LITTLE eyes that scarce did see,
 Little lips that never smiled,
 Alas! my little dear dead child,
 Death is thy father, and not me,
 I but embraced thee soon as he."

THOMAS HOOD.

Very sweet, very pathetic is this; the feelings of a father who yearned for a sight of his child, and then was doomed to find the uncontaminated spirit had fled to the regions of everlasting bliss. How many Christian parents have anxiously waited for

their first-born, and been as suddenly deprived of the joy of their hearts ! But as time wore on, softening all griefs, how thankful have you felt—as doubtless did Hood—that the unconscious infant was removed ere sin had given to Death its sting. Yea, let this be the consolation to all who have been thus afflicted, that the sinless babes are in the midst of endless bliss, and that, be our rule of faith according to the plan laid down in God's Holy Word, we shall soon be happily united—a union that will be never broken, and never end.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Holy Bible. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré. London : Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

The specimen number of this valuable book, about to appear in monthly parts, contains some noble conceptions, admirably worked out. The illustrations are well worthy of the exalted subjects they attempt to portray.

The British Workwoman, Out and At Home. London : Job Caudwell, Strand.

This little periodical keeps up its interest well ; it is worthy a place in every cottage home.

Are you a Father ? and what then ?

Are you a Mother ? and what then ? London : Partridge, Paternoster-row.

Two little pamphlets likely to be very useful to parents.

The Cook and the Doctor : or cheap recipes and simple remedies. London : Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard.

An exceedingly handy little book for mothers to keep by them ; it is so cheap that it is within the reach of all.

Apricot Golding, of Sunnyside. By Miss Stapleton. London : Wm. Macintosh, Paternoster-row.

An interesting little history, pleasingly told in verse.

What Jesus is. A book for teachers and children. By O. L. J. London : Partridge, Paternoster-row.

Great truths embodied in simple language, and illustrated by little tales such as children love. Teachers will find it very useful in aiding them to gain the interest of the little ones.

Merry and Wise. London : Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.—No. 5.

MOTHERS do not always see their prayers speedily answered. They may have to wait long for the answer; but this should not discourage them, for delays are not denials. Often, after many years of expectation, have the hearts of praying mothers been made glad by the evidence afforded, that verily God hath answered their prayers, and often, too, have their requests been granted, after they had gone down to the grave. Some time since a mother was dying. Her children were young, but excepting the youngest, old enough to remember her appearance and words. The home and circumstances she was leaving were very inviting, and yet they did not win her affections from the rest for which she was longing. One of her greatest anxieties, for months previous to her death, was the future welfare of her children; and this often induced in her a spirit of prayer so fervent, that she seemed to be in an agony of prayer. Before she died, this anxious state of mind gave place to one which may be described as a full assurance that all her children would be saved. With this assurance her mind became serene and happy, in the full prospect of leaving those she loved, for that "bourne whence no traveller returns." To her husband and Christian friends she said, "I have not a doubt but my children will be saved." In a few days she "fell asleep," and the years were passing away without her faith being realized. The father was full of anxious forebodings for his children, and was faithful to them; yet for a long time not one of them showed signs of being savingly benefited. They were in possession of all save "the one thing needful." But the time came for the mother's prayers to be answered in part. One son was sent to a school which that year was surrounded and penetrated with revival influences. The lad's heart was touched; he confessed himself a sinner, and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. Judging by the letter which he sent to his father to communicate to him the intelligence, he was self-distrustful, yet he leaned on the Saviour; scarcely daring to be comforted, yet he felt a happiness of heart to which he had hitherto been a stranger. Forthwith he began to bear

his cross ; he was not freed from infirmities, but he was a lovely example of the Christian life. This interesting incident prepared the way for the subsequent conversion of a sister, who became one of the most lovely Christians I have ever known. She has since passed away, having strong faith that *her* offspring also shall meet her in "the better land." The first of the family converted was the first to meet his mother. He was summoned suddenly, but no one doubted his readiness to depart. His death was made a means of life to the remainder of the family for whom the mother had prayed, so that long after she died, her prayers were fully answered. Hear the testimony of a child to the efficacy of a mother's prayers—"The cold winds of eighteen winters have blown over the grave of my mother. At the time of her death I was twelve years old ; I felt as most children do when they lose a mother—that my best and almost only friend was gone. She had been a careful, tender-hearted mother. From my infancy she had watched over me with that solicitude which none but Christian mothers know ; but her prayers were the crowning excellence of that mother's influence. They gave a reality to her instructions, which no influence could efface. Since her voice was hushed in death, I have wandered far from the home of my childhood and its kindly influences, and have been exposed to numerous temptations ; but that mother's prayers, like a guardian angel, have followed me night and day, and ever shed around my path their sweet and hallowed influence. She was emphatically a *praying* mother. I can safely say I never knew another person who spent so much time in this exercise. No pressure of worldly cares, no intrusion of company, and no coldness of weather was sufficient to interrupt her secret communion with God. She did not merely pray for her children as a family that she loved ; but day by day she took them with her to the closet, and there on her knees she presented them one by one, in earnest, faithful supplication to God. While memory lives I shall not forget her earnest, supplicating, trembling voice, as she, with streaming eyes, implored God for Christ's sake to have mercy on her children. Even now I can almost feel her hand gently pressed on my head while she prayed. These seasons

were not occasional, at a time of unusual religious interest, or when alarmed by sickness, but every day, for months and years together. The early conversion of her children to Christ seemed to be the great object of her life and labours. Will such prayers and such efforts on the part of Christian mothers remain unanswered and unblessed? At the time of my mother's death she left six children, the eldest over twelve years of age, and the youngest but a few days. Though most of them were unfavourably situated for religious influences, they all became hopelessly pious; one son and one daughter went out as missionaries to the heathen. Surely God hears and answers prayer, and blesses the faithful, persevering, and self-denying efforts of pious mothers. All other influences may be forgotten and unheeded, but a pious, devoted mother's prayers, with and for her children, must and will prevail. More than all other human agencies and influences have my mother's prayers been instrumental in saving me thus far from the wiles of sin and the snares of death. Christian mother, be faithful to that little child which God has given you to train for Him. It has a sinful heart, but the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Let it see that you are anxious it should be saved; show by your earnestness and importunity at the throne of grace that you believe God will hear and answer prayer. Do this early at the first dawn of reason, before a single habit of sin is formed, and you shall see that 'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has ordained strength.' "

A ROUGH PASSAGE AND A HAPPY LANDING.

It is a bitter cold night. The wind is piercing. The moon shines clear and bright, and the frozen ground is as hard as iron. I was glad to get home; and now that I am seated before a blazing fire it is as much as I can do to keep myself warm. I said I was glad to get home; but what must they be suffering who have no home to go to? and there are many poor little boys and girls in London to-night who have neither home nor friends. I saw a boy in Long Acre to-day that I cannot get out of my

mind. He was standing at the door of a cookshop, looking eagerly in at the steaming pies and roasted beef that he smelled but dared not taste. He did not appear to have a shirt, and his feet were bare a long way above the ankles, and blue and swollen with the cold. I said he was standing; but he could not stand still or his feet would soon have been powerless, so he kept on lifting up one foot then another as fast as he could. Poor boy! where can he be to-night? Perhaps dying on a door-step! I think he was not more than eight years old, but what a long life eight of *his* years must be! But sometimes death takes away these poor children early, and if they know the Saviour it can hardly come too soon.

This boy reminded me of poor James S——, whose death-bed I shall not soon forget. *He* had a place to live in, but you could scarcely call it a *home*. It was a wretched court in Westminster. His father and mother were drunkards, and they left poor James to wander about without food and almost without clothes,—

A child with bloodless cheek;
Poor wanderer, pale and weak;
Whose heart had never learned to share
The kindness of a mother's care.

He never had any shoes or stockings in his life until he got a pair at the Ragged School, and he could not wear them, his feet were so swollen and chapped by the frost. At last he caught a cold, which settled on his lungs and brought on consumption. When his teacher went to see him he was lying in a corner of the miserable room, on a pallet of dirty straw. The mother brought him the only chair in the place; it was but the frame of one, for it had scarcely any bottom. A large deal box which stood in the middle of the floor served as a table. James's mother was dirty and ragged. She thought more about getting drink than cleaning the room. The floor was filthy; the walls were black and dirty; there was no bed, no drawers, no nice things on the chimney-piece, no books, but a few little ones James had got at the Sabbath school; the door had been battered and broken, and the frosty wind was drifting the flakes of snow through the shattered window that had once been patched with

a piece of newspaper. A dreary, dreadful place this for one to die in! But James had a better home to go to,—a home in heaven, for he had learned to love the Saviour; and now he felt that he would so soon be with Him. He knew that he was dying, and he asked his friend to read with him, and tell him more about the love of Jesus. On calling another day, his teacher found him much worse and evidently about to die. He was very anxious about his brother and sister, who stood at the side of the cold straw pallet on which he lay. He first said to his brother, "George, you must try to be a good boy, and pray to God to give you a new heart;" and then he told his little sister she must go to school, where she would learn about Jesus and the way to heaven. His father and mother were also in the room, looking for the last time on their dying boy. Turning his clear, bright eyes upon his mother, he said, "Oh, mother! will you give up drinking, and go to God's house and pray for a new heart? I would like to meet you in heaven. Do, mother!" The mother's cold, withered heart was full; tears ran down her squalid cheeks; she sobbed aloud. The dying request of her own boy came upon her like a voice from the grave. In her conscience she felt she had never been a mother to him, and that his death was brought on through her neglect. And yet he speaks to her words of tenderness and love,—"*I would like to meet you in heaven, mother!*" When he had revived a little he was very weak and could scarcely speak; he told his father he would soon die, but he was going home to God. With a most anxious, sorrowful look he then said, "Will you give up swearing, father, and bad words, and begin to read the Bible, and go to a place of worship? Oh do, father! and pray to God for a new heart, or we shall never meet again." The father could not answer a word, but stood wiping away his tears with the tattered sleeve of his flannel jacket; but the mother answered for him, and said, "He will, James, *yes, he will!*" Little Mary, in the next room, was very ill of the same complaint. She had been at school with James, and he requested his mother to carry him to see her for the last time. He kissed the little girl very tenderly, told her Jesus loved her, and then bade her farewell. He was brought back to his straw pallet, but his work was

not yet finished. His grandmother had been kind to him, but she was not there to see him die. He said to his teacher, "Tell grandmother to give up buying things on Sundays, and read the big Testament you gave her, and go to God's house." Prayer was then offered for the little sufferer, and in less than an hour after, he exchanged his wretched home and cold straw bed for the white robes, the palm of victory, and a place among the redeemed on high.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.—No. 2.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

It was late in the evening ere Mrs. Brown had completed all her arrangements for my comfort, and could sit down to answer my questions about poor Ellen. And as she told her sad story she was often interrupted by her tears, for she loved both the young people, and had been their confidant, and this sad ending of all their hopes for this life affected the kind-hearted woman deeply. What I heard was briefly this :—Mr. Chase was a hard man, but he loved his daughter—was proud of her beauty and accomplishments, and had spared no expense in trying to secure her every advantage of education. She had been at a boarding-school for several years, but the old man was very lonely without her, and when the village school passed into the hands of Henry Morrison he sent for her to come home, little thinking what consequences would follow such a change of teachers. Ellen would not willingly have offended her stern, but hitherto indulgent father, for worlds, and she was wholly unconscious of wrong as she became gradually more and more deeply interested in her young teacher. The school closed, and through the long summer holidays she still read and studied with Mr. Morrison, and when the studies were over, they rambled in the woods and fields, searching for flowers, and he taught her their botanical names and properties; then in the evenings they sang together—their voices blending harmoniously sounded very pleasantly in her father's ears, and he meanwhile never dreamed of the coming

result. He and they were blind: all others saw how it would be, and if any one had dared to jest with the Squire his eyes would have sooner opened to the truth. It was not until the offer of a wealthy stranger roused the young people to a consciousness of their mutual love, which they at once confided to the old man, that the storm burst upon them. Henry was driven from the house with insulting threats, and forbidden ever to speak to Ellen again. They wrote, but their letters were intercepted. The poor girl was persecuted by her angry father in every imaginable way. She was at last kept almost a prisoner in the house; sometimes for weeks together she was not allowed to leave her room. He thought he could compel her to accept the man he had chosen for her, but this was beyond his power. It was no wonder her health failed: her mother had died of consumption, and Ellen probably inherited tendencies to this fatal disease. Anxiety, the loss of her accustomed exercise, the continued cruelty of her father, whom she had loved with filial affection, wore upon her, and at length she became really ill. It was not until her cough had become almost incessant, her face sunken and pale, and the fever spots he so well remembered burned on her cheeks, that the father realized what he had done. He called in medical advice, but it was too late. She lingered a long while; sometimes she seemed better, and the miserable father caught at every shadow of hope, but she knew all the time that she would never be well again. She uttered no word of reproach to him. Once she begged him to let her see Henry, that she might bid him farewell; but it was a day when he had thought her better, and he refused with an oath. She wished to have the minister come and pray with her, but the Squire was an unbeliever, and had not set his foot inside a place of worship for many long years, and he had refused that too. She did not try to move him, but when she became too feeble to leave her bed she sent for the good old pastor herself, and he came daily until she died. And where was Henry Morrison all this time? At first his wounded pride kept him away from the house where he had been so insulted. Then he expected to hear from Ellen, but no message came; then he wrote, and there was no answer,—again and again, and his letters

were returned unopened. It was strange that Mr. Chase could so entirely isolate his daughter when the village was full of her friends, but there were not many bold enough to attempt opposition to his iron will, and the few who dared were unsuccessful. Soon the time came for Henry Morrison to enter upon his theological studies. The seminary was many hundred miles distant—his vacations were occupied in teaching, and thus the separation became complete. He heard nothing of Ellen; he did not know of her illness; he had almost ceased to wonder at her silence, and had begun to believe that she had forgotten him and learned to love another, when he received a letter from a young friend of Ellen's who ventured to tell him all. He started immediately for his native village, but he came too late,—the earth had closed over her head ere he arrived.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn,
In the lovely home where I was born,
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still—
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng
And hear the peewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes, oh! painful proof,
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard, the very trees
That used my childhood so well to please,
Where I watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life imbibed more of shade than of sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there

It bubbles, the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow,
Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And saw the robin lave his wing,—
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh! ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door,
To gladden eyes that are no more.

"I'M NEARLY THERE."

"Poor old James R——," as he was familiarly called, had, when I saw him last, been a sojourner on earth a little over seventy years, and his hair was snowy white. He lived in one of the prettiest villages of one of our midland counties, and was a striking ornament to the faith he had adopted. For twenty years he had fought the battles of his country in a foreign land, and had returned home to die; but more than thirty years his life had been spared to be a blessing to all around him. To sit before the door of his little cottage and talk to the children of the village, who loved him dearly, was his especial delight. Relations he had not; they had all been long since gathered home, but every person in the village was his friend. At eventide we all clustered round him, and with childish interest we listened to the thrilling tales he told of the dangers he had passed through, the many countries he had visited, and the many people he had seen. From that he would lead us far away to higher subjects, and with outstretched arm he would point to where the summer sun was setting, and tell us of the "rest which remains for the people of God." "Children," he used to say, "you have all a great battle to fight, for which the reward will be much greater than the reward I have received;" he would then point to his glittering medals with no little pride. Then he used to tell us how to fight that we might attain to that reward, that "crown of glory that fadeth not away." He would exhort us to strive for the prize of our high calling, and make us promise that we would meet him *there*; strange to say, he always concluded his remarks to us by saying, "Children, I'm nearly there, one day nearer." If he had any trouble, his relief was found in that sentence, "I'm nearly there;" and when pain seized on him, (he had been three times wounded,) all he said was, "I'm nearly there." A stran

once asked him, "nearly where?" to which he replied, "Why, nearly home; nearly free from pain; nearly with Jesus." The last time I saw him he had been confined for a long time to his bed, but was just able to get outside to his favourite spot once more, to talk with his "dear ones," as he expressed it. Most of us were then leaving school, and sad was the parting that evening with "poor old James." He implored us with tears to meet him where we should never part, and told us it was his great joy to think that perhaps he might be permitted to watch over us. He then told us once more, "I am nearly there, nearer still, and you must come too; I will look for you." Whether he is there, or whether he is still a tenant of earth, I know not. Many of those who listened to his teaching are now sleeping under the turf, some in foreign lands, and one beneath the sea, and the writer still looks for James' child-like faith to be able to say like him, "I'm nearly there."

E. J. L.

THE UNHAPPY FAMILY MADE HAPPY.

A MINISTER of the gospel relates the following facts:—"One Sabbath morning as I was leaving the Sunday-school one of the children came to me, and sobbing with grief, begged that I would go and see her mother as soon as I could, for, she said, 'Mother has nothing to eat, and father will give her no money.' I asked 'Where is your father gone?' She said, 'I don't know; but he always goes out on Sunday morning and never comes home till near night.' 'Have you had any breakfast?' 'Yes, but mother has had none. My mother, my poor mother!' exclaimed the child, with great grief. Not a word of her own suffering escaped from her lips, though the white bandages on her forehead and arm concealed the wounds and bruises her father had inflicted on her while in a state of drunkenness. Knowing the child, and having heard much of the depraved habits of the father, I readily believed her tale of woe, and made prompt arrangements to provide food for this unhappy family during that day. After the morning service I went to this abode of misery and want, both of which were caused by the father's sin. As I entered their little dwelling, where all was clean and

neat, though it had a look of poverty, the mother of the child meekly rose, and made one or two steps towards me, but soon sank down in her chair, and, covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly. She was not quite thirty years of age, but appeared as if she were fifty; care and sorrow had done the work of years. The mother continued weeping for some time, and so did her two children; the eldest, a little girl nine years of age, often trying to comfort her, saying, 'our good minister prays for us, mother. Do not cry; God will hear his prayer, and make father good, and then he will love us.' When the poor woman had given vent to her feelings by continued weeping and was sufficiently composed to speak, her first words were expressive of thankfulness to God, who had raised up friends to help her and comfort her in her trouble. 'It is no small part of my trouble,' said she, 'to be obliged to receive help. I ought to be able to give for the assistance of others, and I should be if it were not for these Sunday companions and Sunday strollings. William,' referring to her husband, 'is a good workman, and receives every week twenty-five shillings, and with the five shillings a week I receive from my mother's executors, we might be very comfortable ourselves and have something to give away.' 'But,' I said, 'you do not mean to say that your husband spends the whole of his week's earnings on Sunday?' 'Not exactly so; sometimes he will give me ten shillings on the Saturday night, for two or three weeks together, and I get him something nice for his Sunday dinner, but only once in two years has he stayed at home a whole Sunday. If he return home with any money I know it is condemned, because it is on Sunday his companions fix on the days and on the public-houses where they will meet in the week.' After exhorting this daughter of affliction to continue to look to Christ for her own salvation, and to be careful to instruct her children as far as she was able in the ways of the Lord, I commended her and her two children to God in prayer, and pleaded with God on behalf of the absent father, that he might be convinced of the error of his ways and be converted. Just as I was leaving the house, I observed that the poor woman rose and attempted to go with me to the door,

but almost fell in the attempt. She was unable to walk from an injury received on the hip, which I ascertained (but not from herself) was inflicted by a violent blow from her husband. The children's clothing seemed at all times to tell of the cleanliness and industry of the mother. About one month after this visit had been paid, William had as usual gone out on the Sabbath morning, and his wife having waited at home anxiously expecting his return, until about six o'clock in the evening, went with her younger daughter to public worship, leaving their room in charge of the elder child, Jane. It was in the month of October, when the days were getting short, and darkness had begun before the mother and child left to go to the House of God. They had not quitted the house more than a quarter of an hour when the father came home. As he entered he enquired in a rough voice 'Where is your mother, Jenny?' 'Gone to —, father.' No sooner had the child named the place of worship, than he swore he would fetch her out and drag her home by the hair of her head. Thus saying he left the house, hastened to the place of worship, and just as he entered and began looking eagerly over the place, he heard the text announced, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' This truth fastened on his mind and held him in fixed attention to the close of the service. He hastened home to escape observation. Little Jane trembled at the sound of every footstep, expecting to endure a more painful scene than she had ever witnessed before; she was surprised by the gentle lifting of the latch and the quiet entrance of her father, who was sorrowful but not cross. 'Did you find mother?' was the immediate enquiry of Jane. 'No, my child,' said the father, in a tone the child could not understand. He sat down by the fire, drew Jane nearer to him and kissed her, and wept aloud. A few minutes elapsed, and his wife and younger child came in. There sat the husband, so to speak, 'clothed, and in his right mind,' and with a meekness never before displayed, he said, 'Why, Mary, you have told your minister all about me.' 'No,' said his wife; 'I seldom see him; and if I had told him you will not go to hear him.' 'Then,' said he, 'God must have told him. He knows what a sinner I am. He seemed to be preaching to

me when I heard him this evening ; but I will hear him again if God will let me.' The word had been conveyed by the Holy Spirit to his heart and conscience. He wept. He was convinced that he was a sinner, and expressed his fears that his sins were too great and too numerous to be pardoned. His wife, a truly Christian woman, became, as she had often tried before to be, a messenger of mercy to him : she pointed to his present convictions and repentance as the operations of that Spirit who would not forsake the work begun. She told him of the all-sufficiency of Christ to save to the uttermost, and that He was as willing as He was able to save all that came unto Him. Thus instructed and encouraged he at length fled as a guilty sinner to the cross, and through grace obtained mercy. He believed and found peace. That Sabbath evening will never be forgotten. The hours passed away rapidly, but before they retired to rest, at the wife's request, the Bible was read : then for the first time the father, mother, and two children, kneeled together, while with a broken heart and abrupt sentences the reclaimed Sabbath-breaker poured out his confessions and desires to God, who never despises 'a broken and contrite heart.' He now spent his evenings at home, and employed much of his time in reading the Bible, and the books which he obtained from the Sunday-school library. He totally abstained from all intoxicating drinks. He shunned the society of his former associates, and esteemed it a privilege to have intercourse with those who were pious. His love for prayer became very great. These and other satisfactory proofs of his decided conversion to God were daily and increasingly afforded. The Sabbath is now the happy day to that family. The joy-beaming countenances of the children confirm what they once said, 'Father loves us now.' That family affords a proof of the truth of the Divine Word, 'Godliness is good for all things, having promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come.'

HELP FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—No. 4.

"How beautifully the birds sang this morning!" said little Emily "I was awake so long before I got up listening to them,

then all at once they stopped." "Yes, dear, it seemed as if they began the day by praising God before they had their breakfast; and this reminds me of a very interesting employment for you to-day." "That will be nice; shall we get our slates again?" "Yes, and your Bibles too; but you must sit down by yourselves now, and try and find out as many birds as you can in the Bible." "Birds!" said Mary; "there is nothing about birds in the Bible, is there?" "We will see; open your Bible and I will show you one to begin with, and then you must find me one. Turn to Matthew, the tenth chapter and twenty-ninth verse." "Sparrows." "Now you try to find some more." After some time they brought me several; the first was a cock; the next a raven; then a dove, a partridge, a stork, a swallow, an eagle, a crane, a peacock, an ostrich. "I did not know, I'm sure," said Mary, "that there were so many; we will try and find some more." "I think I have made out your puzzles which you gave me last time, tell me if I am right; 'Little children love one another.'" "Yes, quite right," said Emily, "that was mine; I had almost forgotten what it was." "And the other was, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'" "That was mine," said Mary. "I was a long time finding it out." "Now I will give you a very short easy one, which I want you to learn and never forget. G. H. T. E. S. M. T. U. O. E. D. O. S. E. Next time I will tell you something about trees."

HORACE.

MY BUD.

I HAVE a little sheltered spot
Which God in love has given me;
It is a cultured garden plot;
More highly prized it cannot be.
Within this garden's narrow bound,
Guarded by anxious loving care,
A tiny flow'ret may be found,
Which God's own hand has planted there.
I love to watch it day by day,
Each hour some added beauty brings;
This lovely bud will ne'er decay,
'Tis one of earth's immortal things.

When sun and moon shall be no more,
When brightest stars are sunk in night;
When months and years shall all be o'er,
Then may it bloom in heaven's own light.

To train it for that world above,
Be my unceasing earnest care,
Nurtured by fond and watchful love,
Watered by dews of hallowed prayer.

For though the blossom is so fair,
Sin has already spread its blight,
And scattered seeds of evil there,
To shadow what is now so bright.

Nothing but Christ's own precious blood,
Can fit my beauteous flower for heaven;
Sprinkle it, cleanse it, oh! my God!
May Thy own Spirit now be given.

Protect it from the spoiler's hand,
Guard it by Thy Almighty power,
Till to a safe and glorious land,
Thou shalt transplant my lovely flower.

To flourish with perennial bloom,
In gardens of the blest on high;
Father! prepare, I pray Thee, room,
For my sweet bud beyond the sky.

A. M.

A MOTHER'S FAITH.

I THINK I never saw so fair a boy as little Bertie Raymond was when he entered our Sabbath School. It was the first time I had ever seen the child, although I had previously heard the touching story of his orphanage. Five years before, and a few weeks previous to his birth, his father died. Mr. Raymond had for years been struggling, at the cost of great self-denial to himself and family, to perfect an important mechanical invention, from which he was sure to realise fame and fortune. Just as the creation of his skill and genius neared completion, while taking a necessary journey to further its progress, he lost his life by a railway accident, and left his family to sorrow and want. His wife, who had been sustained under the toils and privations which, as a loving

helpmeet, she had cheerfully shared, by the near prospect of success, not only saw her hopes defeated by this sudden blow, but felt that her health had been irretrievably sacrificed; and when, about three weeks after her husband's death, an infant son was added to her family of four daughters, she knew they would all soon be motherless. Mrs. Raymond was a Christian, and as she folded the little Bertie (his dead father's namesake) lovingly to her bosom with true faith, she trustingly committed him to her Heavenly Father, and felt that she had given him a sure protector.

What earthly friends God would raise up for her children she knew not; but the certainty that He, to whom she trusted herself and them, would provide for them, gave her such consolation and hope as only the dying *believer* can feel. So she talked freely with her elder daughters, Agnes and Jane, of the prospect before them, and gave them what counsel and direction she could. Agnes was a very sensible girl, just entering her sixteenth year, and Jane was two years younger. They must be guardians to Mary and Rose, and the baby-boy.

The little cottage in which they lived was all their father had left them: this must still be their home. They must let two of their rooms to Nurse Roberts and her husband; the rent which they would pay, though small, would be a reliable help. Aggie and Jeanie would still get straw to braid and sew from the factory; and the younger girls, who were of the ages of nine and six, must aid by performing, in the interval from school hours, such lighter portions of household duties as were suited to their tender years. "Love each other, keep together and be diligent," the mother would say; and the threefold rule impressed itself deeply upon their memories and hearts. Agnes was already a professed disciple of the Saviour, and Jeanie cherished a trembling hope that she too had chosen the "good part." To the former, in whose principle and prudence she could well confide, Mrs. Raymond bequeathed little Bertie as a special charge. In presence of the younger children, she placed the baby in the arms of her firstborn, telling her to take him as her own, her mother's last and most precious gift. "Train him up for God, my Aggie,"

said the dying woman ; " I have consecrated him to His service in the Gospel ministry. I do not lay this consecration as a burden upon your young shoulders, already so heavily laden ; but I tell you my hopes and wishes for him, and, when Providence opens the way, as I feel confident He will, you will interpose no hindrance, I am sure." Aggie could not speak for the choking tears which she tried to suppress ; but her mother saw the tender yet resolved look with which she received and folded the babe to her breast, and was quite content. Jeanie, anxious to comfort her dear mother, spoke, " Indeed, indeed we will do all we can that Bertie shall be a minister. Agnes will work hard, I know, and I will help her." " And I too, mamma," said Mary ; " I am growing older every day, and shall soon be able to braid and sew as neatly as Jeanie." " Dear mamma," pleaded little Rose, " don't be troubled. Sister Aggie, and Jeanie, and Mary, needn't work so hard ; I'm going to keep school by-and-by, and earn heaps of money, then I'll make darling Bertie a minister myself." And, glowing with the heroic thought, she ran to the baby, and kissed and patted the velvet cheek so dear to them all. Soon was the dying parent taken from her loving children ; and they were left to follow out the plans which she had helped them to form.

Sister Agnes, with wise discretion and a rare dignity in one so young, took her post as mother and guide to the twice-stricken household. Jeanie, with faithful and loving devotion, upheld her sister, and set to the younger children an example of cheerful submission to her rule. Mary, to whom Jeanie had always been a model, was emulous to follow where she led. Little Rose, it must be confessed, had a mind and will of her own, and sometimes was rather inclined to dispute the supremacy of her mother-sister. But Agnes had an infallible remedy for any occasional insubordination on the part of her little sister. Rosy loved baby Bertie as she did her own life : and Agnes had only to whisper to the rebellious one the injury which her naughty conduct would be to the little pet, who watched Rosy and imitated her as he did no other one of the household, and she was subdued at once. As for Bertie, he knew no other mother than his wise and loving

sister Aggie ; and to him her will was law always. So, under the eye of neighbours who all loved to do the orphaned family every kindness in their power, this little household lived and prospered.

For ten years no serious trouble, not even a severe illness, entered their dwelling. Providence seemed to shield them from the common ills of humanity. But at length a heavy blow came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. During the ravages of a fatal epidemic in their neighbourhood, Jeanie and Mary were together called to join their parents in heaven ; and now Agnes' health, which had hitherto been so firm, was seriously prostrated by the double burden of fatigue and grief. "What should she do?" was now an anxious question. She could not sew nor braid : her strength would only suffice for light domestic labour. How could she keep Rosy at school, where she was making such progress as a scholar ? and how could she educate her darling Bertie ? Ah ! her mother's God, the Father of the fatherless, did not fail her in her time of need. Her pastor offered the feeble girl a home, as companion to his wife and an auxiliary in the training of their children : her counsel and help would be invaluable. His brother, a childless man of ample means, will take and educate the bright little boy, whose promising abilities and gentle manners have always interested him. The rent of the cottage will keep Rose at school until she is qualified for the post which even in childhood her heart adopted. This, then, was the way which Providence had opened. Agnes remembered her mother's words and her mother's faith ; and though it was a severe pang to give up the dear boy, whom for twelve years she had cherished with a love and tenderness which no one else could feel, yet she saw so clearly her duty, that she could not shrink from performing it. Six years more passed, and Bertie Raymond had consecrated himself to the God of his parents, and was preparing for the service to which his mother devoted him. "Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

H.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TOO SOON.

Too soon, did we say, had the flower been gathered? Ah! too soon, perhaps, the fond parents think, to lose their little sun-beam, as they gaze upon that still form sleeping the sleep of death, to wake no more till the resurrection morn. It is sad to put away the cherished one beneath the cold, green sod, and know that they shall never see it here again, that the little seat and cot are vacant for ever; and does not the heart sometimes in its bitterness murmur, "too soon!" But ah! it is not too soon for Him "who doeth all things well." He has gathered the little lamb in His own fold, and it is safer there than here, for no storms or trials of earth can ever reach it now; so we will not say that too soon has the flower been transplanted to bloom in a happier clime.

AGNES.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

BISHOP HALL in speaking of his mother, says, "she was a woman of rare sanctity, continually exercised with the affliction of a weak body, and oft of a wounded spirit. She had so profited in the school of Christ, that it was hard for any friend to come from her discourse no whit the holier. How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity which I have heard from her mouth. Never have any lips read to me such feeling lectures of piety, neither have I known any soul that more accurately practised them than her own."

A SENSIBLE QUESTION.

"MAMMA," said a child, "my Sabbath-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a little while that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see any one preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here. But, I don't see any one preparing to go to heaven. If everybody wants to go there, *why don't they try to get ready?*"

AFFLICTIONS.

AFFLICTIONS are a good telescope into eternity.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Captain John; or, the Story of a Fatherless Boy.

Little Patience; or, the Child who Loved the Saviour. Edinburgh:

William Oliphant and Co.; London: Hamilton and Adams.

These two little books belong to Oliphant's Juvenile Series; the first named shows what a boy may do by perseverance and uprightness joined with the fear of God. They are both well-suited for the young.

Susan and Magdalen. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.; London: Hamilton and Adams.

This little volume is interestingly written, and is especially adapted for a present to young servants as the history of two of their own number is contained in it.

Little Alfred; or, the Influence of Home Training.

The Cousins Reconciled; or, Prejudice Overcome.

Tales of my Sunday Scholars. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.; London: Hamilton and Adams.

These three books are uniform in size and binding.

"Little Alfred" is replete with instruction on things connected with every-day life; it will be read with pleasure by the boys.

"The Cousins Reconciled" This volume is particularly suitable for those steps beyond childhood.

It shows how religion can overcome the deepest-seated prejudice.

"Tales of my Sunday Scholars." We can heartily recommend this as a present to older girls in our Sunday schools.

The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain. By HARRIET MARRIOTT. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.; London: Hamilton and Adams.

The well-known and striking narrative now appears in a new dress,

and with some new illustrations.

The Sea-boy's Grave. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.; London: Hamilton and Adams.

A most affecting and touching story; it deserves a large circulation, and is well adapted to the young.

Words of Consolation. Edinburgh: Nimmo.

Mothers whose little ones have gone before will gain many rays of comfort from this little volume. For them it is especially compiled.

Old Methuselah. London: Collingridge.

My Grandfather's Story. London: Jackson and Witherby.

The letter informing his mother of this step was

and soon sailed with his company for a distant part of the

country.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.—No. 6.

We have met with an interesting account of a mother's prayers being answered, though she had to wait long. Elam R——, the son of a pious widow, was the child of many prayers, and as his mother was in straitened circumstances, his uncle took him at eight years of age to bring up and educate. This was a source of heartfelt joy to the widowed mother, as well as to the young nephew, for the uncle had only a small family, and he was a wealthy merchant. When Elam was about twelve years of age, his dear mother was induced by the earnest solicitations of her brother-in-law to become a member of his family, and thus she was near the dearest object of her heart's fond hopes, for Elam was her only child, and though wayward and sometimes disobedient to his uncle, he was nevertheless all that affection, love and gratitude, could be to his mother; and when his mother married again and settled in the same village with her brother-in-law, the youthful Elam made one in the family group morning and evening for a long time, for at such times his step-father invariably held family devotion. These praying ones had good hopes for their son, notwithstanding the unpleasant state of things existing between his uncle and himself. The uncle expected, yea exacted too much from his nephew, and the high-spirited youth said and did things calculated to vex and exasperate the uncle in a high degree. Thus matters went on till Elam was in his sixteenth year, when the uncle in a fit of passion attempted to chastise him. The boy fled from this unhappy state of things, and in a week or so reported himself as at a southern port. This was a trying time to that dear mother, and in an agony of prayer and supplication, in which she was joined by her husband, she commended her boy to the God of her fathers. In the course of a month the poor boy stealthily visited his mother and step-father, sought their blessing and advice, obtained a small outfit in clothes and money, and then fled from his uncle. He enlisted in the army, and soon sailed with his company for a distant part of the country. The letter informing his mother of this step wa

daily the best way I know how, and I entreat you not to forget your sons. Farewell." His parents wrote immediately, addressing their letters to the place to which his regiment was to march; in these they gave him such advice and encouragement as he needed, and commended him to the God of all grace. To this debtant he returned a thankful and humble answer, spoke of the goodness of God in sustaining him, thus far, and mentioned that his mother packed in his clothes, when leaving him, all connection with hours of retirement for reading, meditation and prayer. In conclusion, he writes: "Dear mother—try to serve God the best I can, still I am confident my services, though sinners, are not right; but I pray to Him to help and instruct me. Oh! mother, I do thank you for putting that Bible in my possession, and writing these lines therein. That Bible and the prayer you wrote on the outside are worth more to me in my present situation than any money. Cease not to pray for your son. I thus encouraged anew, his mother continued to wrestle with God in prayer for the fat and friendless penitent. At length she received a few hastily scratched lines informing her that he was in a distant part, fast sinking to the bomb. This was, sad intelligence indeed, but she found comfort in the throne of grace, and became more and more resigned to the will of her God in all things. After a few days, a letter informed her that he was in another town, and that he urgently solicited her to procure packages and prayers in his last hours. She committed the whole matter to God in humble and earnest prayer, and, then set out on a long and unprotected journey of six hundred miles to hear the dying testimony of her first-born to a life of seeking after God's best prayer. She found him fast sinking, yet calm and uncomplaining, for he was looking forward to a better home, and appeared to be striving to prepare himself for his departure. In a conversation with his mother a few days previous to his death referring to his sufferings, when inarching with his regiment, he remarked: "What if I did suffer hardships and times of strain and superiors and was occasionally impeded upon by the crafty and designing? And what of my marching three hundred miles barefoot and bare-headed over the rugged rocks and under the burning sun? I pray to God to commence a new life."

say what of it all? Why, nothing in comparison with the goodness and mercy which the Lord has been pleased, for *Christ's sake*, to manifest to me, who am indeed the chief of sinners. Oh! my mother, can it be possible that the Lord has or will forgive me my sins? Would it be presumption in me to hope so, and to pray for grace and ability to serve *Him* in an acceptable manner? Then in a flood of tears he bewailed his transgressions, and could only find comfort in appealing to what the Lord had done for him in changing his mind and affections from the vanities of this world, and placing them upon the realities of a blissful eternity. Two days before his death he was engaged in religious exercises many hours together, and in view of the prospect before him he was in perfect ecstasies. He gave his mother satisfactory evidence that he was not only at peace with all men, but with his Lord and Master; and she felt that her prayers for him had been fully answered.

Neither did Anna seem inclined to talk; her mind was busy with the thought, "If no one will pray with me then I will pray alone." All at once the child stood up in her bed and said, "Mother, why do you not pray for me?" "I will pray for you," said she, "but I will not pray alone."

In a village in Germany there lived a peasant named Jacob, with his wife and one little boy. This child had the blessing of a pious grandfather who, from his earliest years, had made him an object of earnest prayer. Although this good old man lived six miles from the village, he often visited the little boy, and would lay his hand upon his head and say, "The Lord bless thee, my child; the Lord keep thee as the apple of His eye." And as we shall see, his prayers were not left unanswered by that tender Saviour, who has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

On the day which his grandfather celebrated his sixtieth birthday, Jacob and Anna drove over with their little boy to see him, and John was delighted at the thought of spending the day with his grandfather. He could not stay long, but returned home, promising to come again in the evening. However, when evening came, just as he was harnessing the horse, a terrible peal of thunder was heard, and such a storm came on that John ran up to him directly and asked quick-

that he decided it would be better to leave his wife and child to spend the night at the grandfather's. Accordingly Anna had to stay, though she would have preferred going home, for she always felt rather ill at ease in the good grandfather's presence. Little John, on the contrary, was delighted. When evening came, the whole household were assembled together. John's grandfather opened the large Bible, read a portion of it aloud, and then offered up an earnest and childlike prayer out of the fulness of his heart, alluding with particular emotion to his birthday. Every one then retired to rest, after a kind "good night." The following morning Anna set off to walk home with her child. It was a lovely summer's day, and the walk in the cool of the morning was most delightful. John was very fond of flowers, and seldom passed them by; to-day, however, he walked through the gaily-coloured meadows, behind his mother, as seriously and quietly as though not a single flower was to be

seen. Neither did Anna seem much inclined to talk; her mind was uneasy, she did not know why. All at once the child stood still, looked up in her face enquiringly, and said, "Mother, why does not father do as grandfather does?" His mother was somewhat confused. "Go and look for flowers," she said, and continued to go on.

So they went on silently, but the child did not seem to care about the flowers. Presently they came to the top of a hill, where they sat down to rest. "Mother," John then began again for the second time, "why does not father do as grandfather does?" Anna felt impatient. "Well," she answered rather sharply, "and what does grandfather do?" "He takes the great Bible," said John, "and he reads and prays." His mother coloured. "You must ask your father about it," said she. When

they reached home Jacob was not there. He was gone to reap in a field at some distance, and would not be back till evening. This the mother knew, and she thought she would persuade the child to go to bed early, hoping that by the morning he would have forgotten his question. But she was mistaken. As she was going to undress him, he began, "No, mother; just let me wait till father comes home." So at eight o'clock his father returned. John ran up to him directly and asked quick-

"Father, why don't you do as grandfather does?" His father looked hard at him; the question came unexpectedly. "What are you doing up here, John?" said he, "go to bed, his late?" John was silent, but went sorrowfully to bed. He got up the next morning still more sorrowful; he seemed quite another child from what he generally was. He sat silently and sadly at the breakfast-table, with folded hands and his head down, without touching his milk. "What is the matter, John? why don't you eat?" asked his mother. John was silent. After a little while, she asked again, "What is it then, child?" He looked up at his mother for a moment with an expression of sorrow, and let his head sink again. His father and mother had finished, and were just going to clear away the breakfast, when his mother asked a third time, "Child, tell me what is the matter?" Then the little boy answered, "I want so much to pray, mother; and if no one will pray with me, then I must pray alone." This was too much for Anna. Tears filled her eyes. She hastened into the next room to tell her husband what the child had said. He had heard, however, what had passed, for the door was left open; and his conscience was touched. "John is right," said he, "and we are wrong. Then they fell on their knees together—it was the first time in their lives—and they prayed with few words but many tears. It was the publican's prayer "God be merciful to us sinners;" and God heard their petition and helped them. The happy day had arrived when the little boy would not have to pray alone, or the grandfather have to grieve. Father and mother now began to bend their knees together before the Lord, and to beseech His mercy and His forgiveness—to ask for a new heart, and for grace to dedicate themselves and their child entirely to Him.

E. R.

A SOLEMN FACT FOR MOTHERS.

In the village of B. there lived a gay and worldly mother, who brought up her son with a love for dress and fashion, which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Year by year they followed dress, fashion, and sounds of pleasure, and the presence of a stranger like myself might

sure, until the whole family became almost penniless. About this time the father died, and the mother was left a widow; still she and her children continued to mingle with the giddy and the gay, until a second father, took the place of the lost one. Soon the misery became apparent; there was no home for the family, they must seek situations; by their unwise training they were utterly unfitted for domestic service, and to fulfil other duties they were unqualified. The one of whom we particularly mean to speak was apprenticed to a milliner, but there she did not long stay; vanity and pleasure had been her only study, and she could not give them up; dress, too, must be indulged in as usual; to obtain this she was obliged to get credit. At last she returned to her mother's home, where disturbance often reigned; and one day, after an angry altercation with her step-father, she took poison, but not so much as to cause instant death. She lingered three days in the greatest agony, and then passed away. Great was her remorse that she had done the rash act, but "too late;" no human skill could save. Bitter were the reproaches she uttered to her mother, but too late; dress and pride brought Jane W— to a dishonoured grave in the bloom of womanhood. At the hour of midnight, without burial service, she was committed to the dust, there to await the archangel's trumpet. What will her mother feel when she meets her at the bar of God? Mothers! check in your children the love of dress and fashion; train them up in the way they should go, that when you and they shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, you may hear the Saviour say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

E. R.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

A FUNERAL in the country generally draws together a large number of friends and neighbours, and on this occasion the largest acquaintance of Mr. Chase and the deep interest created by his lovely daughter's long illness and early death could not fail to attract many. The presence of a stranger like myself might

and I sat watching the gathering crowd. Many had come from neighbouring farms and villages, and carriages of all descriptions lined the road for a long distance. At last there was a rustle, and the coffin was brought out. It was placed upon a bier, and the pall-bearers stood still in silence. Then the long procession was formed, and it slowly moved forward. Now hidden by the windings of the road, the black foliage of the trees not visible through some openings, as the mournful group drew sadly near. The graveyard was very near farmer Brown's, on a gentle slope, not far beneath my window. Thus I saw plainly the conclusion of the sad ceremony—the lowering of the body—the gathering about the grave—the white-headed minister lifting up his hand to heaven, and a few broken sentences of the prayer reached my ear. Slowly the crowd dispersed, and as sunset the long shadows fell on that lonely grave, and that sorrowing heart was at rest.

In the evening I wandered into the graveyard. The soft light of the moon revealed the grassy path, and I easily found my way to the spot I sought. As I reached the grave I was startled by seeing a human form bowed over it. A woman hastily rose, and the uncertain light revealed features distorted with grief, which yet I recognized. It was the poor old Mrs. Brown. Morning I had known during the previous winter, and the story of Mrs. Brown's story, were one and the same. He had been often at our house, my husband was warmly interested in him, and now I took his hand in mine, and said, with the deepest sympathy, "God bless and comfort you, my poor friend." His white hair, and tears streamed over his heavily aged face. "Oh, Mrs. Brown, if I could but have seen her, I could only have heard her say that she forgave my proud sinners and loved me yet." "I could know," he added in a lower tone, "I could know that she learned to love her Redeemer." "Come with me," I said, "Mrs. Brown can tell you much that you would not know." He cast a parting look full of

agency upon the lowly resting-place of her he had loved so long, and followed me to the road. We reached the old farm-house in silence. Mrs. Brown wept over him as if he had been her son, and he could not speak. I was about to tell the good woman what the unhappy youth wanted, but as I began to speak, she rose, opened a drawer and giving him a small sealed packet, motioned to me, and we left the grave together. Some days afterwards Henry Morrison, who was recovering from an illness caused by anxiety and sorrow, showed me the contents of the paper—a letter breathing the submission of a child of God and farewell words of tenderest love and sympathy; together with a picture of which the sweet and loveliness haunts me yet.

SUNDAY

My little ones, wake! for the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing with joy and delight;
See how on the eastern the warm sunbeams play,All nature seems happy this glad Sabbath day!

We have left all the week and its troubles behind,
We will try to be patient, and loving, and kind;
And last night you put all your playthings away,
For we don't want to use them on God's holy day.

Oh! sweet day of rest, by our kind Father given,
To draw us from earth and prepare us for heaven;
Mamma has no work now to call her away,
And she loves to spend with you this calm Sabbath day.

Now first for the books, let mamma try and teach
A hymn and a passage of Scripture to each
And then we will read a most sweet story of old,
How the kind Shepherd Father made the lamb his fold.

Till your little hearts long this dear Service to know,
And to love and to serve Him as older you grow,
Now father is the Father, so many to see,
Come, one little working, and a mission one free.

And then for the puzzles that please you all—
With Samuel and Joseph upon them, you know
I will help you to place them, and then we will tell
All about what they mean, till you be as wise as I.

And now it is evening, how soon it has come!
But gather around me; before we've quite done,
Let us talk for a while of the things that are in the sky,
When all the stars have fallen and the moon is high.

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The valley of the shadow of death is not dark with His presence, it is light as if not dead one. The cloud passed. "O yes, He is with me; how wicked I was to doubt! It is all right, I shall soon be home!" Then raising herself, she said in so earnest a tone that they never forgot it, "Janet, Effie, don't be half-hearted Christians. Christ is worthy of the highest, best service. All through the years of loneliness, since dear mamma died, He has been everything to me.—He will be to you. Dear ones, work hard for Him, so shall we meet yonder. The effort almost exhausted her, the breathing became painfully short, and it was evident to all that the spirit was passing the dark valley, which we all in turn must tread: to the borders of which earthly friends may come, but which we must pass alone, save the presence of Him who gives us this blessed assurance, "Lo I am with you always unto the end." Very peaceful was Annie's departure; once during the short struggle for breath, Mrs. Hamilton bent over and asked, "Annie, dearest, are you happy?" In a minute the answer came, "Yes, happy, happy, happy!" and a bright glad smile of recognition lighted up the wan features, so soon to be at rest for ever, as she exclaimed, in a tone of joyous surprise, "My Saviour! my mother! I am coming," so the spirit passed from earth, to be "for ever with the Lord,"

Years rolled on; Mrs. Hamilton had gone to join the redeemed in glory, and Janet, a happy wife and mother, lived in the old house at Bayford. God had been very good to Janet, He had given her the unspeakable joy of knowing that her parents were follow-heirs with herself of the inheritance above, and her brother Harry, too, had cast in his lot with the people of God, so that she could raise her Ebenezer to the God who had been so very good to her. It was a bright June evening, the children were in bed, and Janet and her husband stood before a little white stone in the churchyard of Bayford bearing the inscription, "Annie Maitland, aged nineteen." In her hand Janet held a letter from Effie, now the wife of a missionary in a far distant land; listen as she reads:—"We have many trials, many difficulties, but we

and doing all for the great Master Y. O. Janet's dear. He is indeed
 preying to us our dear Annie's words, as if the shadow of a great
 rock is a weary land. When I think of her safe if I could go
 for the work and never with memory of her kind
 blessed thoughts of the Book of Ages, in which our hope is
 built. Janet's eyes filled with tears as she said to him to her
 husband saying feelingly, "Annie did not die in vain, I am sure it
 only for this." He looked tenderly upon her and answered,
 "My dear, and from her life we may learn a lesson to
 teach our little ones in their early youth for the Saviour, who will
 be such a friend to us after years." Oh Janet, any wife, let me be
 forth to be more earnest in teaching our children, none of them
 is so glorious as a awful responsibility to train young immortal
 minds for the duties of life. That night, the husband and wife
 knelt in earnest prayer for guidance and direction in their
 solemn work to Him whose ears and hands are their prayers of
 parents for their children and as in after years the respon-
 sibility and a far greater. Janet's heart was often
 lightened by the sight of that little white stone, which
 recorded the brief life of one whose mother's words had
 been handed down and proved such a blessing, leading many
 to trust in "the shadow of the Rock" she had taught her child
 to trust in. Mothers, teach your children of the Saviour, that
 when you, like Annie's mother, shall have passed away, and your
 dear ones are alone in the world, some word you have said, some
 text you have quoted, may come back to their mind and find an
 answering echo in their own hearts, and from thence go forth
 and find souls for Christ from the by-ways of this sin-stricken
 world.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS

One day a new scholar appeared in school, and as usual, was
 the mark of public gaze. She was gentle and modest-looking,
 and never ventured to lift her eyes from her books. At recess, to
 the inquiries, "Who is she?" "What's her name?" "nobody
 knows."

[illegible]

my neighbour, Abby. How miserable I should be with such working hands and no groves! By and by I took to patronizing her. She is really a very nice creature, and ought to join us more in our plays," we said. "So we used to make her one of us in the playhouse. In fact, I began to show towards her very considerably. There was something in Abby which called out our respect. One Saturday afternoon as I was looking out of the window, wishing for something to do, my mother asked me to join her in a little walk. We went in my new cloak, warm furs, and hat, and I was ready. We went first to the shop, where I was glad to be met by several acquaintances in my handsome winter dress. At last I found my mother turning off into less frequented thoroughfares. "Where, mother," I asked, "in this vulgar part of the town?" Not vulgar, my dear," she said, "a very respectable and industrious part of our population live here. Not fashionable, certainly," I added. "And not vulgar because not fashionable, by any means," she said, for you may be sure my taste and often foolish notions were not gained from her. She stopped before a humble-looking house, and entered the front door. Where are you going?" I asked with some curiosity. She gently opened a side door, and hesitated a moment on the threshold. Caroline, come in," said a voice from within. "I am very happy to see you. Pray don't trifle, dear," said my mother going forward, and affectionately kissing a sick lady who sat in a rocking chair. You look better than when I saw you before. Do not exert yourself." I was introduced, and I fancied the invalid looked at me with a sort of admiring surprise, as she took my hand and hoped I should prove worthy of such a mother. Then, while my mother and she were talking, I sat down and took notes with my eyes of everything in the room. It looked beautifully neat, and the furniture had evidently been bettered. By and by my mother asked for her daughter. "Come out on some errands," said the sick lady. "The dear child is an inexpressible blessing to me," and tears filled her eyes. "A mother might well be thankful for such a daughter. She is a pattern my child might safely imitate. I thought I should be exceedingly glad to see the person my mother was so willing I should copy." "She will return soon,"

said the invalid. "She has gone to carry some work, which she has contrived to do in her leisure moments. The self-sacrifice of the child is wonderful. She seems to desire nothing that other girls of her age generally want. A little while ago an early friend who had found me out and befriended me as you have done," tears came into the speaker's eyes, "sent her a handsome winter dress. 'O mother,' she said, 'this is too expensive for me, when you want some warm flannel so.' I told her it was just what she needed. A few days afterwards she went out and came home with a roll of flannel and a print dress. 'See mother,' she said, 'I shall enjoy this print a hundred times more than the finest dress in the world, when you can have your flannel.' Excuse me for telling it, but you know a mother's heart. There is her story; she is coming." The outer door opened. How I longed to see the comer! A perfect angel I thought, so generous, so disinterested, so good. I should love her. The latch was lifted. A young girl entered, and my school-fellow Abby stood before me. I could have sunk into the earth for very shame. How wicked my pride! how false and foolish my judgments! Oh how mean did my fine winter dress appear to the plain sixpenny print! I was almost sure my mother had managed all this for she had a way of making me see my faults and making me desire to cure them, without ever saying much directly herself. This, however, I found had not come about by her intervention; God had taught me by His providence. As we walked home, my mother gave me an account of Mrs. G—, an early friend, who made an imprudent marriage. But that story is no matter here. I will only add, my judgment of people was formed ever after according to a truer standard than the dress they wore, and that Abby and I became intimate friends.

thing in the room. It looked beautifully neat, and the furniture had evidence of being used. "What a nice little place," I remarked to her daughter. "Gone out on some errands," said the sick lady. "LAST month we were talking about birds, and now the beautiful green dress which the earth has put on reminds me that I promised to say something about trees. You do not know the names of many trees, but I hope you try and learn to know every tree you see, as you know your friends; there is very little difference between them."

tone, "No one can do what Jesus can, and at the same time be a simple man." But his came with such sweetness to my troubled heart. I thought, it is indeed true that no one can do what Jesus can; but how often have I seen in days gone by when human sympathy seemed so unable to afford comfort! Then I remembered His many acts of kindness when He was on earth. How He sympathized with the family at Bethany, though at first it seemed only seemed, as though He did not care for their sorrow. I thought of His compassion for the poor people who followed Him, to listen to His words. He would not let them be sent away hungry and tired, as the disciples proposed, but provided for their needs. One instance after another of His tenderness and sympathy came into my mind, and the thought that He was still the same loving Saviour and Friend was cheering. I had been tempted to think that it was hard on me and young as I should have so many trials, and doubts of my Heavenly Father's love had come into my mind; but that simple remark of little Ellen's seemed to scatter all my doubts, and I was enabled again to trust in the Lord, and to trust Him to make all my trials work together for good. I had been told since then, Ellen is still rejoicing in her Saviour, whom she had early learned to love, and seeking to lead all around her to know Him too. Life is now a sunny aspect with myself, and much, very much cause for thankfulness. I have often when I look back, I feel that those dark days of trial have been blessings in disguise, for they have been the means of leading me to seek my first happiness in God; and when I meet with Christians who are passing through similar discipline, I feel thankful not only to be able to sympathize with them, but that I can, in some measure, comfort them with the comfort wherewith God Himself comforteth me.

KATE.

Some years ago, at a time when I was passing through much trial, a little niece of mine came to visit me. She was a little child, and she knew the stars, and she would cry, "Oh, when he sits beside the hearth, and looks up at the stars, I hear and see him. He learned it on his little form within the Sabbath school. He never seized his brain, and robbed his spirit of its rule. His mother was a widow, and a poor but honest soul. When she found it hard to do her duties and to maintain her control."

"Where shall I look for help?" she said. "Where shall I comfort
 Above the stars, above the stars," her idiot boy chimed in.

A stranger in the churchyard walked amidst the silent dead.
 He saw the youth beside a grave, and "Where's your mother?" said
 Above the stars, above the stars, the idiot boy replied.
 The stranger turned his head away, a starting tear to hide.

Oh, there is beauty in the words, and comfort in the thought;
 Above the stars, above the stars, those wonders God hath wrought;
 The wonder of His mighty hand, that of these things above,

The greatest nobles of His works, the wonders of His power,
 The world of us, for this is our God, which He to us has shown,
 Strive to the ragged ones around His mercy to make known.

And clothe and feed and teach them here, that when they come to die,
 Above the stars, above the stars, may be their home on high.

accomplished, and the precious one laid to rest.

Mother, as you have seen your noble first-born son laid in the

grave, while you held in your arms a poor, sickly, suffering
THE INFANT'S MISSION.
 infant, have you not murmured, and asked, "Why is this?"

On it I could only take my children with me, was the
 exclamation of a dying mother. "If I could only take my child
 down with me, death would have no terrors." Yet that young

mother must die, and leave her now helpless ones to the tender
 mercies of a cold world. Her boy, a healthy child of three and

a half years, who by his singular beauty, noble bearing, and
 lively disposition, had won all hearts, was soon, very soon called

to join her in heaven. Was this little, puny, consumptive one of
 seven months, really was she left, when it would have seemed

such a mercy to have laid her in the grave with her mother?
 The boy was strong, and fitted to battle with the storms of life;

but the little babe inherited disease, and must ever suffer. Why
 then was he taken, and she left? Ah! the little Medora had a

mission upon the earth, silent it is true, yet a merciful one. It
 was so ordered that she was thrown upon the care of an aunt, a

cold-hearted, unfeeling, selfish being, who had never in her
 whole life seemed to perform an act of disinterested kindness.

She had lived only for herself. But there was yet enough of
 woman's nature about her to lead her to care for the motherless

child of her sister. As the little one grew beneath her care, she

mission upon the earth, silent it is true yet a powerful one. It

atmosphere and bringing in a fresh salubrity day by day, while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice but the *blessing of God.*"

A FINE EULOGIUM.

ONE friend speaking of another, remarks, that "he brought joy into *every* house which he entered, but most of all into his *own* house when he returned to it."

MY FATHER PRAYS.

WHILE visiting on board a ship, I asked a little sailor-boy if he prayed. With much simplicity he answered, "No, but my father does." The little fellow listened with much seriousness to my advice to begin to pray for himself, and he promised me to put it into practice.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Shipwrecks. By Rev. J. M. WHITE, B.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The various shipwrecks we meet with in the voyage of life are ably described in this little book.

"*The Black Camel.*" London: Pitman.

A little pamphlet intended to comfort parents who are mourning the loss of their little ones. The little paper is reprinted from the *Sunday Magazine*, in order to extend its usefulness.

The Smaller Congregational Hymn Book. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A selection of over a hundred and fifty hymns chosen from the New Congregational Hymn Book. It is especially intended for prayer-meetings, village services, or family worship, and is well adapted for either purpose.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This little periodical keeps up its interest and amusement well.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.—No. 7.

There was a season of considerable religious interest in a small rural parish. Several from among the young had been hopefully converted, when, to the astonishment of the pastor, there appeared in the meeting one evening a man over fifty years of age, who had been long considered as being wholly devoted to the world. He had not attended any place of worship for years, except occasionally at a funeral, and seemed not to think nor care for anything else but the accumulation of property. For this he bore every hardship, working most of the night frequently, and often upon the Sabbath. He seemed now to be in much distress of mind, and his anxious inquiry was what he should do to be saved. He declared that for several months he had been so oppressed with a sense of his sins and of a necessity of an interest in Christ that, unable to sleep, he had arisen from his bed, and walked his room in an agony of mind, but did not disclose his feelings to any one. When asked what was the cause of his anxiety, he replied, "*The recollection of the teachings and prayers of a pious mother.*" (This mother had years ago gone to her rest.) He said that her prayers and anxieties for him when young came back, he knew not why, to his mind with such force, that he felt that he ought to and must seek the Saviour. From that time he has consecrated himself and his property to the service of God, and gives every evidence of having experienced the great change.

Another instance we have met with of a mother's prayers being answered in the conversion of her son, after she had gone to her rest for nearly five years. The little son, who had been the loss of the father, was now a young man, and was now a Christian.

One, in writing on the subject of a mother's prayers, says:—"Not long since being present where two gentlemen were mutually relating some portions of their experience, I was so interested in their recitals that I felt they must not be lost. One of them said he had lost his father when very young, and soon was obliged to find a home in some other family, but his praying mother still lived, and would pray for and with him too, whenever he visited her. 'Oh!' said he, 'I could stand everything

else better than my mother's prayers." "That was the way with me," said the other. The first proceeded to say that Paine's and Voltaire's writings were placed before him, vain and trifling amusements were bountifully supplied, but his mother's prayers would haunt him still. They were both converted after they became men. Their early history seemed much alike, save one lost both his parents when quite young, yet he dwelt as much on the prayers of his mother, although they soon ceased. As I listened to those two men, and viewed them so near the whirlpool of infidelity—then snatched away—one of them a preacher—something seemed to say "Pray on!" my hopeless cases seemed hopeless no more. My heart seemed cheered, and I thought there might be some one else who would be cheered with the same rehearsal."

An excellent mother, who resided near London, had two sons of very different dispositions—the one was gentle, mild, affectionate, and good-tempered—the other was sullen, obstinate, cross, and self-willed; with the former she had comparatively little trouble, while the other was constantly vexing her righteous spirit. Her husband was an ungodly man; who delighted to behold his own image in at least one son. While the boys were young she became a widow, which greatly added to her cares as it regarded temporal things, but she was enabled to cast her burden upon Him who has declared Himself to be the "God of the widow," and the "father of the fatherless." She prayed with them and for them constantly, and had the delight of seeing her eldest son early declare himself on the Lord's side, and feel a desire to study for the Christian ministry. The youngest would listen to none of her counsels, but gave himself up to evil ways and evil company, and at last entered the army as a common soldier: his regiment was ordered abroad, and his mother heard of him on earth no more. The young student was now her only earthly prop, and she looked forward to the time when she should listen to the blessed gospel declared by him to perishing sinners, but her Heavenly Father had otherwise arranged. One vacation he came home, and for some days he seemed out of health and out of spirits. At length he threw his arms around

his widowed mother's neck, and bursting into tears he exclaimed, "Mother! will you give your son as the Lord's messenger to the heathen?" Those were indeed burning words which entered her soul, but lifting up her heart to her Heavenly Father, she replied, "My son, I dare not say nay. May the Lord strengthen me to give you up, while I remain alone—widowed and childless." A few months saw that devoted young minister embark to unfurl the blood-stained banner of the cross amidst the horrors of heathen darkness. And while his glorious Master went with him according to His promise. He also took up His abode in that lonely widow's dwelling. About two years she lived to hear glad tidings from far distant lands, and then calmly and sweetly breathed out her spirit on the bosom of her Lord. Soon after her death the young missionary was summoned to attend a dying soldier, who had lately arrived near his station. He hastened to the chamber of death, and beheld a young man in the last stage of consumption. As the minister of God drew near, he drew from beneath his pillow a small Bible, and placing it in the missionary's hand, he said in broken accents, "Sir, I entreat you to take charge of this book, and the first opportunity forward it to England; and oh! tell my mother that her prodigal son was a true penitent; tell her, her prayers were not in vain; tell her I have found mercy through the blood of the Lamb, and depart to be with Christ." He tried to go on—"Her address," he feebly added, "is—is—he could say no more: the spirit burst from its prison of clay, and entered eternity. The scene and the name of mother had caused the missionary's tears to flow fast, and scarcely knowing what he did, he opened the treasure committed to his care: his head grew giddy, and his heart sick, while he gazed on his brother's name, written by his sainted mother's hand, and underneath her address, written by his dead brother, by whose side he then stood. Mothers, can you tell how or where your prayers will be answered? Perhaps not while you are pilgrims below, but in that bright world of glory where there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over returning sinners. Who shall say that your happy spirit shall not join the seraphic choir as

your own prodigal enters the gates of the celestial city amidst the anthems of the skies, claiming you as his natural and spiritual mother?

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

IN a beautiful village in England, lived Mrs. Davis, with her only children, Arthur and Nellie. About ten years before the time of which we now speak, Mrs. Davis had been left a widow. Nellie, the younger of her two children, now seventeen years of age, was in a consumption, but it was she who was the help of her widowed mother: she had early learned to love the God of her mother, and trust in Him as a father. Before their cottage was a neat little garden, kept in order by Nellie, and she trained the honeysuckle and roses so neatly against the cottage wall. But what was Arthur? Alas! he was no comfort to his widowed mother and his fatherless sister. One evening as Nellie was sitting in her favourite garden at needle-work, Arthur came up to her and said, "What should you think if I were to go to sea?" "Oh," replied Nellie, "what would mother do if she knew? How unhappy she would be!" "Oh, Arthur, dear, she has had enough care and sorrow; do not make her more." Arthur turned away in sullen silence, and then Nellie breathed a prayer that her beloved brother might learn of Jesus and of His love. After that her needle moved slowly, and the tears would chase one another down her pale, but beautiful cheeks. Could she tell her mother? would it not kill her? She sought her brother, who was just starting off with some of his wicked companions, perhaps to be out until midnight; but as she approached her courage seemed to fail her, and she breathed a silent prayer that God would help her. As soon as she came up to them, Arthur said, "Well, Nell, are you going with us?" to which she replied in a calm, gentle manner, "No, Arthur, I wanted you to come with me, will you please?" "Nonsense, child," replied he; "I'm not going to be lectured by you. You will see me home some time to-night." The sight of poor Nellie's tears and of her poor pale face somewhat touched the hardened brother,

but still he did not return with her. When Nellie arrived home she found her mother sitting in their little parlour working, for that was the way in which they earned their daily bread. The sight of recent tears startled the anxious mother, and she waited until her daughter had taken up her work before she spoke. "What is it, Nellie, dear, that troubles you?" was the first question addressed to her. "Oh, mother, dear!" replied Nellie, "you have enough cares and sorrows: I must not tell you more; but about Arthur—he said something about going to sea. Mother, if he goes he will be ruined; he will have no one to show him the way everlasting. What must be done?" In another minute the mother and daughter were kneeling before the throne of Him who is the help of all those who trust in Him and call upon Him, pouring out their wants and fears, most sincerely praying that Arthur might be saved from further sin. At last midnight arrived, and Arthur with it. "Nell," he said, "I shall want my breakfast at seven o'clock to-morrow. I'm off to sea. Dick Rogers will be here for me at a quarter past." "Oh, dear Arthur!" said Mrs. Davis, seeing he was taking his cradle, off to bed, just this moment; wait until after family prayer. "Oh, my son, do think well before you break our hearts in this way!" The remainder of this sentence was lost upon him, as he had gone to bed, shutting the door after him. As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Davis turned to speak to Nellie, when she saw that she had fainted. She applied all needful remedies, then sent for the doctor, who lived seven miles from them, and called Arthur. He came, and with his mother watched until sunrise, and just as the sun was rising gloriously above the hills Nellie opened her eyes, and with a bright smile upon her face said, faintly, "Mother, dear, I'm going. Arthur, dear, don't go; stay and be a comfort to mother; and—" but the remainder was only heard by angels. Arthur stood speechless, for his gentle sister had gone to be with Jesus. Could he resist that dying desire? No; his hard heart was subdued, and that morn, as mother and son watched by the lovely remains of their departed one, Arthur gave his heart to Nellie's God, and was the comfort of his bereaved but praying mother.

L. L.

THE ANGEL MOTHER

SHE is a memory and a prayer apart. To an earthly parent we might go in our hours of childish trouble or womanly grief, and grow calm in the light of her loving smile—to the angel mother we cling most closely in our better moments. We do not think of her in the hurry and bustle of the day; her memory is too sacred a thing to be mixed with the perplexities of business, and worldly strifes and jealousies; but in the quiet evening, when the fire burns low, and the shadows wave and flicker on the wall—when we sink into the great arm-chair, weary and worn and heart-sick, and close our eyes, then she is with us—then we seem to feel a gentle hand upon our head, and watch and listen with a beating heart to hear the dear voice speak that has been silent so long. The angel mother has our sweetest thoughts. We may be busy and ambitious—we may be earnest, and strong, and “loving much”—we may think we have given our whole heart to another, and glory in the gift, but one small corner has been overlooked. No dream, be it ever so bright and dazzling; no purpose, be it ever so great and noble; no love, be it intense and passionate as it may, can ever usurp that place. To no human being can we give such thoughts, before no human eyes can we melt, and tremble, and weep, so like little children, as before those glorious orbs, unseen, but perhaps seeing every mad action of our lives. No other can be to us what she was, for “only the eye of God watches like a mother.” Perhaps on earth she was unknown to us, perhaps our baby eyes gave only one unconscious glance into the pallid face before it was shut down beneath the coffin-lid. So we can never remember loving glances from beautiful eyes like other orphans. But we have a picture—a mental picture only of her—a shining figure, clad in flowing white, and hovering round us. As we grow up from childhood to womanhood, we hear those who knew her say to us: “You have your mother’s face, and you must be as good as she was,” and we gazed at that face day after day, till it seems no longer ours.

We may be homeless, friendless, and alone. Perhaps in some busy city, far from the home of our childhood, we are working our way towards a mortal goal, unaided and unknown. We may wear a careless air, we may speak lightly of all the dear and familiar ties that bind true hearts to home, and yet the glimpse of some happy family group, seen through a half-closed curtain; when we face the crowded street as the twilight shadows come on, will make us turn and sigh; the sweet voice of a child, saying "mother," will bring a pang to our lonely heart; the low cradle-song of the young wife in the room above our own, will make us lay aside our books and listen, half-tenderly and half-impatiently at first, and afterwards with quick dropping tears, and a passionate longing for the tranquil rest upon that bosom we have never known. All things will speak to us of her, all things show more plainly, as we grow older and wiser, that such a loss can never be made good, or even partially forgotten. It may be, as we grow stronger and more conscious of our own powers, that state and fortune are not unkind to us. We grow rich; we have a countless troop of "summer friends"; we revel in the luxury that has been so long denied us, and we, like many another, grow careless of the suffering around us. The sweet face of the angel mother beams upon us, more melancholy than ever, and we feed the hungry and clothe the naked for her dear sake, satisfied that a great reward will await us in the better memories of our softened hearts. Perhaps we are famous. The words we have spoken, the books we have written, have done their work, and our names are spoken far and wide with praise or blame. There are many to rejoice with us in our joy, but we hear them calmly, and then the old restless longing comes up and we journey away with our dearly-earned success and fame to our mother's grave. A vision comes before me as I write, a glorious vision of the last great day! Of mothers who went before but a little while, of mothers who left their infants to struggle on alone till the end came; of mothers who watched that onward course, with angelic eyes, and who see with rapture the fight well fought, and the golden crown well won! What meetings and what partings will mark that awful day!

My eyes are full of tears, for I have an angel mother! And, I think, if the trials and temptations are all safely passed, if the sins and follies of this life are all forgiven, by faith in the blood of the Lamb; if this weary heart finds rest, and peace, and happiness at last, oh, will she know her youngest, loneliest child in heaven?

M. W. S. G.

"HE WILL DO IT;" OR, A FATHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

No doubt there are thousands of godly parents to be found, whose hearts are daily aching on account of the wayward conduct of their beloved children, and who are with sighing hearts exclaiming, "O, that Ishmael might live before thee!" It is to them especially the following encouragements are addressed. Remember, dear friends, that though every door of hope may seem to be shut, there is yet one open to you, and that is the door of God's mercy. You may yet have access to the throne of grace to breathe your sorrows; there you may roll your burdens on the Lord, and present your petitions at the footstool of the Most High. Long delays may exercise your mind, but as the prayer of the humble is God's delight, you may expect that "He will appear to your joy." The following account, related by a minister, may serve as an encouragement to you:—

"Many years ago, an aged man, a devoted Christian, started a prayer-meeting, which is still continued, and has borne many and glorious fruits. As a pastor, it was my duty to visit him, particularly during his last illness. Several times, when at his house, I found him on the mount, looking over to the land of promise, and seeming to have nothing to mar his comfort or interrupt his joy. One morning, as I went to his dwelling, I determined to satisfy myself whether there was anything which gave him trouble of heart. On entering his chamber I said, "How are you this morning?" "Oh, sir," said he, "I am well; why should I not be well? I am near home; yes, I am near home—

near heaven." I took the opportunity to make my inquiry, and said, "My dear sir, has there been nothing resting on your heart as an occasion of trouble?" He spoke not a word, but turned his head over to the wall, and lay so between five and ten minutes. Then he rolled his head back upon his pillow, with his face turned towards me, and I saw the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Oh, yes, sir," said he, "there is one great trouble." "What is it?" I inquired, "speak your whole mind to me freely." "Well," said he, "I have ten children; and I have prayed to God for more than thirty years that I might see one or more of them converted before I die, but He has denied me this. They are all grown up, as you know, but they are not Christians." "How do you get over that trouble?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "I get over it as I get over all other troubles, by rolling it over upon Christ. I know that God means to answer my prayers (as to their conversion), but He means to wait till I am gone. He will do it; I know He will; my children will be converted." The minister, when relating this account, added, "This man has been in his grave fifteen years, and I have watched over his children ever since his death; and now I am able to say that seven out of the ten are born into the kingdom of God, and that the eighth has just begun to feel the burden of his sins. This is the answer to his prayer. God did not forget. He only waited. Let us take courage, therefore, and lay hold of the promises of God."

THE LITTLE SHOE.

Oh! lay it away and destroy it not,
 This little cast-off treasure;
 For in after-years when by all forgot
 'Twill fill my heart with pleasure,
 In some choice spot,
 Oh! lay it away and destroy it not!

Scarcely a stitch but looks worn and broken,
 While the strings are wildly flying;

"And I have a white flower," said Mary, "a little white flower; it hangs its head so prettily, and has two, three, four flowers on the stem, and the leaf comes round as if to take care of them." "That is a *lily of the valley*. I do not think it is quite the same kind as those mentioned in the Bible, but it is a lovely flower; we will put it next to the rose." "Here is a *thistle*, will that do?" "I am afraid it will shake to pieces, it is so tender. Look, some of it has fallen now, but we will be careful with it, and put it the other side of the rose." "Here is a piece of *myrtle* with a little flower on it." "Well, that will look very nicely here, and, Mary, you may bring that *almond blossom*, it is very pretty." "I have found an *aloe*, that is a very rare flower, and then we will put in that piece of *hyssop*. Now go and find another." "Sweet-briar is not a flower," said Mary, "but it smells so sweetly; do put a piece in." "Yes, sweet-briar has a flower like a wild rose; you may pick some." "What does this mean?" said Emily, "the flowers of the field, I suppose wild flowers of all kinds." "Well, as you seem to have a difficulty in finding many flowers, you may go to-morrow and pick as many wild flowers as you can, and this afternoon you can write down all you can find in the Bible about the flowers we have in this little mosaic, and that will take up nearly all the time, and then you can find out these letters—
M. A. T. S. E. H. E. S. T. O. R. S. E. H. T. E. Q. S. S. B. A.
L. L. L. E. S. H. D. O. R."

HORACE.

OUR PLAYHOUSE.

Yes, I can remember it now, as if it was but yesterday, just where Willie built our playhouse. It was down at the foot of the garden, under an old apple-tree, whose gnarled and ragged roots had divided and subdivided so often as to afford us ample rooms and separations for parlour, bedroom, and kitchen. Willie brought the boards and nails, and speedily we and our dolls were domiciled within our new abode. There were curious shelves and compartments where we ranged shining bits of crockery ornamented with pink buds, and blue men and

women, and on a private shelf by themselves we kept two little silver spoons that were treasures to us then, and they are treasures to me now, for I keep them hid away, side by side, with a stray curl of chesnut hair, and a Lilliputian ring, and ever when I look at them, the tears steal into my eyes, and I long to be a child again. Then the stray curl nestled among sister Allie's ringlets, and she it was with whom I sat in our rustic parlour, under the swinging apple-boughs, and read new story-books, or dressed our dolls with stray bits of fancy-coloured silks and satins. But their bedroom, that was our pride, it had chairs and sofas, a broken bit of looking-glass, a miniature table and bureau, and, best and dearest, two little beds, stands painted red and just alike, each furnished with a tiny feather-bed, and sheets, and pillows; and there at night, after a long lullaby, our women dolls were as duly encoined as if they were real sleeping babies.

"Ah! yes, that was a dear playhouse, where we had music all day long from the birds who had built their houses in the tree just above our heads. But there was one bird we admired above the rest; it would enter our kitchen almost every day to feast upon the crumbs we had scattered there, and we used to stop our sport and gaze upon it with childish wonder and delight. How I laughed when Allie asked me if the angels had any handsomer wings than our pet warbler! I was a year older than she, and thought myself a second Minerva compared with her.

But, ah! they reckon not by months and years, where she hath gone to dwell, for Allie's curls while yet they circled her child brow, were strung with the cold dew beads of death, and the birds have sung her requiem for many a year. So when I think of the playhouse, and of the sunny hours I sported there with my dear, sweet Allie, the tears will come to my eyes, and the low-sigh to my heart, and it is not strange that I fain would be a child again.

GESTURA.

"SHE HAD OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS."

SOME time since a good-looking man came to our door asking for the "minister." When informed that he was out of town,

he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business he replied, "I have lost my mother; and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him." My heart rose in sympathy, and I said; "you have met with a great loss!" "Well, yes," replied the strong man, with hesitation; "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother had outlived her usefulness." She was in her second childhood; and her mind had grown as weak as her body; so that she was no comfort to herself and was a burden to every body. There were seven of us, sons and daughters, and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year or so. But I've had more than my share of her; for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up." Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighbouring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces, which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours—those little ones; to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," and we wondered if that day would ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness; she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else!" When the bell tolled for the mother's burial we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect for the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, though her children had none to shed. "She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up." "She was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else"—these cruel, heartless words rang in my ears as the coffin was borne up the narrow aisle. The bell tolled loud and long until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily, each stroke told of her once peaceful slumbers on her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten, rang out the tale of her sports upon the greensward and by the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen, spoke more grave-

of school-days and little household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen, sounded out the visions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood, of the love and cares and hopes, fears and toils, through which she had passed during those long years till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty, told of that warm-hearted mother and grandmother living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize. But thank the bell tolls on Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, disquieted ways, perfectly patient, not satisfied, she goes from one child's home to another; so that no one place seems like home. The murmurs in plaintive tones, "but after all her toil and weariness, it is hard, she cannot be allowed at home to die in so that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four—she is now a second child—now she has outlived her usefulness," that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children. Now sounds toll, resplendoring through our lonely forest and echoing back from our "hill of the dead,"—eighty-nine. There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still; she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day." When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. After reading some passages of Scripture and making suitable remarks thereon, leaning over the desk and gazing on the coffin before him, he said reverently, "From a little child I have honoured the aged; but never till grey hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow-

[illegible]

Although a wonderful child, Lilly was by no means a grave, unearthly, precocious little one. Her smile was as sunny as her hair, and her eyes were always laughing. At sight of her lovely face the stern visages of worldly men relaxed, and the old always held open arms for her. She warmed their hearts with her happy, artless prattle. One day her mother took her on board a steamboat, on a pleasure excursion. At first Lilly

looked grave, finding herself among so many strange people, but spying at the farther end of the saloon a venerable man who held a little girl by the hand, she begged her mother to let her go and see the rosy-cheeked child. Mrs. — was not afraid to trust Lilly. If she said "Lilly, do not go out of the door or by the window," she knew that she might rely upon the child's implicit obedience. So away went Lilly, her beautiful great eyes shining, her step father slow, but when she got near the child, she looked for a moment in her little chubby face, and smile answered smile, the two quickly understood each other, and were soon busily playing together. The old gentleman regarded them with a look of interest that was not lost upon Lilly, so by-and-by sliding up to his knees she asked, "Is that your little girl?" "Yes, dear!" was the reply, "at least, she is my little granddaughter." "Are you her grandpa?" "Yes, dear!" "I got a grandpa," said Lilly, with that sweet coaxing way that is in some children so irresistible; "and he's a good man, and loves Jesus. Do you love Jesus?" The old man looked at her with a strange expression, but did not speak. "Say! you love Jesus, don't you? Don't you love Him because He died to save you? Say! don't you love Jesus?" "My little child," murmured the old white-headed man, and his lips began to quiver. She looked at him earnestly, thoughtfully—then a grieved expression crossed her sweet face, and then she said, softly, "You do love Jesus, don't you?" "My little one—ah! I wish I did—I wish I did!" and he shook his head mournfully. For one moment she stood gazing on the floor, then flying from the knees where she had been resting, she sought her mother, caught hold of her hand, and saying, "Oh mamma, that little girl's grandpa over there, don't love Jesus; won't you come and tell him he must?" The child would take no denial, but besought with such earnestness that her mother was fain to go and seat herself by the old man's side, after which Lilly, feeling perfectly assured that the old man would soon love Jesus, whether he had before or not, resumed her merry play with her little new-found companion. Mrs. — sat for some time silent and embarrassed where her daughter had escorted her. "That's a wonderful little one," said

the old gentleman, after he had mastered his emotion. "Oh, no, sir, a very pleasant, good child, but there is nothing wonderful about her," replied the mother. "Madam, pardon me, but no one ever took that much interest in me before, to ask me the simple question that the child put to me, and I am now in my eighty-third year." "The Bible, sir, you know, says that 'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise.'" Ah! yes, I remember—I read my Bible a great deal, madam," and he sighed heavily. "And you find comfort in its truths I hope, sir?" "No, madam, I have for some years been shaping the scriptures to suit some peculiar views of mine, and so busy and jealous have I been, that I have given no attention to it as a saving medium. When your child put that question to me, madam, I seemed suddenly to awake as it were out of a slumber of ages," and again he sighed heavily. "I think, sir," said Mrs. —, "if you would not disdain so humble an instrument, my little daughter, as she has perhaps begun the good work, might lead you to the truth." "The boat is stopping, madam," said the old gentleman; then he added eagerly, "will you accompany me to my house? and then I could talk more with that angel child." His newly-found friend consented, and they walked together, the children hand in hand.

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

While sitting, a short time ago, at a window in one of our busiest streets, my attention was attracted by the voice of a little ragged errand-boy, who was singing loudly a hymn commencing with the words, "I want to be an angel." As he passed swiftly by on his errand I could catch no more than the first two lines, but these constituted an ample theme for earnest thought. Poor boy! His clothes were ragged; his face was pale, his occupation mean; small thanks were there for his services, hard work was his lot; and perhaps no home to go to when his day's toil was over, yet perhaps the little fellow could find a balm for all in thinking of the angels in heaven. Poor and mean though his external appearance was; who shall say angels were

not watching over him, and rejoicing when they heard him sing, "I want to be an angel." What a change would that be for the lad. Poor boy! You would never feel tired there, never be ill-used, never have cause to weep there. Struggle, on then, Jesus has not forgotten you, but if you love Him He will one day bring you to those with whom you say you wish to be. Where did he learn the song? Perhaps he had a praying mother, and if he felt the words he sung, that singing may have been the result of that mother's prayers. She may not have lived to see their effect; perhaps she has long since been gathered, but maybe she watches over him still. He may have learned it in the Sunday-school or Ragged-school; the seed may have been sown there, and sprung up and nourished. But one soul is saved through the medium of a Sabbath or Ragged-school, it will be an ample reward. Mothers pray for your children, and while you do so, do not forget those dear little ones who have no praying mothers, and do all you can to keep those glorious institutions whose aim is to bring these little outcasts into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

H. E. J. L.

THE FRENCH SAILOR'S DYING TESTIMONY.

A FRENCH sailor lay on his bed of death in Ireland. A Christian visitor found that he was not without hope in God, having sought for the salvation of his soul before that solemn hour arrived. He spoke of the Saviour as having borne the curse due to his sins, and that He had prepared a home for him above, better, he said in his broken English, than the best ship; adding, with tears, "Me have a mother in my own country; she poor, she not able to keep me; thirteen years ago she send me away, but before that she bring my heart to God. Blessed Testimony to the care of a godly mother! May every mother who reads these lines feel that she has done as much for her sailor-boy, who may now be afar off upon the sea, or her son who may perhaps be in the great city, surrounded by many who would lead him into sin. What an argument to weigh on the heart of a mother, that by God's blessing on her instructions and example, *her boy may be preserved* from falling into the snares of wicked companions, by

his heart being given to God. How amply was this mother's care and faith and prayers rewarded when the happy sailor in death remembered what she had done for him!

A HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

And shall I know thy love no more

My partner dear,

As oft I've known in days before,

When thou wert near?

All happiness from life seems fled,

Deep buried in thy lonely bed,

My drooping spirits bow my head

Down to thy grave.

No pleasures earthward can I find,

My heart's a tomb,

Where, round thy memory still entwined,

Stay thy thoughts from bloom.

An icy space seems now this breast

I am with anguish sore oppress'd

O would I were with thee at rest,

In heaven's full love

All language fails. 'Tis vain

To paint such grief!

My every thought's a rocking pain

Without relief.

What human mind can know

The strength of grief, the depth of woe

That draws my soul in anguish low

Near to thy bed.

Thy fervent love was all my own,

Unceasing, pure,

But now, alas! that thou art gone

Must I endure

The sickening anguish of despair!

For none with thee I may compare

No still I hope with thee to share

Love, joy and bliss

Though death hath torn thee from my heart

And from my sight,

Faith says, A little while we part,

Death must unite

For love so pure was not of earth,

'Twas heavenly wisdom gave it birth;

Transplanted by the hand of death,

We'll meet in heaven.

Oh happy thought! we meet again
 To part no more;
 All sighs and sorrows, tears and pain,
 Shall then be o'er.
 To hear thy voice pronounce my name,
 To meet thee, still to me the same,
 Then shall I feel the purest flame
 Of love divine.

M. B.

FRAGMENT FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A CHILD'S DEATH.

In some rude spot, where common herbage grows,
 If chance a violet rear its purple head,
 The careful gardener moves it ere it blows
 To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed.
 Such was thy fate, dear child!
 Thy opening such!
 Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown.
 For earth too good, perhaps,
 And loved too much,
 Heaven saw and early marked thee for its own.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

[Those who are interested in Mothers' Meetings, and especially those who conduct them, will be glad to learn that a little volume is now ready, containing twelve Readings for Mothers' Meetings, by the late Ann Jane. It was originally brought out under the title of the "Mothers' Monitor," but is now published in a less expensive form for Eighteenpence.]

The Contributions of Q. Q. By JANE TAYLOR. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This book is so well known and appreciated that it needs no fresh comment. It is just issued in its present cheap form that many who have not hitherto been enabled to have it in their libraries may now have an opportunity of doing so.

The Shepherdess tending her Lambs; or, Early Training for God. Birmingham: Caswell, Broad Street, Islington.

An unpretending little book, addressed to parents, especially mothers, by one of themselves. We think such will find pleasure and help in perusing its pages.

The British Boy. May, June. London: Hall and Co., Paternoster Row.

The first two numbers of a new penny periodical for the boys. It contains fun and mirth as well as amusement.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.—No. 8.

A MINISTER gives an interesting account of the effect of a mother's prayers upon her rebellious little ones. He says:—
 “In a country farmhouse, of no great pretensions, once occurred a scene long to be remembered. I was one of a cluster of five happy children—one older, and three younger than myself. Death had previously entered that dwelling and made sad the hitherto joyous circle by removing the sixth and youngest member, just in the buddings of childhood. In reference to some childish play, there was some difference of opinion and feeling, which resulted in unkind, if not angry words. This attracted the attention of our ever-watchful mother. Instantly there was depicted on her usually placid countenance an expression of deep solicitude. Well do I remember that look, for it made an impression on my young heart that has never been effaced. Turning to us with the dignity of a Christian mother, and the countenance of an almost angelic being, she said, “My children, do you not remember the solemn scene when little E——P—— died? and are you now speaking angry words! Oh, it is wicked! Let us *pray* that God will forgive you.” Thus saying, she fell upon her knees and poured out her burdened soul in prayer to God. With ardent feeling and deep fervour did she beseech the Hearer of prayer to have mercy upon her sinful children. With great particularity she told the Lord all about their present wicked employment; heartily did she confess their sin and pray for their forgiveness. And what a scene was that to those contentious children! each sentence of that prayer was a dreadful accusation before God, and it sank into the soul. We seemed to be at once lifted up under the shadow of the burning throne, and the penetrating eye of the Omniscient Judge. Conviction fastened upon every mind, and nothing was heard but the voice of agonizing prayer. That beloved mother arose from her knees, and immediately went about the employment she had just left. She had accomplished her object—the deep silence, so deep that to us it was painful, told plainly the effect of that prayer; condemned by

our own consciences, and feeling sure that we were condemned at the bar of God, we could not look one another in the face. After a sufficient time had elapsed for us to reflect upon our evil doings and upon the scene that had just transpired, our mother returned, and imparted such instruction and admonition as the circumstances of the case demanded, dwelling particularly upon God's compassion towards the guilty when they confess and forsake their sins. Then it was that a ray of light and comfort penetrated the darkness and soothed the sorrow of our troubled minds ; we felt that we were *guilty*, but that God would *forgive*. We loved our mother, and we believed that God loved her, for from our earliest recollection she had taught us the way to God ; we fully believed that He heard her when she prayed, for we had often witnessed the fervency of her devotions. Thus believing, we had no doubt that our present strife was laid directly before the throne, and that God could not approve it. While this thought weighed us down, there was at the same time encouragement in the fact that the same throbbing affectionate heart which had accused us there had also prayed for our pardon ; we believed that prayer was heard in both respects alike. Who can fully trace the happy effects of that single prayer ? It was, at least, a most effectual way of subduing the unpleasant differences among her children. Here was a kind of suasion whose chief element was the *religious*. It was simply referring these scenes, with all their accompaniments and wrong feelings, to eternity, and deeply impressing each one with the solemn truth that God was looking into every heart ; and this was then not only an end of strife, but there was also an abiding impression of guilt—a sin had been committed against God, and it was most deeply felt. Thus was the object secured. Christian mother, try the same method and see if it does not succeed. Let your children know that you are an habitual visitant at the throne of grace, and that you will honestly tell God all their external wrong-doing, and the effect upon them cannot but be subduing, controlling, happy. Let the religious element be thus interwoven with all your management with your children, and their

consciences will be tender, their hearts susceptible; such a course, too, will make an abiding impression upon their lives. During these many years I have been labouring in the ministry, *that mother's prayer* has never been forgotten, and often has it had a controlling influence over my conduct. Many times have I detected myself unconsciously yielding to the impression then made, as though it had become incorporated into my very moral being. Who then can adequately calculate the importance of one such act of a Christian mother?

NOT FORSAKEN.

On a cold, dark, misty morning, a little cluster of men were hanging about the corner of one of the bridges over the Thames, leading from London towards the great market gardens which supply the wants of the Metropolis, and from whence narrow streets and flights of steps diverge towards the busy wharves and docks. The clock of a neighbouring church had but just struck four, and there were yet few sounds save an occasional hoarse cough from the group of men who had risen thus early and were waiting in that cold spot in the hope of procuring work. A little aloof from the rest stood one who bore the marks of poverty and distress even more visibly than his companions; hunger was painfully marked on his sunken features, and his gaunt figure was hardly covered by the scanty garments which he drew closer around him as the keen blast swept down the street, and the fog rose from the river. Presently a farmer passed by in his cart, and casting a look towards the loiterers, called to one who seemed the stoutest and best clad, "Want a day's work, man? come, jump up alongside of me," and away they went, followed by many envying eyes till they were out of sight. Another and another were singled out for hire by various employers, but all passed over the starving man. And as day more fully broke, and the streets gradually attained their usual life and bustle, he turned away, and entering one full of shops, besought the owners here and there to give him work; but some turned roughly from him, and

though some looked with a more pitying eye, none would take so miserable and even fierce-looking a man, of whom they knew nothing, for his face was growing fierce in his despair. At length he bent his steps towards his home—a wretched, empty room, in a decaying building, which yet afforded shelter to many poor creatures like himself. Here, cowering from the chill morning air, his wife was anxiously listening for his footsteps, while three young children, exhausted by hunger and cold, lay on the floor in heavy sleep. When at last his tramp was heard on the creaking stairs her poor heart sank within her, for in it she quickly heard no hope. He entered the room, and flinging himself on the floor, a deep groan burst from him, and he would have uttered a curse, but his wife's hand was on his mouth to stop the words misery was wringing from him, and she said, "Oh John, hush, hush, don't swear; you have never sworn yet, and God will utterly forsake us if you do." "He *has* forsaken us, Mary. I prayed earnestly last night that if He was still with us He would send me work this morning, and He has not, and we are all dying of hunger." "But we prayed for *our* will, not His," sobbed poor Mary, "and He may yet save us by some means." John made no answer; and Mary was gazing, almost with agony, on her starving children, when again footsteps were heard on the stairs, and their door was pushed open by a benevolent-looking man, who enquired for a sick man lodging in the same house. Mary answered him; but instead of going away he looked again at her and said gently, "It seems you also are in great need; you are starving," he added, with the quick eye of one accustomed to distinguish the appearance of want. "My husband has been out three hours this morning seeking work and cannot find any," replied Mary. "You are willing to work, then?" "Willing!" cried John, fiercely, and starting to his feet, "There are my children, and I have no food for them." The stranger looked compassionately on their heavy sleep, and giving Mary a small sum of money, promised to see them again in the course of the day, and left them. A couple of hours later the city missionary (for such he was) entered a handsome library, occupied by a young

man, before whom was a table covered with letters, papers, and plans. "What! here already? I was not expecting you for hours," he exclaimed, looking up pleasantly. "The work you entrusted to me is best done in the early morning," replied the missionary. "Then we see who are really deserving of employment—the intemperate and idle are asleep; the really starving and industrious are abroad in search of work before it is light." "Well, have you found me what I want?" The missionary then related the result of his endeavours to find out the most needy and deserving of employment; for the young man was the possessor of wealth and lands, and devoted himself to laying them out to the best advantage—to those dependent on others for their livelihood. He needed many labourers, and, anxious to employ the most deserving, he had commissioned the good missionary, so much more familiar than himself with the haunts of poverty and distress, and with the outward guise of those degraded by misfortune or themselves, to seek them out. "What their capabilities are I cannot tell," concluded the missionary, "But I believe all those I have mentioned have the *will* to work." "Then if I may continue so to trespass on your time, will you be my guide to these men, for they and I are equally in need of each other's help without loss of time?" The two went forth together on the errand of mercy; and which can we say was most blessed—he who had the means and the will to do so much good among his fellow-creatures, or he whose glorious self-devotion to the work of "seeking and saving them which are lost," enabled him to be so well fitted a director of his companion's benevolence? They passed quickly the abodes of wealth and prosperity, and diving among squalid alleys and courts, sought out in cellar and garret those whose hearts had been already gladdened by the missionary's first visit, and at last reached the room where John and Mary were waiting his return with painful anxiety. The poor creatures were almost overpowered as he explained his companion's errand, and ended by saying, with a kind smile, "You see, God has not forsaken you." John and Mary looked at one another, and John replied, "If it had not been for Mary He would, for I could

hardly keep my lips off from swearing." "The Lord pitieth them that fear him," said the missionary, gently; and then arrangements having been made between John and his new master, they went away; and as the last sound of their retreating footsteps was lost in the distance, John exclaimed, "Oh! Mary, you were right: God has saved us in His own good time."

THE MOCKING MOTHER.

A young boy stood by his mother, gazing enquiringly into her face as if he had something to tell her, yet was afraid that it might not meet with her approbation. His mother noticed him, and asked whether he wanted anything. "Oh, no, mother, I only wanted to tell you that the gentleman at the meeting asked me to pray this evening." "And did you?" The boy looked half abashed as he replied, "The gentleman said if it were only a few words God would hear it, so I tried to pray." A short satirical laugh escaped his mother's lips, and she said, in rather an annoyed tone, "The idea of a little boy like you making such a stupid of yourself. I dare say you looked ridiculous enough!" The boy's face flushed crimson, and in an angry mortified tone he said, "It is the last time you shall hear of me doing what you consider so ridiculous."

The next Sabbath, for the first time, Charles yielded to the persuasions of some school companions and went roaming the fields with them; his conscience smote him continually that day for what he was doing. The first step in the downward course is the most difficult to take, but after that, it becomes comparatively easy. As Sabbath after Sabbath came and was spent in the same way, with idle companions, his mother began to be alarmed, and remonstrated with him, and begged that he would go to God's house; but it was "too late" now. He had got to love the ways of his bad companions, and it was only the echo of her own words from his lips she heard, "I'm not going amongst that stupid lot." She remembered how often she had called the few Christians who met together to worship a "stupid

lot." All the neighbours were astonished at the great change which had taken place in Charles Smith, hearing him mock the religion he once revered; and most bitterly did his mother repent her unkind speech. Once she said to a neighbour, "I thought that too much religion would make him miserable and unfit him for the world, but I would much rather have had him thus than as he is now."

* * * * *

Ten years have passed. One bright summer's morning a clergyman visiting the prisoners in Newgate, went into the condemned cell to speak to a young man who was about to suffer the penalty of the law for having killed a companion in a drunken brawl. No traces are there left of the bright handsome youth of ten years ago, his hollow cheeks and wild-looking eyes tell of the dreadful remorse he feels for the deed he has done, and horror at the thought of the punishment that awaits him. No one would think it was the same Charles Smith, for the stamp of shame is on his brow; at the age of twenty-four he is a murderer. Most truly have the words been fulfilled that he would break his mother's heart. Years ago she was laid in the silent grave, brought there through the disobedience of her only child. As the clergyman enters the cell he sees traces of tears on the prisoner's face; that morning he had been taking a retrospective glance into the past. He fancies himself a boy again, catching minnows in the pool and chasing the bright-winged butterfly; then came a remembrance of those days when his heart rebounded at the tale of a Saviour's love; then follow the years of crime and vice, and the words unconsciously, as it were, escape his lips, "Oh! mother, if you had not laughed then, I should not have been here now," and the tears coursed each other down his pale, sunken cheeks. The clergyman prayed that repentance might be given him. The words fell like balm upon the broken heart of the wretched man; there was love even to cover his sins, and like the dying thief of old he sought and, doubtless, found mercy at the eleventh hour.

A. V.

THE LITTLE ROBE OF WHITE.

In a rosewood cradle a baby lay ;
 Its mother was stitching, stitching away
 On a little robe of white.
 One foot on the rocker, she hoped to keep
 Her frolicsome baby fast asleep
 To finish her work that night.

In every stitch of the garment she wrought
 That loving mother fastened a thought—
 Hopes for that little one—
 And smiled on her babe with a happy pride
 As it slept in its cradle by her side
 'Till that little robe was done.

Then she folded up the cambric and lace,
 And kissed her little one's chubby face
 That smiled in its infant glee.
 She tossed it up and down in the air,
 "How pretty you'll look, little babe, when you wear
 That new little robe," said she.

* * * * *

In a rosewood coffin a baby lay ;
 Its mother had wept the night away
 Watching its dying breath.
 With it clasped to her breast she had prayed to keep
 Her darling baby from going to sleep
 In the cold, cold arms of death.

They buried the babe in the garment just wrought,
 Whose every stitch held a hopeful thought
 From that loving mother's sight.
 On the marble stone she wrote with a tear,
 "How many hopes lie buried here
 In that little robe of white."

* * * * *

In the Saviour's arms a baby lay,
 From its rosewood coffin far away
 In the realms of love and light.
 The angels a garment had folded about
 Its little form, which would never wear out—
 A seamless robe of white.

S. T. P.

CASKET LANE ; OR, THE FOOTPRINTS IN THE CLAY.

THERE are many pretty lanes around the village of Livegrove, but none so pretty on the whole as Casket Lane. Its hedges of hawthorn, mingled with the wild rose and holly ; its banks covered with grass, intermingled with moss, and adorned with flowers ; its narrow slip of greensward, where the laughing daisy holds its face upwards to catch the morning dew and gather in the sunbeams as they play around, give it a lovely aspect which must call forth the admiration of all who visit it. To add to its charms, the tall oak-trees here and there, with their beautiful foliage, stretch their roots over the road as if to invite the traveller to stay a moment beneath their shade, on a hot sultry day, while he listens to the feathered songsters pouring forth their songs of praise among the branches.

Here nature has painted a lovely scene,
In colours bright, and gay, and green.

But like all spots in this sin-stricken world, Casket Lane has its imperfections. Near the white gate which leads into Greenfield meadow, there is a patch of soft clay, extending a short distance, which, yielding to the pressure as you pass over it, retains the footprints made. Some of these are large and some small ; some are in a regular line, and some in a zigzag direction ; some are hardly perceptible, while others are deep, each portraying the age, the walk, and the weight of those individuals who have passed over it. "Oh !" said I to myself aloud, as I was sometimes in the habit of doing, "However beautiful creation may be, here is a lesson for thee. These footsteps should remind you that your conduct is leaving an impression in the world that will have an influence for good or bad. If it is irregular, sometimes in the path of duty, and anon far away from that path, it will make an impression that may result in leading others to despise religion and to walk in the ways of sin and folly, while if it is in a straight line, deviating neither to the right nor to the left, but in every way conformable to the Word

of God, you may hope that 'others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven.' "

It is sad when we forget that our daily conduct is watched, and that the least step aside has its impression on the moral clay around us. Perhaps there is a manifestation of unholy tempers, or a neglect of family devotion in our house ; in such a case we may be certain that our children will ponder it in their hearts—drawing this inference from it, that religion, after all, must be a thing of little importance—and we must not wonder if they throw off all thoughts of divine truth, and "run with the giddy multitude to do evil." Perhaps we are displaying unchristian conduct before our fellow-creatures—walking unworthy the profession we have made. What a sad and withering influence it will have on those of our neighbours who are looking up to us to teach them the way of truth—it may lead them to harden their hearts against the calls of the Gospel.

Mothers ! if you forget all other things in reference to Casket Lane, don't forget the footprints in the clay ; or, in other words, see to it that your life shall pourtray the very spirit of religion, throwing an hallowed influence over your families, your neighbours, and the world at large. There is no question but that you, in a great measure, may, by your conduct, be the means of helping to bring about that joyful period when "the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the channels of the mighty deep."

OLD ANTHONY.

MABEL THE MOTHERLESS.

In the window recess of a well-furnished beautiful room sat a girl of nineteen, busily employed on a handsome silk dress. Swiftly moved the small fingers, but a look of deep sadness rested on the expressive features, and large tears gathered in the dark eyes, as she bent over her work.

Mabel Howard was motherless, and dependent on her own exertions for a livelihood, which she strove to gain by dressmaking, a trade she had learned in earlier, happier days, when a mother's

love had made the pathway of life smooth to her feet. Now that mother had passed away from earth, a stranger, who cared nought for Mabel, filled her place in the house of her father, and the motherless must face the world alone.

But Mabel was a Christian ; her mother's prayers for her had been answered ere the Master's call had come, and now she looked to her Saviour for strength and guidance. As she worked on, memory recalled the death-bed scene, the dying words, " My child, my darling child, I must leave you, but I leave you to Him, the orphan's God. He will keep you till we meet in glory. Good-bye till then ! "

Oh, what a weary life had hers been during the eighteen months since her mother's death ! She was not at all strong, and close sitting at work very much injured her health. Often she felt so unwell as almost to be obliged to give up ; but Mabel worked on, often longing for the rest of the sinless land. Much she had to bear, many trials to meet, from which her sensitive spirit shrank, but strength was given equal to the needs of every day.

Quietly Mabel worked, and sadly thought of the days for ever gone. Her head was aching sadly, and the close summer day seemed almost to overpower her. From the window at which she sat could be seen the spire of the village church, beneath the shade of whose walls the remains of her mother slept till the resurrection morn. Once as Mabel raised her head she caught sight of it, and memory brought back all the past ; and, pushing aside her work for a moment, she rested her aching head upon her hand, and a gush of tears came to her relief as she murmured, " If she were only here, if I might but feel her cool hand upon my forehead ; but it is so hard to suffer alone, no one to sympathize or feel for me ! " and her heart went up in one yearning cry, " Oh, mother, mother ! " Soon other and better feelings came, and Mabel looked up to the bright blue sky and thought of the throng gathered round the throne, the multitude that no man can number, all joining in the sweet new song ; and Mabel continued her work with peaceful thoughts filling her heart. Suddenly the door opened, and a tall fashionable lady swept in.

"Good morning, Miss Howard," she said, in a haughty patronising tone; "I hope you are getting on, I wish the dress to wear this evening." Mabel looked up in surprise. "I fear ——" Mrs. Kennett interrupted, in a still haughtier tone than before; "It may be done I am quite sure, Miss Howard, so please do not let it be behindhand." So saying, the woman of the world turned and left the room. Mabel sighed deeply. There was a time when this would have been almost too much for the timid girl, but she was getting used to such treatment now, and with an aching heart continued her work. Hour after hour passed; the servant brought up some dinner; Mabel tried to eat, but could not touch a bit. She again resumed her task, feeling as none can understand save those who know the suffering attendant upon a violent headache. All the long sultry afternoon the work progressed rapidly; and as the cooler air of evening stole in, Mabel saw a prospect of completion. At a quarter past seven the dress was finished, and Mrs. Kennett, arrayed in it, set out to an evening party, leaving behind some article that needed alteration, with a message that Miss Howard could go when she had finished it. Mabel sat down to alter the dress, and a slight movement attracted her attention. Looking up, she saw a beautiful child, of some four or five summers, peeping in at the door, her golden curls falling on a snowy night-dress. Mabel loved children, and her bright smile of welcome attracted the little fairy. "Wont you come and kiss me, darling?" Mabel said, gently. The child hesitated a moment, then ran to her, and clasping the little arms around her neck said, "Yes, I will kiss you; I wanted to this morning, but ——, but ——" "But what?" Mabel asked. "But mamma said I must not talk to you. Are you a dressmaker, Miss Howard?" continued the little prattler. Mabel crushed back the choking sensation, and answered quietly, "Yes, dear, I am. Why do you ask?" "'Cause you look like a lady; and mamma says dressmakers are not ladies, and must be kept in their proper place. . . . But I love you, Miss Howard!" continued the child, as she held up her mouth for a good night-kiss, which obtained, she trotted off to

bed. Oh, mistaken, injudicious mother! who shall marvel if, under such training, Isabel grows up a proud, worldly woman?

* * * *

The summer birds now carol over a little grave which bears no stone, only a simple grassy mound; but Jesus knows where Mabel Howard sleeps. She has now joined her mother in the land she so longed to reach.

"Past all pain for ever,
Done with sickness now."

No more shall the taunt of pride wound that sensitive heart, for in that better land God wipes away all tears from all faces.

Mothers of England! surrounded by children of your own, look with a little sympathy on those with whom you come in contact. Remember that the daily governess who teaches your little ones, the dressmaker you employ, have had mothers; and act towards them as in the sight of Him who seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart.

L. ST. C.

WEARY MOTHERS.

I HAVE lately been thinking a good deal about weariness. The older we grow the more apt we are to think and feel that this is a weary world. Our duties seem to press and accumulate upon us, and we have no longer the freshness and elasticity of spirit we once possessed, which refused to be borne down, and rose up triumphantly to resist every obstacle. Our bodies and our minds get weary as week after week the same unvaried round of duties present themselves which must be got through, and which no one can perform but ourselves. Money is scarce, provisions are dear, we must labour and strive to do the best we can for our husbands and children as long as we are able, and how many mothers do this and are laid aside, perhaps mercifully, by sickness from their incessant labours for a season. At such times

what a strange sort of comfort there is in feeling that we *can* do no more, that we *must* rest, that our hands cannot resume their wonted labours, that our bodies must be quiet, all the cares which lay so heavily upon us when we are well oppress us very little now; we are not strong enough to think them over and battle with them. They must be dismissed from our minds, other shoulders must bear the burden now. There is a certain feeling of relief in this, but it is only for a time; if we recover, the burden must be resumed to weigh all the heavier for having once escaped from it. I am drawing a melancholy picture, you will say. Perhaps I am, but it is not the less true for all that. Hundreds of the wives and mothers of England, if asked, would agree with what I say, and acknowledge to the constant pressure of bodily and mental weariness. I do not now speak of those who dwell in the midst of wealth and luxury, though in reality their lot is not one of rest and repose any more than that of their toiling sisters, for the unceasing round of gaieties in which they too frequently involve themselves become as chains and fetters, and bring with them much weariness. I allude especially to those wives of our working, striving men—women who must work, and work as long as they live; but there are pleasures which arise for *them* even in this world, which may in some measure compensate for what they have to undergo, although they may be few and far between, and it will not do either to expect them or trust in them. Weary or not weary we must make up our minds that work and not play is the motto of our lives. But I have more to tell you, my friends, to remind you of One who fainteth not, neither is weary, who giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might increaseth strength. To me it is so strengthening and comforting to know that though I may be faint and weary there is One who never feels these sensations, and yet who, having felt them in His beloved son's person in the days of His flesh, can feel for and help us now. Carry all your cares to God, cast them all upon Him; what seems so heavy to you is less than the dust of the balance to Him. There is no burden so heavy that God cannot lighten,

may not entirely remove; only trust Him with it, don't attempt to carry it yourself. Just make the trial, and having once made it I am sure you will not like to give it up. You know what a relief it is to tell your trouble to your friends, but that relief has so many drawbacks, that they almost counterbalance its advantages. When your tale of grief has been told you may receive little or no sympathy, or your sympathizing friend of to-day may be your enemy to-morrow, and your confidences may be revealed, and laughed at; or, as is not unfrequently the case, your troubles may concern others, and you may not be at liberty to repeat what yet lies like a weight upon your heart. Who that has ever known what it is to have God for a friend would ever exchange His friendship for that of any other? In Him you find not only a patient listener, a kind consoler, but one who can give "power" and "strength," which earthly friends cannot. When Jesus was on earth He was often weary, He knows what weariness is. When He sat on Jacob's well, He did not only sit there to meet the Samaritan woman and bring a message of healing to her, but "he being weary, sat thus on the well." Dear friends, will you not endeavour to come and cast all your burden upon Him, and I am sure if you do so you will find that in every difficulty; and over every trial, you will be more than conqueror through Him who loved you.

PAMELA.

THE YOUNG BUD FADED.

SHE hath faded in her beauty
Like an April blossom sweet,
Ere the noontide sun had bent him,
The bright honey-cups to greet;
She hath gone from earthly darkness,
To the land of light and love,
Freed from strife, and care, and sickness;
To that better home above.

There is sorrow in the household,
Whence the pleasant child hath fled,
Tears of agony are raining
O'er the loved and beauteous dead;

For the dearest pearl hath fallen
From the wreath of fireside gems,
And the brightest star is beaming
Far in heavenly diadems.

Five sweet happy years had circled
O'er her little golden head ;
Five sweet summers only o'er her
Had their mantling glory shed.
She hath sported 'mid the flowers
With her little sisters dear ;
Now in fadeless amaranth bowers,
Fairer bloom she finds than here.

Oh ! the hours were dim with sadness
When the little feet were stilled,
And the little life beat slowly,
By a stern and cold hand chilled.
When the face, so round and dimpled,
Paler faded, day by day,
And ye saw the shadow coming
Of a loved one called away.

Ye can ne'er forget the hour
When the silver cord was riven,
And the waiting angels bore her
To the open gates of heaven.
All the moaning, shivering, sighing,
Clinging of the parting breath,
All the strife and pain of dying
Made you almost welcome death.

Precious one ! the first in glory,
From a circle broken now ;
Follow where her little footsteps
Leave their soft and shining glow.
For our loved and lost are looking
For us, through the mists of time ;
They will meet and all embrace us
When we reach that blissful clime.

THE ARROW THAT ENTERS HEAVEN.

IF the arrow of prayer is to enter heaven, we must draw it
from a soul full bent.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

LITTLE LILLY.—(*concluded*).

THE four friends walked on until they came in sight of a splendid mansion. A park, dotted with beautiful trees, lay in front, and the sun brightened its open paths and threw threads of light in among the shadowed foliage spreading broadly over the green. This led into a garden, well laid out, blooming with various flowers. The glass roof of a large conservatory glittered in the bright light. They entered the house, it wore an air of grandeur, and every room was adorned with rich and costly furniture. "Oh! what a happy house!" exclaimed Lilly. "She means," said her mother, smiling, "that everything is so beautiful one ought to be happy here." Again came that sigh, from the heart of the aged man, and he shook his head sadly, holding out his arms to the child. "Come to me, and tell me how I may love Jesus," he said. "Why, don't you love Him *yet*?" she said, looking from him to her mother. "Is it so easy then, my sweet child?" "Why, it's so easy you can't help it," said the little one, simply. "Mother says she loves me dearly when I'm good, and how can you help loving Jesus, who is good all the time?" "Do you think He loves me?" "Oh, I *know* He does," replied the child, earnestly. The eyes of the aged unbeliever filled with tears as he said, "then surely if He loves me, who have always been so ungrateful to Him, I ought to love Him. Thank God! I see it in a new light," he murmured to himself. "Oh, madam, how can I be thankful enough that I met this angel? Surely if I seek Him He will be found." The mother of little Lilly unfolded the plan of salvation to this hoary-headed sceptic, removing his impressions where they conflicted with the truth; and when she left him he had humbled himself in prayer, and promised not to give up the search till he had found the Saviour precious to his soul. It was, perhaps, a week after this conversation that the mother of Lilly received a letter from the old gentleman, in which he wrote the glad tidings of

great joy ; now he hoped he loved the Saviour. "Ask my little friend," he added, "what she would most like me to buy for her. It must be something very beautiful and very costly. I am curious to know what she will say." "What shall the gentleman buy for you, Lilly?" asked her mother, as she read the latter part of his letter. "For me, mother?" "He says he will get you whatever you wish, no matter what it costs." "Oh, mother, will he?" and Lilly clapped her hands. "*Will* he buy a whole new library for our Sunday-school? Oh, that would be so nice!" "Always another, never self," thought the gratified parent, as the tears came into her eyes. Then she added aloud, "Well, my child, I will tell him what you want."

Before the next Sabbath, a new and beautiful library graced the Sabbath-school room of L—, and Lilly's eyes sparkled like diamonds as she heard the superintendent tell that it was a gift through one of the scholars. Was it not strange that every eye turned towards the beaming face of Lilly? No, for they knew that she delighted in such deeds. And when the questions came pouring in upon her, "Was it you? was it you?" her childish answer was, "Yes, arn't you glad we've got such a beautiful library?" That old gentleman lived to build a house for the Lord; and when it was completed and they told him that Lilly lay in her white robes, pale and motionless, his only reply was, as he wiped the tears from his furrowed cheek and pointed to the new and elegant edifice, "There is her monument!"

NEAT LITTLE SARAH.

How very much depends upon mothers who have daughters to train, who will one day become servants, as to their future life and career. It depends very much upon them as to whether they will be faithful and conscientious to their employers. If you wish them to be a comfort to you by-and-by, mother, you must try and make them so now. Some mothers are so anxious that their girls should look well, as they term it, that they en-

courage them in the love of dress, which, in many cases, leads to sad results. I like to see girls dressed neatly—becoming their station. I often think of a servant we had when I was quite a child. My mother feared at first that she would not be strong enough for the situation, she was so very small; but she never regretted having engaged her. Sarah had been well trained, and went about her work in such an orderly manner, that nothing was ever neglected or carelessly done. Whatever she was doing, she was always neat in her dress; our friends spoke of her as “neat little Sarah.” She was perfectly truthful and honest. We all felt parting with her very much when, at the end of twenty-six years, she left our family to take a superior situation. I need hardly say she was a Christian—a Bible servant. I must add that her mother was not only rewarded by seeing Sarah and her other children grow up useful, respected members of society, but when, owing to her husband's death, she was in altered circumstances, they subscribed among themselves and took care their beloved mother had every comfort. Mothers! so train your children, and you shall have your reward. Sarah was not faultless; she had a quick, irritable temper, but she had learned where to seek strength to control it.

KATE.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S DESIRE.

A SHORT time since, a mother sat reading to several of her little ones from the “Juvenile Missionary Magazine,” about the heathen and their lands of darkness. One, a little girl not more than eleven years old, the next day sat down and wrote the following lines and presented them to her mother:—

Listen a while to me, mother,
And hear what I've to say,
For I've a heart to praise, mother,
And I've a heart to pray.
Last night when I was walking out
I thought, when I got old
I'll to the savage heathen
The blessed truths unfold

Of Jesus Christ our Saviour
 Who died upon the tree,
 To save us from eternal death
 And dreadful misery.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

QUESTIONS FOR PARENTS.

Do you *pray* for your children earnestly, constantly, and believingly? Do you *teach* your children perseveringly, unweariedly, lovingly? Do you *watch* your children tenderly, patiently, carefully? Do you *make companions* of your children, that they may walk in your ways as you are walking in the ways of God?

INTERCOURSE.

In intercourse with pious friends, we are in the outer court of the temple of the Lord; in the pious domestic circle lies the holy place; in the closet, in secret before Him, the holy of holies.

LAZY BOYS.

A LAZY boy makes a lazy man, just as surely as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Class and the Desk. By Rev. J. C. Gray. London: Sangster and Co., La Belle Sauvage-yard, E.C.

This is the first number of a little work containing notes and preparations for Sabbath School Teachers. It is decidedly the best we have ever seen; it will be found an efficient help.

The British Workwoman. June. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand. This little periodical contains some exceedingly nice papers.

Merry and Wise. June. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.—No. 9.

IN the spring of 18—, a convict was committed to the charge of a warder who was a Quaker, but he baffled all friend W——'s efforts to reclaim him. W—— had learned something of his history from the officer who committed him, and he felt deeply interested to reclaim him from his vicious course, if possible; but the prisoner seemed resolved to maintain his proud and haughty bearing. He received every act of kindness with ingratitude and disdain. In vain did the warder attempt to gain his affection or his confidence; he would sometimes enter his cell and read to him from the Bible, but the prisoner would turn his back towards him and stop his ears. He would sometimes try to talk with him in accents of kindness and affection; but he could rarely get any more than the monosyllables "yes" and "no," uttered in a harsh, guttural tone, in reply. His three years of punishment passed away, and he left the prison the same hardened, ungrateful villain that he was when he entered it. But a few months had elapsed, and he was again convicted of a crime and brought back, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Again did the pious and faithful warder renew his efforts, and try to awaken in the prisoner some virtuous emotion. But he seemed dead to all *moral* influence. He maintained the same obstinate, surly, sullen mood as when in prison before, and, if possible, he was more morose than ever. Still friend W—— was not entirely discouraged, and he resolved to make one more effort. With his Bible in his hand, he entered the prisoner's cell one evening, just after he had been released from his toil. He began to read a psalm; the prisoner turned his back as usual, and tried to seem indifferent to what he read. When the warder had done, he said, "K——, how old art thou?" After a pause, he replied sullenly, "Thirty-five." "Thy parents are dead, are they not?" "Yes." "They died when thee was young?" "Yes." "Dost thou remember thy father?" "No." "Dost thou remember thy *mother*?" In a soft and tremulous voice, he

replied, "Yes, I remember my mother." The warder saw that there was one chord of feeling still alive, that he had then touched that chord and it vibrated, and he continued—"How old wast thou when thy mother died?" The prisoner raised his eyes, and looked the warder in the face, and the tear-drops started, as he replied, "I was eight years and five months old when she died." The warder resumed—"Was thy mother a pious woman?" "Oh, yes! my mother was a godly, pious woman, and she is now in heaven." "Didst thou ever hear thy mother pray?" "Yes, she prayed every night and morning, and she taught me to kneel by her side and pray also. *Oh, that mother's prayers!*" Here the prisoner burst into tears; the pious Quaker wept also; they mingled their tears and their prayers. The prisoner seemed melted into contrition; he asked the warder's forgiveness, and the forgiveness of his God. From that time he manifested an entire change in conduct and feeling; he seemed humble, submissive, and penitent. After some months he was released; he had now become a new man; he removed to a distant part of the country, joined the Church, and is now an honest man, and a devoted Christian. Let the praying mother, whose prayers seem not yet to be answered, take courage, and exercise new faith in reference to the son of her love, from such proofs that praying breath is not spent in vain.

Among the most enterprising and successful whalesmen that ever sailed from the harbour of ———, was the youthful Captain H——. Of all the hearts that grieved at his long absence from home and the dangers to which he was exposed, none was more desolate than that of his widowed mother. He was her only son; for many years she had wept and prayed that this dear object of her love might be a man of God. At length, during one of his long voyages, this devoted mother died, passing away without having received any evidence that her beloved son had heeded her counsel, or remembered her admonitions. After a prosperous voyage, Captain H—— returned; but his best friend had been laid low in the grave, and the home of his youth was in darkness and desolation. Business, and a desire to visit a beloved sister,

soon led him to a distant city. On the first night after his arrival, agreeably to a long-established custom, he left the house to visit the theatre. The sister did not expect his return until a late hour, and was surprised to hear him, after a short absence, on his way to his own apartment. Fearing that he might be ill, she hastened to his room and enquired the cause of his return. She found the strong man bathed in tears. He, who had stood unmoved amid old ocean's roar, and breathed into a whole ship's company a spirit of defiance both to winds and waves, was weeping like a very child. "I went to the theatre," said he, "*but the remembrance of my mother, her counsels and her prayers, would not allow me to stay.*"

An instance of the power of mothers' prayers upon others beyond their own family circle may be encouraging, and prove an incentive to renewed exertions.

The village of B—— had been for many years almost wholly given up to iniquity. Intemperance prevailed; the Sabbath was known chiefly as a day of recreation; Satan bore apparently an almost universal sway. Thirty years ago the only Christians in the village were three praying mothers. In the midst of surrounding and almost overpowering iniquity, it is testified of them that they held on their way unmoved and undaunted, with unwavering confidence in God. They used to meet statedly to pray. For many years they met *alone*, for Zion had no other friends there to swell the little company. Still they held on. They not only met and prayed, they also *laboured*—laboured for the conversion of their children, neighbours and friends. In His own time God gave them fruit; precious souls were added to their number. A powerful revival ensued; a prosperous Church was gathered; a settled minister, a large congregation, a good house of worship, a sacredly observed Sabbath, combined to testify that Jesus hears the prayers of only two or three united in His name, and will not fail to bless them.

Those three praying mothers have gone to their rest; but the fruits of their faith and zeal and love abide; still testifying for God that His word of promise is for ever sure.

THE SISTERS.

THE grey dawn is breaking in the eastern sky, and paling the lamp-light which has all night shone in an upper window of Ashton Villa. Pale too, burns the lamp of life in the weary sufferer; her sun is setting, calmly, sweetly setting, and as the morning sun rose above the hills, hers sank to rise again; to rise with heavenly radiance above the everlasting hills. Yes, surely that lovely sunset gave promise of a glorious morning! Lift up your weeping eyes, ye poor, stricken, orphan ones, and think of that glorious morning. Think how sweetly now rests your aged mother after her long night of suffering. Think how willing she was to go; how she laid her dear hands upon your heads, and told you she was willing, willing even to leave her two dear ones motherless, and go away to Jesus. Oh, how joyfully she spoke of that "rest that remaineth," and of that happy meeting when you too go home. Yes, these are memories, sweet, sweet memories for years to come; memories for which the grateful heart shall yet breathe many a hallelujah. But as the first wild tide of sorrow sweeps over the orphans' souls they almost forget in the anguish of the hour that they are motherless. They cannot fully realize it yet, and many a weary day must pass before it will be to them a felt reality that she is for ever gone. Even now, as they gaze through blinding tears on the calm, cold face, unconsciously they long to fly to her with their great sorrow. To her; ah, had they forgot? She cannot hear them now. Cold, and calm, and silent, *she* is not there. To whom then can they go? One there is, kinder than father or mother, brother or sister, will they go to Him? He has promised to be the orphan's stay; will they trust Him? "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," said the low voice of Aunt Margaret; "blessed be the name of the Lord." But the sisters sobbed convulsively. They could not say, "Thy will be done."

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" sobbed Helen, "shall we never, never see you any more?" "Yes, dear child. Live as she did, and you will see her again." "Oh, but it is so long, so

long!" and again the young head nestled close to the marble face of the dead. Aunt Margaret put her arm fondly round her. "It may not be so long, Helen, darling," she said, "but whether long or short, you would not selfishly wish her back? Think how happy she is now. Think, dear, what is your loss is her gain!" Edith raised her head; a momentary joy gleamed in her dark eyes. "Yes, it is her gain," she exclaimed; "for that, blessed be the name of the Lord!" "And," added Aunt Margaret, "for even this affliction may you yet say, 'Blessed be his holy name.'"

Tenderly she led them from the room. She spoke few words of comfort. She knew how ineffectual her words were to console, but she commended them to Him who comforteth those who are cast down. Sadly and slowly the weeks passed away. To the old graveyard had been committed that precious dust; the dear memorials of the dead had been laid away reverently, and with many a tear, and the sisters were preparing to leave their desolate home. But sad though these weeks had been they were not all darkness. To Edith, at least, the day-star was beginning to rise. For months she had been feeling after Jesus, longing after Him, looking with a wistful eye towards the Sinner's Friend. Her mother's happy death-bed showed her the blessedness of being a Christian, and her own sad bereavement weaned her heart still more from the world, and bound it with another tie to heaven. She loved to meditate on that house of many mansions, and picture to herself the sweet delight of feeling that there was a place prepared for her. Not that she had already attained to peace and joy in believing, timidly she shrank from appropriating to herself so great salvation. "Oh, aunt," she exclaimed, "what would I not give, what would I not do, to be a Christian!" "Do, dear Edith, you have nothing to do; Jesus has done *all* for you." And then her aunt talked to her of that loving Jesus, talked as only one *could* do who really loved her Saviour. Helen crept noiselessly in and sat down beside them. The darkness gathered round, but still Aunt Margaret talked, and her theme was Jesus, His matchless love, His willingness to save. "Behold, I stand at the door and

knock.' What wonderful condescension, what long-suffering love! He is knocking now, and will you not let Him in? Oh! you cannot know how willing He is to come if you will but receive Him. He longs to give you life. Freely He offers it, and you have but to take it; only to trust Him that He will save you, because He has promised." Together they knelt in prayer, and Aunt Margaret committed her precious ones to the care of the tender Shepherd, that He might carry them in His bosom and be "known of them." When they rose from their knees, with a beating heart and streaming eyes Edith ran to her mother's room, a room hallowed by many a prayer, closed the door, and kneeled alone with God. There she gave herself up to Him, all that she had, all that she was; pleading, oh, how earnestly! that He would take her, that He would keep her, that He would make her *altogether* His. And was His ear heavy that it did not hear? Oh no! He says not to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain. While she was yet speaking He did hear, and to her soul the answer came, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee, thou art mine." But Helen, dear gentle Helen, did she see no beauty in the blessed Jesus? Did she not desire Him? Ah, she had never felt her need of Him. Sin was not to her a grievous burden. She knew she was a sinner, but it was a cold intellectual knowledge. She did not feel it. Patiently and faithfully her aunt spoke to her. She tried to show her her lost and ruined state. She pointed her to the Sinner's Friend. She told her He was willing to save her. Helen listened with respectful attention. She said, and perhaps thought she meant to be a Christian, but still it was evident her heart was untouched; and as the months passed her serious impressions passed with them; and when conscience spoke to her in its still small voice, she quieted it with the assurance that one day she would be a Christian.

HELP FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—No. 7.

"I HAVE been trying, trying, trying, to find two leaves just alike, and I cannot," said Emily. "I found two, which I thought were exactly alike, but when I drew a line round, I could not make them both the same." "And did you find all the leaves the same colour?" "Oh, no, there were all sorts of colours; I'm so glad we came into the country; and the wild flowers are so beautiful; and just as we were coming in from the garden Mary picked up a light, a moving light. Oh! here she is, look, do look, whatever is it? it shines so brightly." "That is a glowworm." "It looks like a little star," said Mary, "may I keep it?" "Yes, if you like, dear, but to-morrow you will only find a little black insect, and the light will be gone out, and then you will throw it away." "Won't the light come again?" "I do not think it will, unless you put it out in the garden again; I think you had better not keep it; it looks much prettier in the garden; come with me, and we will put it down carefully in the grass. Now tell me what our walking in the garden reminds you of?" "I do not know, I'm sure," said both Emily and Mary. "Well, it reminds me of God walking with Adam and Eve in the garden, in the cool of the evening; and now can you think of any other gardens mentioned in the Bible?" "Why," said Mary, "you seem to find something in the Bible about everything." "Yes, dear, it is a most wonderful book, and the most interesting one that ever was written. Now about the gardens?" "I have thought of one," said Emily; "the garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus prayed." "And I have thought of another," said Mary; "Joseph's garden, where Christ was buried." "And where Mary thought Jesus was the gardener," said Emily; "I wonder whether we could find any more; we will try. I do like finding out these things, so I do the letter-puzzles; do make me one now." "And me, too," said Mary. "I will give you two sentences, one for each, and then we must say 'good night.' E. H. I. F. D. O. A. I. T. T. M. O. L. H. G. L. W. H. R. E. T. The other one is—S. S. S. I. I. I. R. R. E. H. N. C. T."

HORACE.

OUR DEAR ONES.

SOME of them are clustering around us, clasping their tiny hands and hushing their childish glee as they gently lisp their evening prayer, or listen to "the sweet story of old," and we gaze upon them with loving, watchful eyes as we thank our Father for the gift of these little treasures. We pray that He will ever be their guide, that in the days to come, when the time of infancy and childhood shall have passed, and we who now guard them with such tender love shall be no more with them to counsel, that then He may lead them on safely, and keep them from the evil of the world. So we lay our darlings down to rest in the undisturbed sleep of childhood, with trusting hearts. We know sorrow will come to them, grief and care will press upon their spirits in the future, but we can leave them to His care who has been our own helper in days gone by, who *will* keep these dear ones for us.

There are others very dear to us, friends of earlier years, whom distance separates from our society. Long miles come between us, and long years have passed since we parted; other ties bind us, other loves have stolen in, and impossible as we once deemed it, we have learned to live without them. Yet are the old friends unforgotten, and deep down in our hearts they still hold a place, and sometimes in our hours of quiet thought, when the reminiscences of the past steal over us, we long to feel once more the earnest pressure of the hand, to catch one more loving glance from the dear, truthful eye, to hear once more the words of affection from lips which were wont to utter them in the days for ever gone. But we still these yearnings of the heart for a sight of the absent ones on whom, perchance, we may never gaze on earth again, never until we have alike done with this world, and met to part no more in the unbroken home of heaven; we keep back the restless longing, for we know all has been ordered aright, and that all shall work together for good.

There are others, and our hearts grow sad as we think of

them, wandering from the right way, defiantly, proudly treading the downward path. Loving entreaties are unheeded, earnest prayers scorned by them, yet they are loved by us ; still we cannot forget the heedless wandering ones, who will not look unto Christ, who will not trust His precious blood, and we wrestle with God that He will in His boundless love bring them back to say, " Father, I have sinned." Ah ! a shadow rests on us in our brightest hours while we know these dear ones are far from God, yet we can, we *must* trust and pray on, and by-and-bye, we doubt not, God will give to us the longed-for, looked-for joy of welcoming them into Christ's fold.

Other dear ones we have who no more mingle in the scenes of earth, who have passed from the harass and strife of this lower world into the glorious rest of the Celestial City ; and in the summer twilight, when the toils and cares of the busy day are over, we love to steal away to a quiet sheltered corner in a little churchyard, and listen to the murmur of the aspen-trees above the graves of those whom we have loved so dearly, whom we love still as deeply as ever. We love to sit on some grassy mound, from whence we can gaze on the resting-place of our precious ones, and thoughts of peace come into our sin-stained, world-weary hearts, for we know these, the truest and the dearest, are the only ones of whom we can think as perfectly safe. The little ones we love so well may be led away from the teaching of their childhood, the absent ones may fall from the faith, the wanderers may go farther astray, but those who have died in Christ can never stray from that blessed fold into which the Great Shepherd of the sheep has gathered them.

Tears will come thick and fast ; for, perchance, a very little time ago they were with us, sharing our trials, and soothing us by their sympathy. Now we walk alone in the darkened path, and sadly miss the warm affection which so lately made our life so fair. We *do* miss them, but we cannot sorrow ; no more shall the cares of life cause them anxiety, no more shall the blight come over their lives, no more shall sin cast them down, for nought can mar the joy of the dwellers in yon happy clime.

And so we listen to the murmur of the quivering leaves as they sing a requiem over our lost ones—lost, but only lost to sight, only gone a little before ; and a voice from their grave seems to say, “ Be strong, fight life’s battle well, gird on the strength of Christ, and you, the weary, the mourning, shall soon join *them* yonder, where the parting never, never comes ;” and so we go forth stronger for our visit to the quiet “ God’s-acre.” All our dear ones we must leave in God’s hands ; the dead He has taken to Himself, and the living He will keep safe for us. Let us trust them to His loving care.

L. ST. C.

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

Two little pairs of boots to-night
 Before the fire are drying ;
 Two little pairs of tired feet
 In a trundle bed are lying.
 The tracks they left upon the floor
 Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes !
 They run the livelong day,
 And oftentimes I *almost* wish
 That they were miles away ;
 So tired am I to hear so oft
 Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new-ploughed ground,
 Where mud in plenty lies ;
 They roll it up in marbles round,
 They make it into pies,
 And then at night upon the floor
 In *every* shape it dries !

To-day I was disposed to scold ;
 But when I look to-night
 At those little boots before the fire,
 With copper toes so bright,
 I think how sad my heart would be
 To put them out of sight :

For in a trunk upstairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue,
If called to put those boots away,
Oh! dear, what should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs instead of *two*.

I mourned because I thought how nice
My neighbour 'cross the way,
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray.
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day!

We mothers weary get and worn
O'er our load of care;
But how we speak to those little ones
Let each of us beware:
For what would our firesides be to-night
If no little boots were there?

S. T. P.

AN EXAMPLE FOR MOTHERS.

How innumerable are the excuses made by people for their non-attendance at public worship! I am not going to enumerate them all, or even glance at the most palpable of them; one alone will be sufficient to supply me with a topic now. The most frequent, and apparently most unanswerable, argument which mothers bring forward as a reason for not being seen in the house of God is the possession of a baby, a heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord, and surely it is not given that its mother should forsake the assembly of God's people, and turn her back on the "place where his honour dwelleth." I never believed this to be a valid excuse, and a case that I met with confirmed this opinion. I will relate it briefly here in the hope that it may lead others to go and do likewise. The person to whom it refers was a poor woman, the wife of a shepherd, who lived in a very remote and unfrequented place. Two cottages stood in a field; in one of these she lived; her neighbour was an old, deaf woman; the nearest village, and that a very

small and poor one, was more than a mile away. The pleasure of going there to shop was denied this poor woman, whose husband had to bring her everything she required, or, to speak more correctly, all that she could *afford* to require; the rest had to be done without, for wages were very low in that part of the country, and a shepherd's earnings are not great. This mother was neither lame nor ill, but she had three tiny children, a little girl, not yet two years old, was the eldest of this small family, then came twin babies, just beginning to cut their teeth. When I first visited her it was late in the afternoon; I knocked at the door, but no one answered; a perfect chorus of screams met my ear, so without any further delay I raised the latch, and walked in. On the floor lay one baby, in his cradle lay the other; both were shrieking as loud as they could, and louder screams were proceeding from a stronger pair of lungs in the upper room. I took up the baby from the floor, and pacified him, but could not venture to take his brother also, as I was wholly unused to twins. His cries, however, were so piteous that I attempted to quiet him by gently rocking his cradle. This, however, rather aggravated than soothed his temper, and I felt truly glad when the mother appeared, bringing down in her arms the little two-year old maiden, who had just awoke from her afternoon sleep. She was soon prevailed upon to sit down on a stool, and be pacified with a cake I produced from a store I had about me, and then the mother, with many apologies, relieved me of my baby, and taking up his brother also, placed them both at her bosom, and all was now peace and quiet. I expressed my wonder at her being able to *nurse* both her babies in that way at one time, and she assured me could not only do this, but could also knit at the same time, and to prove this she took up and continued an unfinished stocking which lay on the table. Her politeness, however, soon made her put down her work, and we resumed our conversation. She told me it was hard for her to get through all her duties with these little ones to attend to, "for you know, ma'am," she added, "I cannot neglect the little dears, and must just leave other things," looking round apolo-

getically at a not very tidy kitchen, and at her own tumbled hair and dress. "I do what I can, ma'am," she said, "but I can't overtake it all." I could not find a word to blame her with, nothing could I say to her on the want of neatness and order I saw around me; indeed, I could hardly refrain from telling her how impossible it would have been for me to have done as she did. She having told me that her husband did her shopping for her, as she could not leave her children, I said, "I see it would be quite impossible for you to attend a little meeting which I am about to hold in Mrs. Howe's cottage in W——. It is to take place at three o'clock every Thursday, for reading the Scriptures and for prayer." "Oh, I think I can come," she replied, "if Mrs. K—— (meaning her aged, deaf neighbour), will go with me." "Will take care of your children you mean, I suppose?" said I. "Well, as she is so deaf, and would probably not hear a word that passes, perhaps she might do so. Would you like me to ask her?" I continued, seeing her look a little puzzled, "we should all help each other you know." "You are very kind, ma'am, but I could not think of troubling you and Mrs. K—— in that way. No, I meant if she would only lend a hand to help Maria along—and she can walk pretty well now, if she's lifted over the stiles, and such like—I'd come." "But who'll take care of the babies?" I asked; "it is at three o'clock in the afternoon, you know, and your husband won't be in then." "Oh, no, ma'am, of course not, but I'll bring them with me if you don't object." "Bring them with you!" I exclaimed. "Yes, ma'am, if you please." "But I thought you could not leave home on their account?" "Not to shop, ma'am, I can't carry them and parcels too, but we almost always go to public worship on Sundays; haven't you seen us there, ma'am?" I had not, for in that parish almost every baby was taken to God's house, and amongst the many women with children I had not noticed Mrs. R——; indeed, the thought that the mother of the twin boys and of the little Maria should attend divine service with them in company had never suggested itself as a possibility. I told her this, and she answered with some little pride, "Oh, ma'am, my babies

have gone almost ever since they were born ; my husband carries Maria, and I carry them, and if Mrs. K—— will help me along I will be at your meeting on Thursday ;” and so, indeed, she was, and very proud she looked with her two fine boys, one on each arm, and very quiet and well-behaved they were, as was also their little sister, whom Mrs. K—— duly brought. I continued to hold the meeting for many weeks, and this striking little group were nearly always present. When the autumn came I left W——, and I have heard or seen nothing since of Mrs. R—— and her twins, but their remembrance has never left me, and has read me many a profitable lesson. Mothers ! may you not derive a lesson from this, too ; you have, perhaps, made your baby so long an excuse for not attending the house of God, that now you have no baby, you have quite lost both the habit and the desire of going there. If you have acquired the habit of regular attendance there do not relinquish it because God has given you a baby ; if you have no one to leave it with, try the experiment of taking it with you ; never mind the black looks of your neighbours, if your child is really troublesome you can take it out. God only knows, and the last day only will reveal, the souls that have been lost by giving up attendance on public worship, especially amongst the wives of our working men, for when this habit is broken many other good ones go too. Some women sink into incorrigible slatterns, losing all care to present a neat and tidy appearance, giving way little by little to all the temptations which beset the poor to neglect their persons, their homes, their husbands, their children. Others, who find it impossible to attend upon the means of grace, find it very possible to visit about, to make excursions by rail or steamboat, to take their baby to low places of amusement, to gin-palaces, to beer-shops.

It may seem to some that I only urge them to go to the Lord's house because it is a good habit, and as such should not be relinquished. I own that is the ground I have taken here, because I believe that those who from their hearts “love the habitation of the Lord” will not willingly turn their feet from entering it, and it is a true proverb that “where there's a will there's a

way," but there are some who have been brought up to it, or have acquired the habit of it, and I bid them beware how they withdraw themselves from it. The Spirit, like the wind, is not seen, but just as the wind is felt with more power on some mountain-top, or by the sea, so the influences of the Spirit are more likely to be felt in the house of God, and under the administrations of His servants, and we cannot, cannot tell when its power may descend.

PAMELA.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

LITTLE WILL AT THE PUMP.

THE pastor of ——— claimed it to be both his privilege and his duty to superintend the Sabbath-school connected with his own congregation. He always endeavoured to make it what in his judgment every Sabbath-school should be—that is, the kind and faithful hand that should gather in from the paths of the destroyer the outcast, the neglected, and the friendless, and lead them to the fold of God. He frequently took long walks about the town to accomplish this important duty; and he thus describes an incident that occurred to him in one of these rambles.

Passing to the house of prayer one Sabbath morning, I discovered, near a public pump, a group of some half-a-dozen boys vigorously applying themselves to a game of marbles. I approached the spot where they were, without seeming to go out of my way, and thus came quite near them before they were aware of it, and in a pleasant tone addressed them:—"Good morning, boys. Is there anything here by which a person can get a drink of water at this pump?" Notwithstanding the gentleness of the salutation, they were all aroused at once, and showed no small surprise at my presence and unexpected question. Standing for a brief moment in silence, they suddenly turned and ran off at the top of their speed; all save one, who commenced a slow backward step, desiring to get away, but to do so with a little more self-possession than his companions had exhibited. The manner in which he

eyed me while endeavouring to accomplish his purpose, and indeed his entire demeanour, pleased and interested me much, and I felt impressed with the thought that a prize was before me. He evidently wished before leaving to regain some marbles that in the confusion of the flight of the others had been left upon the ground. I therefore gathered them up, and reaching them out to him, said, "These, I think, fairly belong to you." I then held up one in particular between my finger and thumb, and added, "This one must be better than the rest, it is larger and has several colours. What do you call it?" Advancing for the first time a step towards me, he replied, "Yes, it is the best; it is the king. I call it Napoleon, it is the very best of the bunch." "It is certainly a very fine one," I continued, "I like it much. When I was a boy I loved to play marbles; I had a bag full of them." "What! you used to play marbles?" "Yes, when I was a boy I did; and I think, too, I have seen the day when I could pretty nigh beat you." Drawing a step nearer to me with a smile, a nod, and a wink harmoniously combined, and a good deal of emphasis withal, he said, "I tell you what, I can play pretty well; and you would have to throw first-rate to beat me. Why I have won all these (pulling out of his pocket a handful of marbles), and yesterday I sold twenty for threepence. Did you use to win many?" "Oh, I never played to win." "For what, then?" "For the fun of it." "Well, I know there is fun in it, but I like to win. I suppose you do not play marbles now, because you are a man?" Finding myself on quite good terms with my new pupil, I thought it best to take another tack and come a little closer to him; said I, "You seem to be rather a friendly little fellow, and I should like to know your name, where you live, and what you do for a living." "My name is William, but people generally call me Bill. I live down town, and I don't do much of anything but play marbles." "I should like to see you often," said I. "Well, as to that, I am here about every Sunday, unless when I go sailing." "You must come and see me." "Come and see you!" "Yes, why not?" "Oh, you don't want me to come and see you." "Yes, I do, and I have some beautiful picture-

books which I will show you, and tell you all about them, and I have a large yard where you can play; and if you will come and see me I will make you a present of something that will please you." His countenance plainly disclosed the surprise with which he heard these things, and how really, too, his little mind was exercised between doubt and confidence. Rocking his body first on one foot then on the other, and casting a look thoughtfully around him for a moment, he calmly enquired, "Where do *you* live?" I informed him. "Why somebody told me that the minister lived there!" "So he does, and I am he." "You the minister?" "Yes." "And you want me to come and see you?" "Yes, indeed I do. Come, and then you will know if I am glad to see you." "Well, I must come some time." I then made an effort to bring him still nearer to the object I had in view from the commencement of our conversation. I inquired, "Do you know where — Sabbath-school is?" "O yes, it is in — Street." "I am going to it, will you go with me?" "I go with you to the Sabbath-school! I cannot go now." And he cast a careful glance over his person, evidently impressed with a sense of shame at his dirty and ragged condition. "Why not go now?" "Oh, I never went to Sabbath-school in my life, and I cannot go now, anyhow." "Do not say you cannot, you can. Come with me, I will take care of you." "I am too dirty and ragged, it will not do;" taking at the same time a still narrower look at his hands, and then pulling the fag-ends of a rent in his trousers over his naked limb. "Never mind, just stop here. I will pump the water and you can wash your hands and face, and that will do." "You pump water for me to wash!" "Yes, certainly I will." Again he hesitated, but finally said, "Well, I will," and at once laid off an old half-brimmed hat from his head, made bare his arms, and by our united efforts there were soon presented to view a clean face and a clean pair of hands for him. I took from my pocket a white handkerchief, and shaking out its folds, held it to him, saying, "Take this, and wipe your face and hands with it." "Oh, no; it is so white. No, not with that." "Yes, yes, with this; I do so sometimes when I am out of doors, and want to wash

and can get nothing else to wipe with—it will not hurt it." He complied, and on returning the handkerchief, asked with a tone and manner that could not be misunderstood, "Do you like me?" The question went to my very heart. I knew what feeling prompted it; I knew its import and felt its force. "Yes, I like you much, I hope you like me." "Well, I think I do." "Come," I added, "now let us go to the Sabbath-school. We shall be late." "Do you think I had better go now?" "By all means. I want you to hear the little boys and girls at school sing, and then you can see the books and pictures; and above all, if you will go often enough you can learn yourself." "I cannot read much, I know; but I can sing and whistle, and play the Jew's-harp."

"LOVE NOT TOO WELL."

Oh! when I gaze upon his brow,
 And look into his beaming eye;
 Or, bending o'er, as I do now,
 When sleep has laid his laughter by;
 And listen for his breathing deep,
 To tell me that it is but sleep—
 A something whispers to my soul
 With power beyond my weak control,
 Love not too well!

Oh! never let the fault be mine;
 The brightest form of earthly mould,
 My loving heart can ne'er unfold,
 To worship as a thing divine.
 Yet who the magic line has found,
 That deep—a *mother's love*—to sound?
 Or who shall claim the power to know
 When such affection's changeless flow
 Loves but too well?

Is it the mother, by whose eye
 No smile is passed unheeded by;
 Whose ear can catch the faintest tone
 Of that sweet voice so all her own;
 Who loves, with trembling glance, to trace
 The lights and shadows of that face—
 Whose every pleasure, every pain,
 Is mirrored in her own again?
 Go, ask that mother can she say
 Though love holds such unbounded sway,
 She loves too well?

Full oft the loving heart is found
 Unable its own depths to sound,
 Till it, like frailest earthly things,
 Falls with the prop to which it clings;
 And finds, alas! but all too late,
 The secret of its bitter fate:
 A voice in that dark hour of woe,
 Whispers the soul in breathings low,
 Love not too well!

That thrilling voice! Oh! is it not
 Oft heard from love's most sacred spot?
 Some little coffin's closing lid,
 Where buds too fair for earth lie hid;
 Some grassy hillock, short and wide,
 Where withered flowers lie side by side;
 Some marble column's chiselled lines,
 Where mourning cypress darkly twines,
 Breathing in solemn, saddened tone,
 O'er cherished forms for ever gone,
 Love not too well!

Oh Thou to whose unerring eye
 Each human heart doth open lie;
 Whose sympathizing love can cheer;
 Whose smile dispels each rising fear;
 Whose strength but makes our weakness known:
 Leave us, O leave us not alone!
 Show us Thyself, then shall we be
 So drawn with love supreme to Thee,
 That earthly forms, however dear,
 Shall find no cause to bid us fear
 They're loved too well!

J. P. B.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

LIFTED OVER.

As tender mothers, guiding baby steps
 When places come at which the tiny feet
 Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
 Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
 So did our Father watch the precious boy
 Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
 Myself, but strove to help my darling on;
 He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
 Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;

So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,
 Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down
 Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade him
 Wait for me. Shall I not then be glad,
 And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

It was a striking remark of a dying man, whose life had been, alas! but poorly spent: "*Oh that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!*" It could not be. That man's influence survives him. It still lives, is still working on, and will live and work for centuries to come. When he came to die, and perceived how sad and deleterious his influence had been, he could not put forth his dying hands and arrest that influence. It was too late. He had put in motion an agency which he was altogether powerless to arrest. His body could be confined and shrouded and buried out of sight, but not his influence.

MEEKNESS.

A BOY was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment, and said, "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Class and the Desk. No. 2. London: Sangster and Co., La Belle Sauvage-yard, E.C.

Sunday School Teachers will find this of great service to them in their work. It comprises much in a little space and at a very small expense.

The British Juvenile, at Home, at Work, and at Play. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

A new periodical issued for the amusement and instruction of our young friends; it bids fair to provide both.

The British Workwoman. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.—No. 10.

WE believe there are cases where praying parents are permitted to pass away ungladdened by any answer to their oft-repeated and lifelong prayers on behalf of their children. Counsel, entreaty, appeal, all are alike disregarded in life; death, however, sometimes speaks more powerfully, or perhaps in after years there comes the memory of early teaching, and although those who have striven and prayed are no longer here to rejoice in the result, others who remain have to testify of God's faithfulness, and the truth of the promise—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." There are, however, instances where the fruit of earnest praying effort sooner appears, and before death the desire of the heart is given. Such a case occurs to me just now. Mrs. S—— was a Christian mother; she had felt the benefit of Christian teaching, and was accordingly very anxious that her children should attend the Sunday-school, and have every religious advantage. Her health for some time was delicate, but whenever opportunity offered she loved to be found in the house of God, and both by precept and example, sought to inspire her children with a love for sacred things. Several pleasant visits had I paid her, and I was not prepared to hear on my return home, after a short absence, that she was confined to her bed, and that her end was nigh. I hastened to see her; I knew that death would not alarm her, but I felt that the giving up of her husband and children, whilst so much of life seemed before her, would be a struggle. As I entered her room she greeted me with a pleasant smile; some early snowdrops were placed near her, and several things showed that the hand of affection ministered to her. With some difficulty, on account of great weakness, she entered into conversation; we spoke of the mercies of the past month, the sweet peace in which her mind had been kept; God's great love and faithfulness to His promises. "Oh, if I could only talk," she gasped, "I could tell you how *very* happy I am!" Her great theme for praise was God's

goodness to her children, the two eldest of whom had been recently converted ; if God had afflicted her, this truly was abundant compensation. Her boy had formerly been a cause of anxiety and annoyance, careless, self-willed, and disobedient ; his step at home was never a welcome sound. Now how changed ! God had met with him, and the evidence of the Spirit's work was very clear. He was now a true comfort, loving and gentle towards her, hastening to her bedside to read to her the precious truths of God's Word—now dear to them both—and then kneeling beside her, praying for *her*, who had so often prayed, perhaps with tears, for him. "She is such a comfort to me," she said, looking fondly at her daughter, who accompanied me to her room ; surely God had richly blessed her. Is there not encouragement here for all Christian mothers ? Remember, however distant and unlikely may seem the conversion of those over whom you yearn, "with God all things are possible." Mrs. S——, soon after this interview, fell asleep in Jesus, rejoicing in the hope of meeting all her children in heaven.

A minister who was accustomed to conduct services on board the ships in port, relates the following little incident, which may be a stimulus to mothers to continue earnest in prayer for their children. "An interesting youth attended the service ; he had come from the shore, as the vessel to which he belonged was lying at a wharf, and finding he was going ashore in the same boat as myself, I was anxious to know something of his history. 'Well, my lad,' I said, 'I am glad to find you disposed to attend a Bethel service ; what induced you to come ?' He replied, 'I saw your flag flying, and I thought I could not do better than spend the evening at a religious meeting, and I assure you, sir, by the grace of God, I intend to follow it up. I generally go long voyages, therefore have not often an opportunity to attend the means of grace.' 'Are your parents living ?' 'My father has been dead several years.' 'Then your mother is still living ; and is she a pious mother ?' Here he seemed affected, and replied—'Ah, sir, if she knew how I had been spending this evening, and that I was now conversing with a missionary, I am

sure her heart would leap for joy. Yes, yes, sir, I assure you I have a truly pious mother; many a time has she taken me to God's house, and she took good care to put a Bible with some tracts into my chest when I came to sea, and I begin to think that it is in answer to her many prayers that I am now seeking to become a disciple of Christ.' I encouraged his determination, and endeavoured to set before this interesting youth the advantages of early discipleship."

THE INDULGED CHILD.

A VISITOR to the valley of Carltons ville would most certainly have selected Rose Cottage as the prettiest in the whole village. All around it wore an aspect of comfort, which shewed that its owners, if not wealthy, yet could afford a few of the luxuries of life. A very pretty picture it presented to the eye of the beholder on a bright summer's morn, with the sunbeams dancing through the porch, covered with its mantle of clematis and honeysuckle. But the song of birds and fragrance of flowers were all unheeded by the dwellers in the cottage; a great sorrow had overshadowed their hearts, and unhappily for them they did not love that Friend who is ever near to those who love and trust Him; so in their hour of trial they were quite alone. They closed the shutters to keep out the bright sunbeams, thinking within themselves that nature had decked herself in brightest colours to mock their grief. What added the more to Mrs. Seymour's sorrow, was the thought that with wiser training her child would not thus have blighted her own life and stolen all the joy from her parents' hearts. Being an only child, Annie Seymour's every whim and caprice had been indulged, and it was the greatest delight of the doting mother to see her dressed in the most fashionable style; the consequences were that she grew up proud, passionate, and wilful, always acting independently of her parent's wishes.

It was at the assizes ball that she first met Charles Lawson, a young profligate, who was attracted by her pretty face, and knowing the comfortable circumstances of her parents, he thought that by winning the daughter, he would thereby secure to himself a fortune. The vain girl was flattered by his attentions, and listened with breathless eagerness to his tales of London life, which to her, brought up in a country village, seemed something marvellous. From that night her sole desire was to leave the scenes of early days and go to the great metropolis; in vain her parents urged and entreated; she turned a deaf ear to all their remonstrances, and when they began to enforce obedience she grew sullen, thinking that none could have such cruel parents as herself. One night she left her parents' home in company with Charles Lawson, and a few days after was privately married to him. Weeks passed, and no tidings reached the anxious parents until the morning on which we first enter Rose Cottage; their anxiety has just been a little allayed by receiving a letter from their undutiful child, in which she has enclosed the marriage certificate to let them know that the ceremony had been gone through. The father might have forgiven the penitent child, anxious to return to the place she had wilfully forfeited in their hearts, but he could not forgive the writer of such a letter as the one he held in his hand; very lightly she treats the subject of their anxiety, and the greatest part of the letter is full of the wonderful places she has visited. "Will you forgive her, William?" pleaded the still fond mother. "No, wife, not yet; we must let her know that our love is not to be outraged thus; she has disgraced us both by leaving her home in that clandestine way. I cannot think of acknowledging the man to whom she has thus rashly united herself. The wife looked sorrowfully at him, and in a sad voice said—"When I was young, William, I had a loving, pious mother, and every day she used to pray that her child might be shielded from temptation; and when she was laid in the cold grave, and I was obliged to go out into the world alone, whenever I felt tempted to do wrong, my mother's face would come before me, as she used to look when praying for me,

and it always kept me from yielding to temptation. I have a dim recollection of reading the words—‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.’ It is many years since I read the Bible, and I never did to my child. I see now that it is all my fault; if I had only trained her in religious ways, then I should have had nothing to reproach myself for. Do let me write and assure her of my forgiveness; remember she is our only child.” But Mr. Seymour would not grant his wife’s request; he answered—“She has chosen her path independently of us, and she may walk in it without our assistance;” so he wrote to his child commanding her never to call them by the name of father or mother again. This letter wrought a very visible change in the hitherto apparently fond husband; finding his plans foiled, he wished to rid himself of a burden, as he told her some days after. Three months passed away; soon the misguided girl found out the great mistake she had made; from treating her coldly, her husband began to behave in the most cruel manner to her, and one cold, rainy night, after a very violent scene had passed between them, wretched and cold, she wandered from his door; contempt and anger raged within her bosom, and she determined from that day never to live with him again. In an attic in one of the lodging-houses of the great metropolis, she dragged on a weary existence, trying to support herself by mantua-making. Who can describe the weary hours of toil of head and hands which ached so sadly; hour after hour she sat alone, stitching often till the grey dawn appeared in the east. As she buried her throbbing head in her hands, she would say—“Not now do the days fly by on golden wing, scattering flowers of love and joy; oh! those days gone by, how lightly did I prize them. Oh! mother, if I could only lay my aching head on that sweet resting-place, and look into your loving eyes again as in childhood’s day, how happy I should be. Would that I could die now; death takes those for whom life decks itself in brightest colours, and leaves me to whom the grave would be a sweet resting-place.” Often, when taking her work home, she would stand on the bridge, and, looking down into the dark waters

beneath, say—"If it were not for the hereafter I would do it; but cannot thus rush heedlessly into a future that seems so dark to me." Months passed away, and in her hour of trial her heart opened to receive the love of Him whose every thought is love towards His sinful, erring creatures; she did not feel so wretched now, for she had One to whom she could fly for sympathy. The winter came, severe in the extreme; cold and starvation had nearly completed their deadly work, and Annie Lawson determined, ere it was too late, to go to her parents and ask their forgiveness. It was a cold winter's night; the snow which had been falling all day had now ceased; from many a home light and laughter streamed, as the groups sat around their bright fires. On this night a young female wandered through the snow, gathering her cloak closer to her as the chilling wind swept by; she stopped and gazed into the window of a cottage; by the light from the blazing logs on the hearth, we recognize Annie Lawson. Long she stood by the window watching for her mother; she roused herself as she felt the fatal longing for sleep come over her, for well she knew that if she pillowed her head on the cold snow, never again would she awake to this world. Gently she lifted the latch, and from her pale, cold lips came the word "mother." "It seems so much like a dream that our prayers should be answered so soon," said the grateful mother, on seeing consciousness return to her child.

A great change had taken place in Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, in the two years that their child had been away; the wife first had sought refuge from her trials under the shadow of the Rock of Ages, and had led her husband to that same shelter; not then did he think of the disgrace of his child, as he had termed it; his constant thought was—"Oh, that I could live over again a few of the years now past; if I had trained my child in religious ways, she would have been a comfort to us in our old age." Gladly did he take her to his heart and assure her that all was forgiven, but he might not keep her there.

In the early spring, when the first violets lifted their heads from the earth, and sweetly scented the passing breeze, then

did Annie Lawson gently breathe her soul away into the arms of everlasting love.

M. A. P.

THE MOTHERLESS GIRL.

ONE Sunday, some few years since, a teacher noticed a stranger amongst those who were gathered around her in the Sabbath School. She was in deep mourning, and looked so pale and sorrowful that Miss R—— felt drawn towards her, and anxious to know something of her history; so, after the school was over, she asked if Alice would like to go with her to see an invalid in the neighbourhood. She gladly consented. On their way, Miss R—— began the conversation by saying, "I think I have not seen you at school before?" "No, ma'am, I have only just come to live at —— with my aunt." "Am I right in thinking that you have lately lost some one dear to you, Alice?" said Miss R——, adding, in a kind and gentle tone, "Is it your mother?" The poor girl's eyes filled with tears as she answered "Yes!" Her heart seemed full of sorrow. By degrees her new friend learned that a cancer in the tongue had been the cause of her mother's death. Alice had nursed her during her long and painful illness; she seemed to have been most tenderly attached to her, and her tears fell fast as she told how great her mother's sufferings had been, and yet how patiently she had borne them, sustained and comforted by Him whom she had long known and served. When unable to speak, she wrote on a slate, and was thus able to tell of God's goodness in this sad time of trial. Now she was at rest in the presence of Jesus; and this thought alone seemed to comfort Alice. She liked to be reminded that in heaven the inhabitants no more say, "I am sick." Miss R—— felt much interested in all her young companion told her, and she mentally resolved that she would not lose sight of her if she could help it, and, though many years have passed, that resolution has been kept. Perhaps it was well Alice had met with such a true friend as Miss R—— proved, for she did not meet with much love and sympathy from the relatives with whom she lived. Was it not

God who raised up a friend for the motherless girl? It was touching to see the deep love which she cherished for her sainted mother; time could not lessen it. After a while, Alice went to a situation, but the work was too much for her strength: it seemed as though her health had been seriously affected by the long attendance on her mother, and more than once she had to leave and go to the infirmary. At last she succeeded in meeting with a situation as nurse to two children, where her duties were comparatively light; and though her charge has long ceased to require her attention, being now grown up, yet the family are so conscious of her value that they still retain her services, and it is not probable she will ever leave, unless it be to go to a home of her own.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

LITTLE WILL AT THE PUMP.—No. 2. ~

I took my little friend's hand, and we passed on to the school. On coming to the door, I said, "This is the place. When we go in, you will see the school, and the scholars will all be glad to see you with them." Looking me full in the face, he said, with much earnestness, "Oh, sir, I cannot go in—I cannot. Do let me go back, do. I am not well-dressed, and I know the fellows in the room there will laugh and make fun of me." "They will not—they shall not—you may depend on me." His little chin quivered, and his entire frame trembled. He stood an instant in thoughtful silence: my own heart breathed the silent prayer to heaven that his courage might not fail him; then, seizing my hand with both of his, he exclaimed, "I will go in; you will take care of me." I have no power to describe fully the thrilling emotions of that moment. I then knew "I had my man;" for he confided in me—he loved me. I had won his whole soul. We passed in, hand in hand. The scholars too well understood my movement not to know how to behave towards the new-comer. There was no strange or bold gazing upon the ragged boy. We took our seats together. After sitting a little while, I

arose, and stated that now we would open the school. Everything that was done seemed much to interest the lad. He was supplied with cards containing lessons and pictures, while several things were explained to him. He appeared to be wrapt in wonder. Surprise and joy mingled in his looks, and he seemed to say to himself, "This is all new to me! I have never seen the like before!" On closing the exercises of the school, he was committed to the special care of a worthy and skilful person, and at once a mutual attachment was formed between them. This individual proposed to go home with the boy, and thus become more acquainted with him and his family. "No," said he, "not to-day. I will go home alone, and tell my mother about the minister and the school; and to-morrow I shall be glad to have you come and see us." A just and honest self-respect led him to desire first to see his mother, that she might make preparation to appear to the best advantage in her power before his benefactors; and it showed clearly, too, as it subsequently proved, that in that then young and untutored mind lay the germs of a true ambition and a correct discernment of duty. The visit was made the next day, according to the request. The boy's father and mother were both addicted to the excessive use of intoxicating drink. The former, however, was a sailor, and was but little with his family, and that only at long intervals, and for a short time. He was absent at the time of this visit.

The wretched mother was deeply affected at the kindness her boy had received from strangers, and seemed scarcely able to account for it. The Sabbath after his first visit to the school, Bill appeared in his new suit, obtained for him by his good and faithful patron, to whose care he had been transferred. No better scholar, as to behaviour, punctuality, and application, was found in that or any other school than this same little Bill. His brothers and sisters—the latter were older than himself—influenced by his example, were induced to attend the school with him, and his mother was persuaded to attend public worship. Nor was this young disciple satisfied until, with the aid of his teacher, he had won over to the school and to attendance at

God's house several other vagrant children, among whom were nearly, if not quite, all the boys who at our first interview ran away from the pump!

The pastor finally left this field of his successful labours, and for a long time had no opportunity of knowing the history of little Bill.

BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little busy hands patting on the window,
 Two laughing bright eyes looking out at me,
 Two rosy cheeks dented with a dimple,
 Mother-bird is coming; baby, do you see?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure
 Saw I in the window, as I passed the tree;
 Well I knew the apron and shoulder-knots of ribbon
 All belonged to baby looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
 To myself, as mothers will,
 Spake I softly, "God in heaven,
 Keep my darling free from ill.
 Worldly gain and worldly honours
 Ask I not for her from Thee;
 But from want, and sin, and sorrow,
 Keep her ever pure and free."

* * * *

Two little waxen hands
 Folded soft and silently;
 Two little curtained eyes
 Looking out no more for me.
 Two little snowy cheeks,
 Dimple-dented never more,
 Two little trodden shoes
 Ne'er again to touch the floor.
 Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
 Apron folded clean and white;
 These are left me—and these only—
 Of the childish presence bright.

Thus He sent an answer to my earnest praying,
 Thus He keeps my darling free from earthly stain,
 Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying,
 But I miss her *sadly* by the window-pane,

Till I look above it; then with purer vision,
 Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass,
 For I see her, angel, pure, and white, and sinless,
 Walking with the harpers by the sea of glass.

Two little snowy wings
 Softly flutter to and fro,
 Two tiny childish hands
 Beckon still to me below ;
 Two tender angel eyes
 Watch me ever earnestly
 From the gate of heaven—
 Baby's looking out for me.

THE INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S PIETY AND PRAYERS.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of May, in the year 1856. The sun appeared to be just rising from the Frith of Forth. The sea looked like a sheet of glass ; all the surrounding hills were beginning to be visible in the light of the early dawn. On the top of Arthur's Seat might have been seen a young man of about twenty-one years of age. He was tall and well built ; his countenance wore a very thoughtful air at all times, but now it was evidently clouded, and showed that a load of care was upon his mind. He paced backwards and forwards with hurried step, and his head hung upon his breast. In a sorrowful voice he said, " This perhaps is the last time I shall ever see Edinburgh and the Frith of Forth. I must leave this morning, and who knows when I shall return—perhaps never, never ! I go to seek my fortune in the capital of France, without knowing a soul there. It is a place of great pleasure, doubtless. My mother says I must be on my guard against evil, and remember my home and its influences. However, why should I not enjoy myself as others do ? But oh, my mother's prayers ! my mother's prayers ! Last night I heard her pray, ' O God, keep my son from evil ; grant that he may fear nothing so much as sin. Be Thou with

him in that distant city.' Well, I suppose I must avoid evil; but I must enjoy myself, my mother will know nothing about it."

* * * * *

It was night, and the brilliant gas-lamps made the gardens of the Palais Royal almost as bright as day. At a small table sat two young men, drinking brandy and smoking cigars. "I tell you, Stuart Mac Donald," said one of them, whose appearance told that he belonged to that numerous class of young Frenchmen whose health is early undermined by various excesses, "I tell you that religion is a sham. It is a thing by which the priests get their living, and nothing more. Why should such old tales keep you from the dancing-room and billiard-table, where you may find pleasure? Come, let us go to the 'Chateau,' and enjoy ourselves." "Henry," returned the Scotchman, "I have drunk deeply of pleasure during the three years I have been in Paris. I never thought when I left Edinburgh that I should go to such lengths in sin as I have gone with you. You have been brought up here, and have not had the restraining influences which I had at home. But after all the dissipation of the night is over, and I go to my own room, the thought of my mother rushes to my mind, and her religion was no sham I assure you. Nothing that had not come from God himself could have sustained her when my father died, in the way in which she was sustained. Yes, religion is real, but I have none. Oh, my mother's prayers! my mother's prayers!" cried he, and he bowed his head upon the table and wept.

* * * * *

The wind whistled keenly among the trees which surround St. George's channel, and the snow fell in huge flakes upon the greensward. Through one of the windows, at the eastern end of the house, a light could be seen burning brightly. It was twelve o'clock, and the night was very dark and cheerless. Let us enter the room in which the light is seen. It is a small, square apartment, comfortably furnished. The most prominent piece of furniture is a large bookcase, well filled with choice

volumes. A fire burns brightly in the grate, and before it sits a young man whom we have met before. His elbows are upon the table, and his head is resting upon his hands. He is deep in the study of a great book; slowly he raises his head, and a smile of joy spreads over his handsome countenance. "Yes," said he, "this writer is correct; the influence of a mother's prayers are powerful indeed." He rises from his seat, and sinks upon his knees. In the midnight stillness the voice is heard rising to God in thanksgiving: "O Father, I thank Thee for the influence of my mother's piety and prayers. Help me in my studies that I may proclaim the power of these influences to others." It is Stuart Mac Donald, who is now a student for the Christian ministry.

* * * * *

The sun was setting in the west, and the sky was covered with the rich tints of crimson and gold. A delightful stillness pervaded everything on this lovely Sabbath evening. The bells had just ceased tolling for church, when a young man entered the pulpit of one of our largest Metropolitan chapels. It had been announced that he was to preach a sermon to young men. The talent of the preacher had drawn a crowded assembly. Most eloquently did he describe to his audience the value of religion, especially to young men; and as he concludes, he says, 'My brethren, prize most highly the influence of your mother's piety and prayers.' Nothing that I know of is more valuable to a young man in times of temptation than the thought, 'My mother prays for me.' It is indeed a shield against sin and wickedness. He who has spoken to you this night is a monument of the power of home influences to recall a young man to right and religion even in a distant land, and amid scenes of evil. My mother's prayers were the means, in the hand of God, of leading me unto Himself."

* * * * *

As the vast congregation departed, a lady who had seen sixty summers come and go, could have been seen lingering behind. She was a majestic woman, and on her brow were written lines

of care; yet Christian joy and resignation might also be read in her once handsome countenance. She was clothed in the garb of widowhood; her name was Florence Mac Donald. As she waited for her son, you might have heard her murmur to herself, "My Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard my many prayers, and that Stuart is not only a Christian but an ambassador for Christ."

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Mothers! does not this short narrative speak to us most powerfully, and say, "In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." Whatever good in future years Stuart Mac Donald may be the means of doing, will it not be right to say, "It is the effect of his mother's piety and prayers."

R. A. H.

THE SISTERS.—No. 2.

It was far away from their home among the Highland hills, that the sisters went to live, far away from the green hill-sides and pebbly brooks they had known from childhood. In the noisy busy city they have found a home and entered on other scenes—scenes but too attractive to the lively Helen. Young, beautiful, and amiable, she was universally admired, while her sweet, winning ways and warm, affectionate heart won the love of all. But the "one thing needful," that one thing she lacked; and though so amiable, so perfect in the eye of the world, in the sight of God she was in the "gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity." Edith saw and felt her danger, and sometimes her earnest appeals seemed to touch Helen's heart, who with the tears in her eyes, would promise that she "would, *indeed* she would try to be a Christian;" but like the early dew these promises passed away. Yet still Edith hoped on, and in the quiet night-time many a prayer arose for the gentle sister sleeping so calmly by her side, that the scales might fall from

her eyes, that she might yet arise and shine. And when one bright summer day Helen went away to the light of another home, the joy of a heart all her own, there Edith's prayers followed her. Her soul's desire and prayer to God for her was that she might be saved. Proudly wave the hoary oaks around the ancestral home of Charles B——. His rich acres extend around it many a mile, and his tenants dwell in many a comfortable homestead; but what is it all to him now? His young wife, his lovely Helen, is dying. He had shut his eyes to the dreadful truth. He would not believe it; it could not be, his own Helen, so young, so beautiful, so beloved. All that human skill could do had been done. Every means that affection could suggest had been adopted, but in vain. She *must* go. He could not disbelieve it now. The disease had spent its fury, and in the hushed and darkened chamber lies Helen, feeble and prostrate. Beside her are those she loved the most. Her husband's manly head is bowed in anguish, and the pale lips of Edith move in prayer. Sudden and short has been the disease. No time, no space then for repentance. Would she die, and give no sign? Uneasily she moved upon her pillow, and they drew closer to her. Her eyes opened, the sweet blue eyes, now dim in death, and fixing a last long look of love on her husband, she feebly breathed his name and died. "Dear, dear Helen," said a weeping friend, "she is happy now. What a lovely character and what a spotless life was hers!" But with a bursting heart Edith remembered the "one thing needful;" and oh, bitter, bitter was the dread that that one thing she lacked.

In one of the sunniest, most romantic spots of our western coast stands an old ivy-grown church, and near it, the roses clustering round its white porch, and its windows looking towards the sea, is the manse, Edith's home. In the pleasant spring-time she came there with him to whom she had given her heart long ago, in the early days of her girlhood. And Edward Hill was well worthy of her love. He was a workman who needeth not to be ashamed. Faithfully, and with his whole heart he laboured in the Lord's vineyard; the labour was dear

to him for the love he bore to the Lord of the vineyard. Very peacefully flowed the tenor of Edith's quiet life in that pretty manse, her husband's helpmate and his people's friend. Like a ministering angel she visited the house of mourning, and her presence brought comfort with it. She kneeled by the dying bed, and talked of Jesus. And as years passed, and little feet made music in the manse, and young voices called Edith by the sweet name of mother, and her duties multiplied, and cares too did sometimes steal in; then how sweet, how unspeakably precious it was to have One to whom she could carry them all. And when time had silvered her hair and wrinkled the once smooth brow, sweetly did she realize the promise, "Even to your old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs I will carry you." Yes, He did carry her, in His arms He did bear her up all the days of her appointed time till the change came. The Sabbath bells were ringing when the angels came to take Edith to the house of the Lord for ever. She had fallen into a gentle slumber, and when she awoke that mysterious look which comes but once was on her face. "Edith, my own dear wife, Jesus is coming to take you home." Her dying eyes grew strangely bright. "I know it, Edward. Oh, come, Lord Jesus!" Her children, men and women now, knelt around her bed, and her grey-haired husband in broken accents committed her soul to God. "Are you all here?" she asked feebly. "All here, Edith; all beside you." She bade them farewell. Shorter and shorter came the fleeting breath. "Is Jesus with you, Edith?" asked her husband, bending over her. "Oh, yes, yes!" she murmured, "who shall separate me from the love of Christ?" And with that name on her lips, which is above every name, without a sigh, she fell asleep. The soft rain fell murmuring on the rose-leaves, and the waves spoke in their old low tone; but sweet and dear above them all rose from the village church the song of praise, and it stole into the darkened chamber, and the mourners thought of Edith singing the song of the redeemed: "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every

kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. "One thing is needful," and Edith hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.

J. L.

"SHE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."

SARA DACRE was the only daughter of a physician ; he was a kind and indulgent father, and a clever, intellectual man, but he was a sceptic. Deprived in early life of a mother's care, Sara had remained at school until her seventeenth year, when she returned home, an accomplished and beautiful girl, to preside over her father's household, where she mingled in the society of his friends, who were mostly clever and gifted; but all of decided infidel principles. It was a terrible atmosphere for a girl like Sara to breathe, and she soon unconsciously imbibed some of the poison around her. She had never had any religious training, save that she could recollect kneeling when a very little girl at her mother's knee to lisp her evening prayer ; beyond this she remembered nought of that mother or her teaching, except that she was taken by her nurse into her room one morning to look for the last time on the marble features as she lay in her coffin. Then school days came, her governess was a cold, worldly woman, and Sara heard nothing from her lips of the story of redeeming love, yet had one faithful witness for Christ come across her path,—an English teacher, who for some little time formed one of Mrs. Willison's family circle : poor, plain, and inexperienced in the ways of society, yet had Emily Rogers fulfilled her mission in a household where all were the enemies of Christ. She had let her light shine amid persecution, slight and ridicule ; still the brave girl kept her ground, until the most hardened among them were fain to confess there must be something in her religion, and many in after life dated their conversion to the influence of Emily's quiet Christian life ; but Sara Dacre almost forgot her amid the society to which she was introduced on her return.

home. Among Mr. Dacre's frequent visitors came a young physician of rising eminence, who possessed great powers of mind, in addition to a handsome personal appearance and fascinating manners. Sara listened in delighted surprise to his animated voice as he glanced from one topic to another, investing all with the colouring of his cultivated talent and brilliant intellect. Alas! that with all his talent Charles Villiers should be an infidel! but so it was, and Sara drank in deeper draughts of subtle poison as he gradually unfolded to her his thoughts, and what he termed his "creed." His arguments seemed plausible to her; without knowing it, she stood on the brink of a precipice, and when some time later, Mr. Villiers wrote to her under her father's sanction, asking her to become his wife, she did not shrink from the thought of uniting herself with one who openly avowed himself an unbeliever in God. She sat at her window thinking, ere she answered his letter, and gazing out into the quiet night, and a feeling came over her,—“Oh, if I had but a mother like other girls to counsel me now,” and something seemed to whisper that if her mother had lived she would not have given her child's happiness into the hands of Charles Villiers. Then Sara recollected having heard her father say that on her twentieth birthday a desk was to be given her according to her mother's dying request, and an irresistible desire came over her to possess it. “I shall be twenty in a week or so,” she said to herself, “I will go and ask papa for it now.” She did so, and Mr. Dacre at once told her where to find it, and gave her the key, adding, “It has never been unlocked since your mamma locked it the day before she died.” Sara bent her head, she longed to hear more about that dear mother, how she had died and what were her last words, but she knew that her father never by any chance talked of her, so grasping the key in her hand she went for the desk, and entering her room, sat down to open it. Her hand trembled violently as she did so; she came to a roll of papers, which on opening she found to be her mother's diary, written during the three years previous to her death.

Far into the night Sara sat reading those papers, which stirred

her very soul, containing as they did the heart-history of one who, had she lived, would have counselled her never to marry an enemy to the Saviour. She read again and again the experience of her sainted mother, how difficult she had found it to serve Christ in opposition to the wishes of an affectionate husband, how she had longed for his salvation, and how earnestly she prayed that her little one might be kept from his pernicious doctrines and become one of the lambs in the Saviour's fold. Sara slept not that night, a struggle awaited her, and ere the morning dawned the decision came—to give up all for Christ, to live henceforth for His glory.

* * * * *

Years passed on in quiet home-life to Sara Dacre ; her father did not oppose her when she told him of her resolve to be a Christian, and Sara waited for an answer to her own and her mother's prayers, and at last had the unspeakable joy of knowing that he had cast away his unbelief and become a follower of Christ.

L. St.C.

KINDLY WORDS AND SMILING FACES.

THOUGH our way is dark and dreary
 And we toil from day to day,
 While the heart is sad and weary
 Shines at home a cheerful ray :
 Kindly words and smiling faces
 Gentle voices as of yore,
 Loving kisses and embraces
 Ever wait us at the door.

Though we err, yet in our sadness,
 Here's a shelter from the storm ;
 Just as in our days of gladness,
 Hearts at home are true and warm
 Here we turn when all forsake us :
 Here we seldom look in vain
 For the soothing tones that wake us
 Back to hope and peace again.

G. C.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE LITTLE BOY'S HIDING-PLACE.

"MOTHER!" said a very little boy who had a little present in money given to him, "I know where I will put my money so that the teves (thieves) cannot get it. I will hide it in my heart." His mother said, "Oh, Eddie you can't do that, dear." Before she had time to add more, the little fellow went on to say, "but I know mother what I can hide there, I can hide the Bible—the Word of God; for Mr. P—— (meaning his kind Sabbath-school teacher) said so." His mother found Eddie did not quite understand what is meant by hiding the Word of God in the heart, so she explained it very simply to her attentive little listener, thinking how needful it was to make things very plain to suit the comprehension of a little child.

INDULGENCE OF CHILDREN.

THOSE are mistaken who imagine that indulgence is the way to make children happy, and that restraint will only tend to damp the volatile spirits of childhood or destroy the natural energy of character incidental to the youthful mind. No family is perhaps so truly and substantially happy, no home so peaceful and delightful as that in which the children are under mild and gentle discipline, accustomed to submit themselves to those who have the rule over them, to be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, and to live under the habitual recollection that God knows and observes every action.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Story of Timothy Topper, the City Lad. By Cornelius Griffith. London: Pitman, Paternoster-row.

Just the sort of little book to please the boys. They will doubtless read it with avidity.

The Poor Man's Friend; or, Useful Advice and Receipts for Cottagers. London: Stock, Paternoster-row.

A simply written and inexpensive little work, which will be found useful and profitable in cottage homes.

The Glass and the Desk. No. 3. London: Sangster and Co., La Belle Sauvage-yard, E.C.

Teachers of the higher classes in the Sabbath School who have little time for preparation will find this little work an invaluable assistant.

Cholera: its Symptoms and Treatment. By A. O. Jones, M.D. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.—No. 11.

MY GRANDFATHER'S TALE.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of September, in the year 1864. The sun was setting over the western hills, which are situated a little beyond the banks of the Rhine. The rich hues of crimson and gold which were across the sky, the deep blue of the azure vault itself, and the snow-white clouds which flitted from one point of the heavens to the other, rendered the "firmament above" lovely in the extreme. The glory of the departing sun seemed in harmony with the scene which lay before us. The ruined tower of Rheinfels rose majestically above us, the ivy still clung to its massive walls, seeming determined to decay and perish with the tower itself; all around us rose the numberless mountains which crowd the banks of the Rhine. On the sides of those opposite to us the reapers of the grape harvest were finishing their toil for the day; many were the rich clusters which they had already gathered, but many still remained upon the valuable vines. The sight was indeed delightful; men, women, and children laden with the "golden bunches," and as they slowly plodded on their homeward way, they sang the time-honoured "Luther's Hymn."

Several travellers through the district had been watching with us the sight I have described, but one by one they went down the hill to the hotel in the village, leaving us alone. Perhaps it may be as well to introduce myself and my companions to you.

My grandfather, Mr. Douglas, is a tall, well-built, and commanding old gentleman. His hair is now quite white, and he does not walk so firmly as he used to do. My husband, Clarence Lancaster, is of medium height, and somewhat slight figure, but his large head and noble countenance indicate the possession of great mental power, as his soft liquid eye and smooth brown hair speak of his pleasant genial disposition. Little Douglas, our

little son, is two years old, but he is a big boy for that age. He has rosy, chubby cheeks, and a profusion of golden hair; of course, in my eyes, he is a "treasure child." Sometimes my grandfather says, "Selina, if you love that boy so much, God will certainly remove him, because you make him an idol;" but as he kneels on my lap before he is taken to bed, and offers his infant prayer, I think that he is the gift of my Father, who is not displeased with me for loving the "little one." I will only say of myself that I am twenty-three, and have been Clarence's wife three years.

As the sound of the "Hymn" ceased, my grandfather said, "Those people sing well, and the children's voices sound sweetly, but I wonder whether their mothers teach them to pray at home? This reminds me that you have often asked me for the story of my life; if you will sit down here on this fallen tree, I will tell it to you now." We sat down, and my grandfather told us the history of his life. It ran thus:—

"I was born in the year 1789, so that I am seventy-five years old. My father commanded a fine ship, of five hundred tons burthen, out of Leith. Our home was in Edinburgh; my mother," and the old man wiped away a tear as he spoke of her, "was one of the best women I ever knew. She was a regular attendant at the kirk, and her minister used to say, 'that she well exemplified the teachings of the New Testament.' My father always went with her when he was at home, but this was not often. Family prayer morning and night was never omitted in our house to my recollection; my mother in my father's absence read and prayed. One of my earliest remembrances is my mother's taking me to her own chamber to pray with me and for me. She used to tell me of the love of Jesus for little children, and when my sister was old enough to understand it, my mother used to read to us the account of the Jewish mothers bringing their children to the Saviour; and then she would say, 'If you are good, Jesus will love you; if you are not, He will be very sorry, and you will grieve Him.' She used to teach me the 'Shorter Catechism,' and impress upon my mind

the answer to the first question, 'Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever.' I received a good secular education as well. When I was fifteen, my father took me to sea with him that I might become a sailor. Before I left home, my mother gave me a Bible, and made me promise to read it and pray over it. We were bound to Bombay, and as my father intended to do some coasting trade as well, we did not expect to return for two years. Just before our departure, my mother kissed me, and said, 'Alexander, remember your promise.' 'All right, mother,' I replied, and went on board the 'Ben Nevis.' As Arthur's Seat faded from our view, I felt sad at the thought of leaving home; I thought of my mother, and resolved to keep my promises. As I looked over the side of the ship, watching the foam on the deep green sea, my father said, 'Cheer up, Alexander, you will soon find that the sea is not so dreary as you now think it is.' After about two months, I gradually left off my prayers at night, and before three months were over my morning prayers as well; then my Bible was neglected, and before long I grew fond of listening to the sailors' yarns in the 'long watch,' or on the Sunday afternoons. My father wished me not to mix with these men because they used very bad language, but he did not always see me. After a rough voyage of nine months we arrived at Bombay, and I was not nearly so shocked at the wickedness I saw there, and in which I sometimes indulged a little, as I should have been when I left Edinburgh. My father transacted his business at Bombay, and traded along the coast for a short time, and at length sailed for Scotland once more. We arrived at Leith, after having been gone two years and three months. My mother met us on the pier, and was much pleased to see that I had grown so tall; but her joy was soon turned into sorrow when she found that as I had increased in stature I had become depraved. The family devotions I now felt irksome, and my mother, with tears in her eyes, besought me to seek help of God that He might keep me from evil habits and companions. After two months we sailed again for India, and I confess I felt glad to be released from the restraints of home.

Our voyage out and home promised to be very profitable until we arrived off the Cape, when one night an awful storm arose. The waves were mountains high, the wind blew a hurricane, the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed, the sight was fearfully grand. About one o'clock our ship appeared, in the sudden gleam of the lightning, to be running upon some rocks. 'Port the helm!' shouted my father. The helm was put a-port; but too late. We dashed upon the iron rocks, and our only hope of escape was to take to the boats. They were unlashed and manned. My father sent me in the long-boat with the passengers, under the command of the chief mate. What became of him I never knew, for he was not heard of afterwards. A French ship, the 'Calypso,' bound for Rotterdam, picked us up after we had been out four days. As soon as we arrived, I got a passage in a smack for Leith. My mother was very much troubled at the news; yet she hoped my father might have been saved. After a short time, I shipped again for India, and, nearly at the end of two years more, returned once more to Edinburgh. All this time I had been getting more and more careless about religion because it interfered with my sinful course of life; at last I hated the truth. I found my mother in very bad health, and within three months she died. Her last words to me were those of warning and entreaty. She was silent for a time, and then she said, 'Alexander, meet me in ——' The holy life was ended, and her spirit fled to the bosom of Jesus. A fortnight afterwards I bid my sister 'Good-bye,' and sailed for China. I will not trouble you with my adventures, but hasten on to the more important parts of my life's history. After some years I became the captain of the 'Speedwell;' and while at Madeira, Selina, I met your grandmother, who was staying there for her health, and shortly after we were married. My life at this time was outwardly moral and upright, excepting that I often swore at the men. This gave much pain to my dear wife, although she made no open profession of religion. For some few years she sailed with me, but when your Uncle Alfred was born she stayed in London with my sister. I continued to trade between India and

London for some years, and the state of my mind in relation to religion was much the same. But fifteen years ago last June I was off the Cape in a storm like that in which my father was lost. I feared that we should never reach England again, and went down to the cabin to see after the passengers. I cheered them in the best way I could, and was just going on deck again, when, at the farther end of the saloon, I saw a sight which God made the means of my conversion. By the dim light of the lamps I saw the wife of Colonel Maurice with her little boy, another such a child as your Douglas, kneeling on her lap whilst she taught him to pray. My thoughts instantly rushed back to the days of my childhood, when my mother so taught me. I thought of her dying words, 'Meet me in ——.' I knew she meant in heaven. I knew I could not meet her there unless I lived as she did when on earth, and I resolved if God would spare me through this storm I would dedicate my life to Him. He did spare me, and after a week's anxiety I found peace in Jesus, and since that time I have sought to live, like my mother, for Him. I believe that God converted me in answer to the many prayers my mother offered for me, combined with the influence of her example, and what she used to teach me. You see, Selina, that forty years had elapsed since my mother's death before this occurred, but yet God answered her prayers after that time. You cannot tell how much your prayers may do for that boy, Douglas, whom you love so much. When I arrived in London, and told my dear wife and sister, their joy knew no bounds, for now they were both sincere Christians. A few years afterwards I left the sea, and you know my history since that time; but what I have told you is the most important part of my life. Come, Selina, it is getting late; we must get down to the hotel."

That night Clarence and myself prayed earnestly for little Douglas, for my grandfather's story had shown the *power of a mother's prayers*.

Mothers! pray on.

R. A. H.

A CHAPTER IN FAMILY HISTORY.

* * * * *

At length God gave them a child. But, alas! how suddenly all their fond hopes were dashed to the ground. The cup of bliss which they had put to their lips was bitter to the taste. *Their boy was blind.* This heavy blow fell upon their hearts with fearful weight. Must the fond mother ever look in vain into those eyes for the love-light reflected from her own? Was the loveliness of the green earth for ever veiled to him? Would he never see his mother's smile—never look upon his father's face? Was he only to know

"The sunshine by the heat,
The river's silver flowing,
By murmurs at his feet?
The foliage by its coolness,
The roses by their smell,
And all creation's fulness,
By love invisible?"

The mother, in the bitterness of her grief, exclaimed: "Would that he had never been born!" For a time poor John was speechless with grief. The suddenness and violence of the shock stunned him, but Mary's sobs recalled him to himself, and clasping her closely to his heart, he said, in a voice so changed that it startled her: "The cup that our Father has given us, shall we not drink it? Oh! help us to say, 'Thy will be done.'"
It was long before the afflicted parents could think calmly of their great sorrow. Mary's overburdened heart was somewhat relieved by sharing her grief with John, and their love for each other and for the little one who was the innocent cause of so many tears, strengthened them to bear the burden which was laid upon them. For many long weeks they passed through the agonizing alternations of hope and fear; for hope does not easily die out of the heart, and often it seizes for nourishment on trifles light as air, by which it is again and again doomed to disappointment. Little Willie grew in knowledge and stature. He gave indications of a high degree of intelligence, and of a nature singularly loving and susceptible. He early displayed the love

of music, so characteristic of the blind, and would lie quietly in his mother's arms for hour after hour, while she sang to him hymns and cradle-songs. Almost before he could speak, he too began to sing, and it was touching to hear the little fellow, in his utter darkness, pouring forth music as sweet and simple as the bird-matins.

The tendrils of his parents' hearts wound round and round their stricken one. To convey to him knowledge through the unclosed avenues of his senses, to make him happy, became the object of both their lives. Mary would take him out in the sunny days, when he was old enough to understand her, and describe to him the beautiful things around them—the birds and trees and flowers. He was charmed with all delicate perfumes, and quickly chose his favourites among the flowers. He seemed to love every sound made by the happy living things that people the atmosphere—the drone of the beetle, the buzzing of the bees, the chirping of the crickets, and the warbling of the birds, filled him with delight. His little heart was full of love for every living thing. Sometimes he made his mother sad by the questions he would put to her. "Mother, why can't I see the pretty birds and flowers?" he one day asked. "Alas, my darling, you are blind." "I don't know what is blind. How came I blind?" "God made you so, dearest—the good God who made the pretty flowers to smell, and the pretty birds to sing to you." "What for did He make me blind?" "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight," murmured the poor mother, with tearful eyes. "Is God blind?" pursued the little questioner. "No, darling, God can see everything." "Then why didn't He let me see too? Won't He *ever* let me see?" "Yes, one day, my precious one, when He takes you to His home." "Oh, mother, let me go to God's home now." "Not now, not yet," sobbed poor Mary, clasping her treasure to her bosom, while a presentiment that she could not keep him long, shot like an arrow through her heart. It was not long; *that very night* he sickened, and before a week had passed little Willie had his wish—he had gone to "God's home." About an hour before his sufferings ended,

he exclaimed: "Mother, I can see now! Darkness is all gone! Day is come!" But the death-dew gathered on his forehead, the darkened eyes grew fixed and glassy, and in a little while he was indeed in "God's home," nestling in the bosom of his Saviour.

"Look up, O mournful mother,
Thy blind boy walks in light;
Ye wait for one another,
Before God's infinite!
But *thou* art now the darkest,
Thou mother left below;
Thou—the sole blind—thou waitest,
Content that it be so."

A. P. D.

TWO WAYS OF CORRECTING A FAULT.

"Well, Sally, I declare! you are the worst girl that I know of in the whole country!" "Why, mother, what have I done?" "See there, how you have spilled water in my pantry; get out of my sight; I cannot bear to look upon you, you careless girl!" "Well, mother, I couldn't help it." This conversation I recently overheard between a mother and her daughter. Mrs. A., the mother, is a very worthy woman, but very ignorant of the art of family government. Sally, her daughter, is a heedless girl of about ten years old. She is very much accustomed to remove things out of their proper places, and seldom stops to put them in again. On the occasion referred to above, she had been sent to put water into the tea-kettle, and had very carelessly spilled a considerable portion of it upon the pantry floor. After the above conversation, which on the part of the mother sounded almost like successive claps of thunder on the ears of her daughter, Sally escaped, in a pouting manner, into an adjoining room, and her mother wiped up the slop in the pantry. "Well," thought I, "Mrs. A., if that is the way you treat your daughter, you will probably find it necessary to wipe after her a great many times more, if you both live!" Such family government seems to me to be liable to many serious objections. The reproof was too

boisterous. Children can never be frightened into a knowledge of error, or into a conviction of crime. It is their judgment and their taste for neatness and order which need training, and not their ears. It was too unreasonable. The child was indeed careless, but she had done nothing to merit the title of "the worst girl in the country." Children are sensible of injustice, and very soon find it difficult to respect those who unjustly treat them. It was too passionate. The mother seemed to be boiling over with displeasure and disgust; and under this excitement she despised her darling child, the very same that in a very short time afterwards, when the storm had blown by, she was ready to embrace in her arms, as almost the very image of perfection. It was inefficient. Sally retired, under the idea that her mother was excited for a very little thing, which she could not help. Thus, she blamed her mother, and acquitted herself.

Mrs. B. is another mother, in the same neighbourhood. She is a very plain woman of but few pretensions, yet gifted with an unusual amount of good sense. She has a family of very nice children, who usually listen attentively to her directions, and obey them with fidelity and cheerfulness. Mrs. A. often wonders why Mrs. B. has such very good children. Mrs. A. says: "I talk a great deal more to my children than Mrs. B. does. I frequently scold them most severely, and I sometimes whip them until I think that they will never disobey me again. And yet how noisy, careless, and disobedient my children are! Mrs. B. says but little to her children, and I never heard of her whipping them at all. And yet her family moves like clock-work. Order, neatness, and harmony abound." 'Tis even so; and I should like to tell Mrs. A. the grand cause of her failure. She has not yet learned to govern herself, and it is not therefore surprising that her family is poorly governed. Mrs. B. has a daughter Catherine, about the same age as Mrs. A.'s daughter. Not long since Catherine committed, in a hurry, the same act of carelessness as above related, and Mrs. B.'s treatment of it reveals her secret in family government. On going into the pantry a few minutes after, she sees the water on the floor, and immediately calls

Catherine, with whom the following conversation ensues:—

“Catherine, can you tell me how this water comes on the floor?”

“I suppose, mother, I must have spilled it a few minutes ago when I filled the tea-kettle.” “Why did you not wipe it up, my child?” “I intended to return and do so, but getting engaged at something else, I forgot it.” “Well, my child, when you do wrong you should try to repair it to the best of your ability, and as soon as possible. Get the mop, and wipe it up, and try not to do so again.” Catherine did as she was bidden immediately, remarking, “I will try to be more careful another time.”

Mrs. A. may be found in almost every community. Mrs. B., though perhaps a more rare personage, yet graces, by her presence, very many families in our land.

W. E. L.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

I took a walk late in July
One pleasant evening when the sky
Was cloudless, blue and fair;
And when a cool, refreshing breeze
Played o'er my head amongst the trees;
And the pure, balmy air
Was filled with the sweet warblers' song,
Whose joyous notes were borne along
Amidst the beauteous scene;
While happy groups were seen to play,
And little infants smiling lay
Upon the village green.

I paused awhile and gazed around,
When lo! I heard a gentle sound
In whispered softness steal.
I paused to learn what it could be,
When underneath a spreading tree
I saw an infant kneel,
With face uplifted to the skies,
With hands united, while his sighs
Choked the half uttered word.

I listened; soon I heard him say,
"Dear Saviour, wash her sins away,
And save my mother, Lord."

With wonder, love, and sacred joy
I looked upon the charming boy,
And when he rose to go,
I took his hand and asked him where
He lived; he said, "I live down there,
In that small house below."
"Where did you learn to pray, my dear?"
He looked surprised and a large tear
Stood in his bright blue eye.
"'Twas at the Sabbath-school," said he,
"I heard how Jesus died for me,
And how He lives on high."

"And do you love the Lord who died?"
"Ah! yes, I do, I do," he cried,
"And Jesus Christ loves me."
Then pushing some fair curls away
Which on his little forehead lay,
And looking wistfully,
He said, "I wish my mother's love
Was fixed on Him who reigns above;
She's ill, and soon may die;
All that I can for her I do,
And pray for her and father too,
To the great God on high."

"And do you think He'll hear your prayer
And give your friends His love to share?"
"O yes!" the child replied;
"For I have heard my teachers say
He loves to hear young children pray,
And none were e'er denied."
We walked till I perceived we'd come
Near to his humble cottage home;
Then he his hand withdrew,
And with a smile bade me "Good-bye."
"Good-bye, and may God's love," said I,
"For ever dwell with you."

Twelve months elapsed, when I once more
Passed by that little cottage door;
A man was standing there.
I asked him for the child whose voice
A few months since made me rejoice;
He said—"He is not here;

His spirit is, beyond the skies,
His body in the churchyard lies
By his dear mother's side ;
From him she learned the way to heaven,
And how her sin might be forgiven,
Then peacefully she died.

" When she was gone it was his rule,
To tell me what he heard at school ;
And thus I learned to know
The Lord ; but soon he too was torn
From me, and I was left to mourn
Their loss while here below."
He stopped and wiped away his tears,
Then said—" I hope ere many years
To meet again, to praise
The God of truth and grace above,
That our dear child was taught to love
The Lord in early days."

A. W.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

" No—we shall never be happy again ; that I am sure of," said the pouting Helen to her sister, some five years older than herself ; " I can never love a step-mother, I know. Everybody says they are tyrannical and disagreeable, and they always treat the children of the first mother as badly as possible." " Hush, hush, dear Helen ; do not believe all the idle stories you hear. We cannot suppose our father, who loves his children so well, would bring to our home a mother whom he did not believe would, as far as possible, supply the place of the precious one we have lost." This reference to her beloved mother caused her voice to falter, and bathed her face in tears. Not so with Helen ; she was too much excited and offended to give place readily to softer emotions. " What need of attempting to supply her place ! I am sure that for three years you have been a nice careful housekeeper ; and I have heard papa say that he knew you tried to be a companion to him and a mother to the younger children, as far as you were able." " Yes, Helen, it is my greatest happi-

ness to feel that our dear father, in his desolation, has turned to his children for comfort and society ; but we know that something more is wanted to satisfy the mind of a person of his age than the companionship of children ; and you cannot but remember how many solitary hours our father has passed when we have been engaged with our young friends, or occupied with lessons. Our brothers, too, are all from home ; and do you think he does not need a companion whom he can consult respecting affairs in which our limited experience could afford no aid ? Think, too, dear Helen, of the burden I am obliged to sustain as the eldest daughter ; and for my sake, at least, suspend your judgment of our new mother.” “ But,” interrupted Helen, “ Martha says that Mrs. E—— told her that she is very plain in her appearance, very strict and puritanical in her religious notions, and has often offended her own family by refusing to countenance their innocent recreations.” “ She may be plain, Helen, but surely that is of small consequence to us ; and perhaps she is more strict in her notions than some others, but is not that better than to lack religious principle ? For my part, I see not how any woman deficient in that respect can perform the duties of a step-mother. We ought not to look for the warm affection of a parent, before she knows us well ; and what but a conscientious regard to duty will enable her to fulfil the claims upon her, until affection for us makes it a pleasure ? ” “ And will papa expect us to love her as we did our own precious mother ? ” “ We may be sure he will exact no impossibilities, but it is right that he should require us to receive her respectfully, and not determine beforehand to be displeased and unhappy.” “ Well, I never should have thought that you, Mary, who so deeply mourned our sad loss, would have forgotten it as soon as our father announced that in a few days he should give us another mother.” “ Forgotten it, Helen ! Now indeed you are unkind.” “ O, forgive me, Mary ; forget what I said ; indeed I did not mean it, but I was excited, and thinking only of what we shall be obliged to endure. Say you forgive me, and I will try to be as calm as you are, though I know I shall never be as good ; and after all, my heart will break,

I know it will, when I see another in the place of my dear mamma."

In a few days came that step-mother, whose arrival was so much dreaded by at least one member of the family; and she came with the most sincere desire to love and to be loved—with the most conscientious intention to perform every duty incident to her new and trying situation; and to the particular delight of Helen, she brought for every member of the family graceful and appropriate presents, selected with exquisite taste. "She is no Puritan!" exclaimed the impetuous Helen, when a few days of kind and pleasant intercourse had undermined her prejudices. Wisely and well had the pious father selected his future partner, and mother of his children—not from the ranks of fashionable frivolity, but among the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. He had chosen one, who had nobly dared, in the midst of a family all devoted to the world, to sit at the Saviour's feet. What a blessed influence did that pious woman exert in the family over which she presided with a mother's tenderness! She was surrounded with an atmosphere of peace and love, and it seemed as if evil passions could never break out in her presence. Under her gentle influence the younger children grew up with a firm reliance upon her affection and judgment, conscious that only where principle was concerned would they find their mother inflexible, while her co-operation and advice were uniformly sought by the elder ones with trusting confidence. Years passed on, and when those daughters left the home of their youth to assume new responsibilities, they felt that the pain of separation from her was second only to that of saying farewell to their venerable father; and in after years their children were cherished by her with parental fondness. The heart of her husband did safely trust in her, and when infirmities rendered him dependent upon her attentions, she proved for years an assiduous and tender nurse, thus adding another claim to the love and gratitude of his children. After a season of anxious care, her beloved partner was called to his heavenly home, leaving ample testimonials of his confidence and affection for her who had been so eminently a

blessing to him and his family. And now shone out with still greater lustre her Christian graces ; though deeply afflicted, she shrank not from the performance of duty ; and it was a touching sight to see her daily assembling her family around the household altar, and personally leading their devotions. It was pleasant to witness the interest with which the children of her husband gathered around her to cheer and comfort her widowed heart ; and when the providence of God called her to follow him to the tomb, the sincerity of their grief evinced a just sense of their loss, and gave unmistakeable evidence that in this case at least, a step-mother had secured the warmest affections and the most sincere respect of her children.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

LITTLE WILL AT THE PUMP.—No. 3.

In the year 18—, the same pastor had occasion to visit a far distant city. At the close of a beautiful day in the month of July, just at dusk, as he was walking along one of the streets, with one arm thrown backward across his back, he felt the sudden and firm grasp of some other hand upon his own as it was thus placed. Turning quickly about, he found himself facing a young and well-dressed gentleman, of tall and elegant stature, and in all respects exceedingly fair to look upon. At the same time he manifested very deep emotion, for which the pastor was utterly unable to account. Without loosing his hold, the stranger said —“ You do not know me ? ” “ No ; yet I see about your countenance something that is quite familiar to me. Have we ever met before ? and if so, when and where ? ” The young man became more and more agitated, while large tears started to his eyes and fell rapidly down his cheeks ; but he uttered not a word. “ Tell me,” said the pastor, “ do tell me what this means. You distress me.” “ Do you remember little Bill that you found at the pump in ———, the one you led to the Sabbath-school and

used to love so well? I am he;" and throwing his arms around his neck, he wept like a babe. It is needless to say that he did not weep alone. "Ah!" he continued, "that interview with you at the pump was the moment of my salvation. You, as the instrument in the hands of divine Providence, saved me. Ever since our separation I have longed to see you. You have shared most sincerely in my supplications at the throne of grace. You passed the shop yonder where I was, and at the first glance I knew you and followed you, almost without any thought of what I was doing, and seized that very hand which once, when I was a poor, outcast boy, led me to the house of God! Your singular and unfailing kindness to me then has been in my thoughts by day, and often in my dreams by night. Then I knew not the spirit that prompted you, but now I trust I do. It was the spirit of compassion that flows from the Gospel; the spirit of Him who went about doing good." "I am thankful," said the pastor, "thus to meet you, and especially to find that you are so deeply and truly impressed with those good and holy things which at that time it was my earnest desire and effort to fix lastingly in your mind. I, too, can say that you have shared in my prayers to our great Creator and Redeemer, from the time of our first acquaintance to this hour." After some further conversation, he said, "I should be very happy to know something about your parents and brothers and sisters." "About my poor father," he replied, with much emotion, "I can say but little that is definite, as he was much abroad, and died some years since, from home. But I remember to have seen him when I thought he was really serious, and even affected to tears at beholding the change for the better which he could not but discover in his family; and I am quite sure that my mother, after she commenced attending God's house, used to talk to him about his duty to God and to us. I recollect distinctly his once saying to me, after hearing me recite my Sabbath-school lesson to my eldest sister—'My son, I beg you never to be tired of your Sabbath-school. The people there are your friends. I hope you will continue to be a good boy, and grow up to be a good and useful man.' This address affected me

to tears; and on my father's perceiving it he arose, came to me; and putting his hand on my head, said—"God bless you, my son," and then passed by out of doors. I believe he wept as he went. I cannot but indulge the hope that in his heart he garnered up the good seed, and at the hour of his death may have found pardon and peace from heaven. My mother became a true penitent and a humble follower of the Saviour, and died in great peace. I have rarely seen a death more triumphant and happy. My brothers and sisters, as you doubtless will recollect, were enticed to the Sabbath-school, which early brought them happily and effectually under religious influence that was not lost upon them. They have all grown up pious men and women, and maintain exemplary Christian lives. Our Heavenly Father has favoured me with more than a competency of this world's goods. He has also given me an honourable name and place in His Church, and blessed me with the privilege of being a Sabbath-school teacher. And now," continued my young friend, "you must go with me, for I must see you at my home." It was with sincere regret that the pastor was compelled, owing to previous engagements which he could not set aside, to forego this pleasure. "Well," said he, "I have one more favour to ask of you. "What is that?" he enquired. "That you would raise your hat and permit me to cut a single lock of your hair. You will not deny me this?" "No, I will not." Taking from his pocket a pair of merchant's scissors, he accomplished his wish. "Now," said the minister, "allow me to receive from you the same memorial." And there they stood under the open sky exchanging that common memento of love and friendship. There they were for the last time, until they stand, as I trust they finally will, before "the throne of God and the Lamb" in "glory everlasting." The Sabbath-school boy is now dead; he died happily, knowing in whom he had believed. In the cause of Christ he faithfully laboured all the days of his pious pilgrimage, and in aid of it he contributed cheerfully and liberally of his pecuniary substance, according to his honest ability. No one branch of religious duty was dearer to him, or more engaged his attention, and in none did he serve with more affec-

tion, ardour, and success than in that of the Sabbath-school, for he knew its benefits and blessedness by his own happy experience.

Sabbath-school teacher! this narrative is full of encouragement for you. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

TO-MORROW I WILL DECIDE FOR GOD.

It was a calm, peaceful Sabbath, when Maria Hornaman turned into Fleet Lane on her way to the house of God. The sun was scattering his cheering rays in rich profusion on the neighbouring hills and over the farms and cottages in the hollow. The woods resounded with the warbling of the birds; and the sheep were quietly grazing in the meadow. How beautiful does nature appear when calmness and serenity rest upon it on God's holy day! It seems to awaken peculiar feelings, and should tend to foster a desire to know more of Him who called all things into being, and to create a greater love to His Son Jesus Christ. As Maria entered the sanctuary, the venerable servant of God was entering the sacred desk. The service proceeded, and when the last sound of the anthem of praise had died away, the text, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve," fell upon her ears with peculiar weight, and seemed addressed to her alone. On these words were founded ideas fraught with truths of the highest importance, including warnings the most solemn, invitations the most loving, and encouragements the most telling; such a discourse had its power. Maria felt that every word belonged to her, she knew matters were not right between her soul and God; at the conclusion of the service she arose from her seat, convinced but not converted; and as she passed down the stony pathway, amidst the resting-places of the dead, she resolved that she would begin on the morrow to seek after religion. The morrow came, but alas! the convictions of the previous day had passed away; and the busy scenes of life now occupied her mind,

so that when night came it found her as far from God as ever. She retired to rest, but ere the sun had risen again to light up the landscape with her bright beams, her spirit had fled beyond the reach of time, into eternity.

OLD ANTHONY.

TO MY LITTLE ONES.

'Tis sweet to commit you to Jesus,
My little ones lively and fair;
On His kind gentle bosom to place you,
'There is peace and true quietness *there*.

When my own heart is anxious and weary,
And full of forebodings and care;
'Tis sweet in His strong arms to leave you,
'There is safety and confidence *there*.

When I think of the journey before you,
Full of many a danger and snare,
I know that His power can protect you,
His presence is everywhere.

You are His, my sweet babes, by redemption;
He is gone a bright home to prepare;
And when life and its duties are over,
May we spend an eternity *there*.

AGATHA.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CONTENTMENT.

"I wish I had yon golder star,
I'd wreathe it in my hair,
Look, sister, how it shines afar!
'Tis like a jewel rare!"

"Yes, love; but see! you might have had
A treasure far more sweet;
In gazing on that star you've crushed
The heartsease at your feet."

A THOUSAND YEARS IN HEAVEN.

Two dear little boys were playing together in the nursery. One was in delicate health, so weakly that he was not expected to reach man's estate, and in the course of their childish chat, the other said—"Now, Eddy, you know you'll be in heaven before me, and won't you come and meet me at the golden gates when you hear I'm coming?" "Well," said the other, leaning his face on his little hand thoughtfully, "you know I shall want at least a thousand years to look at Jesus after I get to heaven; and may be then I might be able to go and find you out somewhere among the crowd." How this child knew the central attraction of heaven! Jesus—nought else but Jesus.

A HINT TO THE MARRIED.

"I HAVE heard," says Mr. Henry, of a married couple, who though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed, never to be angry together.

POLITENESS.

It has been remarked that politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Sunday Reader. London: Hall and Co., Paternoster Row. A new journal intended for the family circle on the Sabbath. It has the promise of contributions from many whose names stand high in religious literature.

The Glass and the Dock. No. 4, London: Sangster and Co., La Belle Sauvage-yard, E.C.

This little work deserves the hearty support of Sunday-school teachers.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

NEARLY GONE.

WE find ourselves almost at the threshold, dismissing with our grateful benisons the old year. Such leave-taking may be as thoughtless as the trite civilities of every-day life, or it may be an event full of profound and serious reflection. The loss of another year is like the loss of a friend. Associated with many of our most valuable experiences, the intimate participant of our joys and our sorrows, and so long the daily almoner of our Creator's goodness, the kindly old year has all the best qualities of a cherished friend. Though it has had a friend's fickleness in mingling its frowns with its smiles, yet, with a friend's kindness, its pleasures have exceeded its crosses, and it cannot be dismissed without sincere regret, nor be suffered to pass to the silence of ages without a parting testimonial to its many blessings. On the whole, it has been a good year, full of unobtrusive proofs of God's favour and bounty, full of the homely joys of family, friends, fruitful seasons, and uninterrupted privileges, and not without its pregnant lessons of admonition and reproof. Perhaps we shall never see again so kindly a year! We part with the old year, to whose name and ways we have become so accustomed with sorrow.

We have penitent regrets for our abuse of its favours and our neglect of its golden opportunities. Would that we had been more worthy of its smiles, more grateful for its blessings, more earnest in embracing its many opportunities for good! Would that its closing balance-sheet had a more evenly adjusted account—fewer evils done, fewer duties neglected! But it has shed from its kindly wings almost its last blessing, and the record it has written must stand as it is until the great day. Seas of scalding tears would not blot out a line of its solemn chronicle. Look back on the past months of the year. Hearest thou not the rustling of the wings of the Angel of Death? Have not his arrows been flying thick and fast, and thousands made his victims in the twinkling of an eye? Seest thou that crowd of fresh-made graves? they are silent preachers to thee! and this is

their silent and sorrowful, "Be ye also ready," no! Look at that group entering the railway station, the father, mother and only child. The train arrives, and the mother and child take their seats, blind as it moves off they wave their adieux from the window to the fond husband and father. How little do they imagine it is their last look! The next day a telegram conveys the intelligence to the wife that her husband is not well. He had been stricken by cholera, and when she again reaches the home she immediately left in happiness, he was in his grave, whither he had been followed by mourning friends who kindly took the widow's place while she was as yet unconscious of her loss.

See yonder group of figures are rapidly flitting about as if in busy preparation for some important event. What is the cause of their activity? On the morrow one of their number is to leave her childhood's home with the one she has chosen for her companion through life. The marriage robes were ready, but when the bridal morn arrived she needed them not, the habiliments of the grave were all she required, and the man who had hoped that day to claim her as his bride, was obliged to resign her to the cold embraces of the tomb.

See yonder group of rosy-cheeked, light-hearted children issuing from their cottage home as the sun shines brightly on this holy Sabbath-day. They hasten to join their young companions in the Sunday-school. They sing with them, and read together of Jesus. How little did their teachers think they were imparting their last instructions to some of their youthful charge!

When the next Sabbath dawned three of that family circle were missed from their usual places, and their companions had to pass their little graves to enter the school where so lately they had all been happy together.

Such are some of the scenes upon which the year now so nearly closed has gazed. Do they not speak loudly to all? Mothers! what has the year beheld in your families? Have you seen some fair cherub face sleeping in its little coffin bed? Perhaps you were inclined to murmur that your baby was taken

from you—you felt it hard to say, "Why will he dwell?" The day may come when you will rejoice that you have one lamb safely housed in the Shepherd's fold.

Have you followed to the grave some dear child, over whose tomb the rainbow of hope did not shine forth in its brightest colours? You cannot feel sure that you will meet him again. You must leave him in the hands of God; but do not spend your days in useless tears and unavailing regrets; seek to instil into the minds of those still left with you the importance of preparation for early death; employ your time in teaching them the way to heaven, and let not the year which will soon commence chronicle against you any lost opportunities.

Have you been distressed by the waywardness and disobedience of your children? Some for whom many prayers are treasured up in heaven may have wandered far from the narrow way. Be not discouraged; thy prayers shall yet be answered; pray on in faith, and the answer will come. If spared to enter on another year, may we determine, in God's strength, to labour more earnestly for Him—to do more work in our Master's vineyard. May we adopt the language of the poet, and say—

"If called this year to labour hard

Within the vineyard of the Lord;

From duty's path I will not flee

Since as my days my strength shall be."

"WHY DON'T YOU SPEND CHRISTMAS AT HOME?"

"Is any one dead at your house, Mr. Brooks?" asked a pleasant-looking old woman on a certain twenty-fourth of December, as waiting upon the platform at V— she recognised a familiar acquaintance. "Dead? No; what made you ask?" said the man with a start of surprise. "Why the blinds are all down, and the front door-step is not done up as it used to be." "Oh, that's because our lodger has gone away to spend Christmas, as in fact, I am going myself." "Why don't you spend

Christmas at home?" asked the woman, gently. John Brooks made no answer, for these words awoke his hitherto-slumbering conscience. He never spent Christmas at home. His wife was at home, poor soul, in the dull back-room of a dull house, pale and sad, while the children—God help the children whose father deserts them! at Christmas? But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." John Brooks took his seat in the London train, with a queer lump, as he afterwards expressed it, at his heart. The prospect of meeting several of his old tribunes in town, and spending a gay time, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—in making himself merry, was not so pleasant now as it had been an hour before. And although he had carefully avoided the carriage in which Mrs. Robinson had placed herself and her great basket full of presents for her grandchildren, he could not forget the strange picture which she had brought before his mind of a dreary house and a deserted family, nor cease to question himself as to the present occupation of mother and little ones. "I dare say they are thinking of me," said he within himself; "Little Ally will be crying, perhaps, but the rest are used to it." It was too true; they were used to spending Christmas without father. "They can have a bit of meat for dinner, anyhow," he went on, "for Martha had half my wages last Saturday." But a moment after the sad truth flashed upon him that every shilling of that must go for rent. Poor Martha! The train was crowded with passengers, of whom the majority were in the highest possible spirits. By these the word "home" was repeated so many times that Brooks was almost inclined to be angry with them. What right had they to remind him of the sacred claims and simple joys which he was so anxious to forget? What right above all to be so childlike and so happy? Foolish people, to be so cheery over the prospect of meeting an old father, or a fond mother, or a group of merry children, or a loving, admiring wife! How much better a carouse at a "public," with clever fellows who if you died to-morrow would say, "There's one more gone!" and possibly attend your

funeral. "No, no, no," said his heart as he thus argued with himself. And his heart was right! His heart, did I say? What John Brooks any heart? He who had half-starved his family in order that he might save for a selfish "treat!" He who had expected his wife to "manage" the rent, out of her lodgers' payments, when two thirds of that were required for daily food. He who had supposed it to be impossible to enjoy Christmas at home! Had he any heart? A man must have very little heart who could do what he had done. The train rattled on, through the dark, and after a time many of the elder travellers sank into quiet slumber. Not so John Brooks. The conflict within his soul was stern and awful, and he could do nothing but think and try to pray.

Hush! Is it a child's voice or the wind that seems to say, "Hail! Ally, always called him that, "dear father, come home! come home!" Only the wind; nevertheless, he obeyed it, and went. The shops at York were still open when he returned. He called that fortunate. How pleasantly sounded the chink of his five sovereigns, as he laid hands on one of them, and bought first a basket, then two large Christmas logs, then a fat Christmas goose, then all things needful for a "handsome" Christmas pudding, then a plum-cake for the children, and a pound of tea for Martha. Martha was fond of tea, and as for the children they were first-rate hands, or rather mouths, for cake. How seldom until now had John imagined that it was his duty to remember their tastes as well as his own. It was such a basketful. You should have seen it as it stood, fellow though he was. Brooks staggered under its weight to his front door, and gave a loud knock. You should have seen it as it was lowered with a jerk, and "Merry Christmas!" upon the floor, in the midst of the wondering children. After all, you should have seen it when the mother, taking out one thing after another, shed tears of gratitude, and faltered words of praise to Him who had thus turned her mourning into gladness. How pleased they all were to see him, the dear father, and how gaily they entered into his plans for spending Christmas! What a fire they made with the coals

which he had ordered from the little shop round the corner, and what a feast to them was the supper of hot cocoa and buns which he provided!

Midnight came long before they expected it, and then the children went off to bed, while the father and mother sat up stoning raisins. Positively stoning raisins. John Brooks, capital singer, noisy declaimer, first-class chairman though he was, condescended that night to assist in the preparation of the pudding. "Let a man *cleave* to his wife," says the Bible, but there are many who say in their hearts, "Ridiculous!" John Brooks had been one of these, but times were changing. He talked with Martha that night, as they stoned the raisins, until he drew from her the simple story of her sufferings since their marriage, and after hearing *that*, he resolved in God's strength to "cleave" to her so long as it pleased God to spare them to each other. Next day, for the first time in his life, Brooks "laid himself out," as he phrased it, for the comfort and gratification of his family. They in their turn did the same for him, and were, like him, filled with peace. In the old Bible which lies on the table in the new home to which these people have since removed, is written, "Christmas Day, 18—, John Brooks found peace in Christ."

THE DEPARTING YEAR.

FAREWELL, farewell, departing year!

Thou art hastening from my sight,
And thy well-known features will disappear
With the closing hours of night;

Thy passing bell hath a solemn sound,
As it breaks the silence which reigns around,
And seems with my thoughts to blend.

And thy moments creep with a softened tread,
Like mourners that watch by the dying bed
Of some cherished and wept-for friend.

I love to think of the happy hours
 I have spent, old year, with thee,
 When my path was marked by the fragrant flowers
 Which bloom in prosperity;
 How varied the merels which thou hast brought,
 How countless the moments with blessings fraught,
 How many thy hours of gladness!
 For joy hath attended thee day by day,
 And friendship hath brightened each weary way,
 And hope hath beguiled all sadness.
 Farewell, old year! thou wast sent to me
 With benefits from above,
 And hearty shall my thanksgivings be
 For the gifts of a Father's love;
 Nor will I doubt that His tender care
 And bountiful goodness I still shall share,
 That His smile through life will meet me,
 And therefore I'll welcome without a fear
 Thy gentle approach, O new-born year,
 And with songs of praise would greet thee!

H. M. M.
 THE OLD WEST INDIA MERCHANT'S STORY.

THERE are many pretty watering-places along the southern coast of England, but perhaps for its picturesque situation none can surpass the little town of Swanage, which is opposite the "Needles." The bay is semicircular; the two points of land which are at its entrance are two miles apart. The little town is built partly along the southern shore, and partly towards the west, in the direction of Corfe Castle. The houses of this little town are built of stone, which is dug out of the numerous quarries in the neighbourhood, and the inhabitants obtain their living chiefly by stone-mining. Studded about on the hills, which rise gradually from the town, are several houses, some of which are pretty, and have very nice gardens attached to them. It was before one of these that I stood looking over the low wall at an old man, who was sitting in an arm-chair, near the myrtle-covered cottage porch. The sun was setting behind Studland Hill, and the rich tints of

crimson and gold mingled with the beautiful blue of the cloudless sky. It was the month of August; the harvest was being gathered in, and through the lanes hard by the reapers were returning from their toil. The old man was watching the sun as it slowly disappeared; at last his head sank upon his breast, and he seemed to be buried in deep thought. He was a tall, wiry man, about seventy-five years of age, and his face showed that he possessed more than ordinary intelligence. I wished to speak to him, but did not like to interrupt his reverie. Just at this moment a sweet little girl of about three years of age, with rosy cheeks and golden hair, came running out of the cottage, and shouted, "Grandpapa, grandpapa!" The old man looked up and said, "What is it, Lily? Come here and sit on my knee." The child did so. As he was not now deep in thought, I opened the garden gate, and walking towards him, I said, "Good evening, Mr. Herbert. A beautiful evening, is it not?" "It is, Mr. Beaumont," he returned. "I am enjoying it with my grandchild. I hope you are well, sir?" "Yes, thank you," I answered; "how is your cough?" "It is better, thank God!" Being desirous of drawing the old man into a conversation, I said, "You have seen many changes about here." "I have indeed. Things are different now to what they were in my boyhood, and the people whom I then knew are in the silent land," he replied, while at the same time he pointed to the old churchyard. "But, Mr. Herbert, you have long been preparing for the better land, where you will not be silent." "I have; God shewed me great mercy in leading me to the Saviour in the way in which He did." "Indeed; how was that? Was there anything particular in your early life different from that of most other persons?" "Listen, and you shall hear." The old man was silent for a short time. He appeared to have feelings of joy and sorrow passing through his breast. When he had collected his thoughts, he told, as nearly as I can recollect, the following narrative:—"I was born in this parish; my father was a small farmer, and my mother was a very pious woman. As soon as I could understand such things, she told me of the love of Jesus, and of the heaven

above; and she said, that if I loved Jesus I should go there and live for ever and I had the best education which this parish afforded. Although I had to help on the farm, I preferred to be on the water in a boat; I would have become a sailor, but my mother would not hear of it. She was much grieved because I did not show any signs of becoming a Christian and of leaving preferred the society of the reckless young men of my own age to that of those of whom she thought highly. During the time of my growing up to manhood we heard much of the French Revolution, and the war between the French and ourselves. A large number of armed ships belonging to private individuals, called privateers, hovered about our coasts. The captains of these ships carried letters from the French Government, authorizing them to plunder British ships or to take prisoners. At different times these ships had been seen near our coast, and it was not considered safe to go far along the coast without an escort. I said I loved boating, but my father forbade my going out of the bay on account of the danger I have just mentioned. But in the year in which the battle of Trafalgar was fought, 1805, I went in a small boat with two companions round to St. Alban's Head, which is about six miles along the coast. We started to return home at seven o'clock in the evening. The wind was fair, but when we were off St. Alban's Race, where the tides meet, it changed, and we soon began to drift to sea. We had seen a large brig, in full sail, standing off at some distance, but we had taken no especial notice of her; but when the wind changed we began to drift towards her. Presently she was brought up, and a boat lowered from her side; an officer in the stern shouted to us to row to his boat. While doing so we feared that the brig was a dreaded privateer, because she looked so much like a small man-of-war. The officer demanded of us who we were, and where we were going. We told him the truth, and then he said, 'You are my prisoners. Surrender in the name of the Emperor of France.' As we saw no hope of escape we did so, and went on board the 'White Eagle' with him. The ship, we found, was manned by Englishmen, under the command of

Captain Shaw, who ordered us: aft, and said he held authority from the French to take prisoners and ships, but as he was short of men; if we liked to become sailors under him we could have our liberty. This, I am ashamed to say, we preferred to an honourable captivity; but very soon we found that Captain Shaw and his men were pirates, for they used the flags of England for France, according as it suited their purpose. At first we shuddered at the thought of being on board such a ship as this, but by degrees this feeling wore off, and we became almost as bad as the rest. I sailed in the 'White Eagle' for nine years, but all such ships were obliged to abandon their vile pursuits when peace was proclaimed in 1814. You may imagine to what a depth of degradation I had sunk when I say that I had been raised to the position of second in command on board this ship, where the 'author of ill' reigned supreme. By the time I left the ship I had become moderately wealthy, and determined to add to my store; therefore I went to the West Indies, and traded for some years. In the year 1830 I was at Kingston, in Jamaica. Having nothing to do, I was strolling through the streets, looking about, when I saw some negroes going into a small building. I followed them, and found to my annoyance that it was a prayer-meeting. My first impulse was to go out immediately, but something within me inclined me to stay. As the meeting advanced, the negroes prayed for various things; but especially for their children. My agony of mind became dreadful, for I thought of the time when my mother prayed for me and took me to meetings like this. I thought that God could not forgive so great a sinner as myself. When the meeting closed, I lingered behind, and an old negro, with a happy face, said to me, "Massa, you look sad. You should no look sad. Did massa's mother ne pray for him to be a Christian?" For a week after this I struggled with the truth in my own heart, but at the end of that time I found rest in Jesus. After all those years of wickedness, more or less open, the memory of my mother's prayers was made the means of my conversion. Shortly afterwards I returned to England and settled down in this my native village. I found my father had

died some years previously, but my mother still lived on, in the belief that I was dead, as she had not heard of me from the time I left home. I cannot describe her feelings when I convinced her that I was indeed Ralph Herbert, her long-lost son. But when she heard of the manner of my conversion, through the influence of her prayers, her joy knew no bounds. She now rests yonder in the churchyard, awaiting the summons of her Redeemer, and I hope soon to meet her in the bright land above."

As I went home that evening I could not help thinking on the value of a mother's prayers.

R. A. H.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE BIRD THAT CAME TO CHEER THE HEART OF A POOR LITTLE
GIRL ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

A LITTLE girl sat in a lowly little cottage, before the old rusty stove. She could keep her seat no longer in that dark room (for the poor cannot afford lights) by the side of that old rusty stove; and running to the window, she climbed upon a chair and pressed her face upon the cold, cold pane. But she heeded that not; she was used to the cold. All was bright about her. The chaises were passing to and fro, crowded with laughing boys and girls, shouting, "A merry Christmas to all!" as they enjoyed their Christmas ride. They knew not of that little face pressed so close against the window-pane, watching them so eagerly. Yet she felt happy in seeing them. They passed, but still she kept her face pressed close to the old window-pane. And why? She was looking to see if a queer old chaise which was in the street would not come and bring her a Christmas present, for she heard Santa Claus was around bestowing gifts upon other little boys and girls. "Perhaps he'll bring me one," she said; but her little form became too chilled

to stay longer by that cold window, where the wind blew in through the cracks around it, and she again took her seat by the stove. But the vehicles rattled past again, and she ran once more to the window. "Perhaps he's come now!" she said, and she again pressed her little face close against the pane. But a long time she watched and still he came not; and going back to her little seat she said, "Maybe he don't know there is such a little girl as I am." One sigh escaped her lips, and she went to her little couch to dream of Christmas gifts. At a late hour her mother returned from the rich man's home, where she had waited all day and evening upon the throngs that crowded its rooms; but she came not alone. Though tired and weary, yet her heart felt light, and a gleam of joy shot across her face as she drew from beneath her old cloak a bird-cage, with a beautiful canary perched in one corner. The rich man's little daughter, surrounded by her many presents, had thought of poor Nelly in her humble cottage, and sent one gift to cheer her poverty with its sweet songs. Night passed away, and the morning sun shone upon the pillow of the little one and disturbed her sleep. Dreamy visions of happiness and joy stole indistinctly before her as she awoke, visions to vanish, too, as she really awoke. She rose, and what should first attract her attention as she looked round but that beautiful canary, perched in its cage at her bedside. Her eyes sparkled with joy, and she exclaimed, "Santa Claus did come, Santa Claus did come; kind good old man! I'll love him as long as I live for this beautiful present!" and taking the cage in her arms, she gazed upon it long. Presently, the little warbler, as if to ask her love, sang out a merry tune, and her delight knew no bounds. "'Twas so good in Santa Claus," she said, "to send me so sweet a bird to sing to me! I shall never more be lonely now." A precious thing was that little canary in that home, and it returned the love its little mistress gave it fully. It would perch upon her neck, and rub its little bill upon her cheek as its token for a kiss, and sit upon her finger.

Oh, it was a kind thought in the bosom of the little girl to send it to cheer the home of the poor. Many a slice of bread

did its little mistress share with it for its supper, but she murmured not. If birdie was fed, she would willingly go without hers. But a dark day came to that lowly cottage. The birdie sickened and died; yes, *died*. All the day it drooped in sickness; she stroked its little feathers, gave it fresh water to drink, put new bread in its cage, thus trying to restore it, and the little birdie would try to rub its little bill against her face; but when it tried to sing, its voice failed it. At length it began to gasp for breath, and she placed it in the open window, that it might obtain fresh air. She then breathed in its mouth, but still birdie languished, and at last it died. She could not believe it was really dead, and she wrapped it in her apron and held it under her chin to warm it, then peeped in to see if its little eyes were not open; but no, they were closed as tightly as before. Sadly then she stroked its bright yellow feathers, and laying her head in her lap, close beside the little pet bird, wept long and loud. Oh! no one knew how sad a thing it was for her to lose her only pet. What should she do with birdie? It must be laid to rest in some quiet place, and she would bury it under the little bush where she so loved to play. So she took an old white cloth, and after kissing birdie again and again, wrapped it closely in it, and took it out to bury it. With much effort she dug a little grave in the hard ground, placed some moss in it to lay birdie on, then covered it with moss also, and tenderly placed the dirt upon it, till a little mound rose over its last resting-place. The last act was performed, and with a "Good-bye, dear birdie," she went slowly towards the house. But her eye fell upon one of the birdie's bright feathers in the path. Quick as thought she picked it up, and going back to the bush, laid it carefully at the head of the grave for a tombstone. 'Twas the only thing she had to offer. 'Twould tell what lay there, and a smile of joy lighted her sorrowing face. But the cage so desolate met her view as she entered the house, and a new burst of tears overcame her.

THE LITTLE IMITATOR.

A MOTHER relates the following seemingly trifling incident, which forcibly illustrates the importance and power of parental example: "As I was about to enter my nursery to look after my little ones, I observed the youngest, a boy of three years of age, looking over a book, which he had taken from a shelf, resembling the family Bible used before morning and evening prayer. Struck with the unusual solemnity of his manner, I watched unobserved his movements. With great precision and apparent devotion he went through the exercises of reading, singing, and then kneeling for prayer in imitation of his father's daily example, and never was manner, voice, or gesture more perfectly copied. Trifling as was this circumstance, so deep and solemn was the impression made upon my mind, that I find myself often, mentally exclaiming, 'What manner of persons ought parents to be in all-holy conversation and godliness?' Never till this moment had my mind dwelt upon the momentous fact, though so oft repeated, that the future character and eternal destinies of children are usually at a very early period stamped by parental example; and I now felt what an amazing influence must be exerted upon young children by the *manner* of performing family prayer."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

IN anticipation of the seasons when relatives and friends are accustomed to give and receive tokens of love, we may perhaps be allowed to call attention to the fact that we have just received from our publishers the last six volumes of the "Mothers' Friend," bound in three handsome volumes, gilt cloth, which we think will be pronounced a valuable gift for mothers.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

How happy is the mother when she for the first time eyes
Her new-born infant on her breast, as there it slumbering lies.

How happy and delighted when her little babe she sees,
 Smiling so sweetly in her face, or dancing on her knees.
 How happy too, when first she hears the baby try to talk,
 And still more gratified to view its little tottering walk.
 How happy, when the little child, with interesting look,
 Is lightly tripping by her side, or reading from its book.
 But happier still, when that dear child its heart to God has given,
 And walks the narrow path which leads to happiness and heaven.
 But O how great her happiness, if she should meet on high,
 Her loved one round the Saviour's throne, where love shall never die.

NOT READY TO MEET GOD.

SOME years ago a young man enlisted in a corps of volunteers; he was a Christian young man, but in the company was one who was not a Christian. On one occasion their company, with others, was ordered to charge on a position or battery of the enemy. They stood shoulder to shoulder as the order ran down the lines; when this young man, who was not a Christian, said, with great emotion, to his comrade—"Sam, Sam, I can't go in. I'm not ready to meet my God."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Washed Ashore; or, the Tower of Stormount Bay. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, Paternoster-row.

An attractively-written and handsomely-bound little volume, just ready in time for Christmas presents. We think it will be perused with the greatest avidity by all our young friends who may be fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

The Two Worlds, or Here and Hereafter. An Epic in Five Books. By W. HOWARD, of the Bristol Grammar School. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Bristol: W. Mack.

This poem embraces the whole course of time in its lays, and then sings long and sweetly of the bliss of eternity. To all lovers of Milton and Pollock we think this volume will be very welcome.

Merry and Wise. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

The Class and the Desk. No. 5. London: Sangster and Co., La Belle Sauvage-yard, E.C.

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